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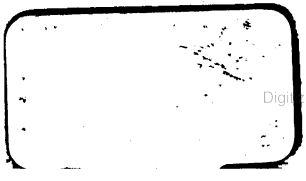

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THE

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The Catholic Magazine.

THIRD SERIES, No. XIII. JANUARY 1844.

THERE are three things which preeminently mark the Christian life, and advance it in the scale of holy perfection.

These three are, POVERTY, HUMILITY, and PATIENCE; the profession of which, though inculcated in spirit on all (St. Matth. v. 3), and counselled to all such as can take the three (St. Matth. xix. 10), has been perfected but in ONE, who is not only the bond of Perfection (Col. iii. 14), but Charity itself (1 John iv. 8.)

It hence necessarily follows that you, Gentle Readers, and we also, being followers of Him who is all perfect, must seek at a distance to follow His footsteps; and perhaps in no epoch of the Church are the above virtues more needful, to those that live in the world, than in the present day: perhaps it were better to say in the present HOUR.

If we take not the counsel of blessed Poverty, we must needs be so in spirit, and relieve HIM, in the person of His poor, by liberal and open-hearted alms-deeds; for, gentle readers, when you are reading these lines, at this season of general joy and rejoicing, it is but too true, that many most exemplary and worthy Christians

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are pinched and straitened with lack of all things which a homely economy of superfluities could most amply relieve. Give, then, now, not vauntingly, but according to the Gospel precept (St. Matth. vi. 3), and without doubt if leavened highly with *Humility*, the *second*, though *first*, *Sabbath* (St. Luke vi. 1), of holy virtues, so sweetly incumbent (St. Matth. xi. 29) on all Catholics, it will prepare the way to that Kingdom which is only to be obtained when we have perseveringly fulfilled that third and perhaps most trying precept of all, namely, *Patience*,—by which we ought to bring forth fruit (St. Luc. viii. 15), and in which we are instructed to possess our souls. (Id. xxi. 19).

As the time draws near for the return of England to the Faith of Ages,—to the ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF ROME,—it behoves us all to cultivate assiduously, these three precious exotics, if *we* would have act and part as *humble*, *patient*, and *poor* instruments in this great movement; which, though coming without observation, may yet be nearer than many of *us* suppose. Of this, however, we are fully convinced, that all that come with single and simple hearts may help on the glorious cause, and see its effects, if not here, yet in that endless day, when the voice of intercession is but made the more efficacious, and the result more joyful, because, for our better trial, the Prayer of Faith had been *refused* on earth.

Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lord, 1843.

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THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.

No. I.

In taking the most cursory view over the fields of literature, especially in its imaginative department, it would be impossible to compare the productions of Christian with those of Pagan genius, without being struck by the universal manifestation of the influence of Christianity over feeling and passion, over the yearnings of affections, the aspirations of hope, and the conflicts of emotion, as these have found expression in the poetic and romantic forms of composition. That which we owe to our holy religion in its morally regenerating operations, is of such immeasurable extent, that its more indirect and subtle influences,—the silent, though not less strong and concentrated action, by which its quickening spirit sends forth streams of healing and blessing over the domains of thought and feeling,—may be too often unperceived, and comparatively forgotten. Didactic teaching may bring truth more forcibly and clearly before the mind, challenging the reason and conscience to bow down to its appeals; but what, we may ask, are the sources from which the intimate joys, the gleams and visitings of the heart's sunshine, are drawn, for those whose habit it is to live among the "BEINGS OF THE MIND"?—are they not to be found in the eloquence of their voices, the heirs of genius and worshippers of truth and beauty, that come to us like gladdening breezes of spring-time?—are they not to be listened for in the tones that rise, like the song of a bird amidst the roaring of a tempest, in sweet distinctness above the surges of life, the turmoil of its sorrows and cares? Christianity has attuned those voices for us, adding strength as well as sweetness to their language; and the spirit of the Divine Regenerator has acted on the mind of man, with a brooding like that of the Almighty Dove over the waters of primeval chaos.

It is impossible that poetry should be irreligious, being the expression, if unconsciously, of a desire after the Infinite; and whatever draws the affections to the Infinite, must, sooner or later, find way in poetry. It has been said, "an irreligious poet is a monster;" and surely in the very nature of poetry there is an attribute which must give to its wildest dreams even, and vaguest fantasies,—to its wanderings seemingly without aim or beaten pathway, amid the

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"chambers of imagery," surrounded by self-created forms of beauty, wildness, or grandeur,—a tendency towards that whose highest essence exists only in THE DIVINE. In the perception of this truth, we are easily led to the conviction which is its consequent,—that among all poets, from the first that struck the yet untutored lyre, to the gifted ones of our own age, a correspondence, a relationship of spirit has existed, asserting for these children of song the exercise of a priesthood only next in sacredness to that of the altar of sacrifice. What is the office of a priesthood but the guardianship and strengthening of the tie by which man is linked with Deity?—and whether addressing itself to heaven or earth, in the functions of instruction or those of prayer and sacrifice, acting an intercessory part, to sustain the soul in fidelity to its high calling, by arousing its sense of that calling's dignity,—to bring down the fire from above to sanctify on the spiritual altar the offerings of the heart. And in this, is not the office of the poet of an identical, though less formally consecrated and separated nature? He also is the guardian of our admiration and worship of the pure and beautiful; the sustainer and quickener of our sympathies with all that raises us above selfish and sordid considerations; it is his to open our eyes to the presence of GOD in the universe,—of that which sanctifies, which gives life and radiance. There are minds *informed* with a passion for the Beautiful, which supplies the strongest and most constant motive of exertion to such, and becomes the source of all joy and energy: this, when favoured and developed by circumstance, and embodied in adequate action, asserts itself as the highest order of genius,—whether finding vent in the creations of the pen, the pencil, the chisel, or those of harmony: these, we may affirm with all reverence, are the chosen of heaven, sent forth to carry out the gracious purposes of Providence; and amongst these we must rank all true poets, whether Pagan or Christian. DEITY has chosen many ways for manifesting itself on earth; but there is in the Beautiful, whether in the works of nature, in moral or intellectual forms, or abstractions, something that draws the affections, with tender but irresistible force, upwards to its throne; something that reminds us of a home, in which the thousand yearnings, the scarce definable bodings of the heart, shall be satisfied and stilled; a note that seems to call the exile back from his wandering to a haven of peace and love. This feeling it is our wish to attempt, however inadequately, to trace, as intimated in the poetry of Paganism, but obscurely and vaguely, as only fully developed and recog-

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nised in that of Christianity; endeavouring to show what the latter has done for imaginative literature, by fixing its attention on that centre of Infinite Beauty and Holiness, which formerly it struggled to reach, with almost unconscious aspirations after a goal too high to be reached, save on the wings of faith.

"The disproportion of human passions to their ordinary objects," says Coleridge, "is among the strongest internal evidences of our future destination; and the attempt to restore them to their rightful claimants, the most imperious duty and the noblest task of genius."

We cannot allow that this theory, as applied to poetry, was, or could be, carried out, before literature had received a hue from the reflection of heavenly truth; but may acknowledge that this was felt, though indistinctly, to be its highest office, as poetry rose in dignity, refinement, and influence; and that Christianity gave the happy consummation, the last perfecting touches, without which the whole fabric would have been imperfect, the harmony broken and incomplete. It has been like the centering in one focus the refractions of light, that otherwise would have sparkled only in fitful gleams, instead of uniting in a broad flood of radiance. The benefits we owe to Christianity, in this respect, are inestimable; we may trace to its influence in all *true* poetry an elevation and purity of feeling, which enlists our sympathies for the morally beautiful, the dignity of innocence, the sublimity of self-devotion, the heroism of affection, in a degree we may in vain look for from even the grandest and most faultless productions of heathen art. Poetry was given to keep alive our best sensibilities, our virtuous enthusiasm, our purest affections; to lead us to the Beautiful, as it is a manifestation of the Divine. A mind not become completely sordid shrinks from the degrading cares of common life, with the instinct that they are not its proper objects of regard; but in approaching the sphere of the beautiful, does not such a mind experience an elevation and buoyancy, bearing assurance that this is its true atmosphere, as if an electric chain were touched, calling into action dormant powers, high-wrought affections, and energies suppressed almost with pain, amid the stifling atmosphere of every-day life?

Among the ancients, religion, the religion which the affections work out for themselves, in the absence of higher sanctions of truth, must be sought for in the creations of art and poetry, rather than in the theories of the schools or the fables of mythology; as the idea of Beauty, of the highest justice and perfectness, more or less strongly

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taking possession of every earnest and gifted mind. Religion and the Beautiful are so suited, that the whole class of emotions called forth by the latter belong to our religious nature. The contemplation of beauty and sublimity has the effect of lifting off from the mind what Mme. de Staël has characterized as "le poid qui se confond presque toujours avec le sentiment même de l'existence," and thus giving it a new elasticity and fervour. The perceptive power by which we receive such impressions from these objects, may be considered a link by which DEITY has allied humanity to itself, as a channel opened for access to at least the outskirts of its glory. The indications of this may be sought for not vainly in antique art and poetry, and the religion of the affections elicited by their investigation through the creations of imagination, the analogy of which with Christianity (a relationship like that between a nucleus in its first stage, and its subsequent development into fulness of life) may strengthen our conviction that it is in Christianity alone that every pure affection and noble impulse meets a field for its exercise, a recognition of its purpose, and a worthy object for its aims. Byron speaks of

> "The unquiet feeling which first woke
> Song in the world."

Now this may be true in one sense; for it was no doubt the feeling of a *want* by which man was first led to give his feelings expression in poetry. Shut in and around by a constant pressure from the world,—a bondage to circumstance and care,—if he thinks and feels deeply, if he can look into the mysteries of his own nature, he must become conscious of something within his breast, finding no response in the inanimate world around him (inanimate even in its life) and which speaks to him of a home he has been exiled from, a capacity of self-elevation, which wants occasion to assert itself, a depth and strength of emotion, (for we may speak of emotion as a faculty of the mind) which finds no adequate object to expend itself upon. It is the purpose of art to satisfy,—at least to soothe, the desires of our intellectual nature, and poetry, the first of the fine arts, has more especially this office to discharge. One might say, that metaphysics have preserved for man the *idea* of GOD (we speak of course of ages anterior to Christianity);—Art, the *sentiment* of Him. We may believe this charge, of training the mind to the apprehension of His perfections, by leading it over "the steps and

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links for intercourse with Him," if not actually to the vision of His glory—to have been expressly laid upon art, most of all on the poetic, unless it sinks altogether below its own essential character.

The quickening our powers of admiration and sensibility to that which is not only morally, but in any form, beautiful, ought to be the æsthetical characteristic of poetry, without which, it may possess merits, but cannot be true to itself. Wordsworth says, finely and truly:

> "We live by admiration, hope, and love;
> And even as these are well or wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend."

It is because these high faculties are suffered to be dormant, that so many sink into gloomy lassitude, and live on as if existence had nothing serious, nothing earnest, for the intellect and affections to expatiate on; submitting to a weary routine of days, months, and years, without anything but the little cares of the present and the near to absorb the attention. In such, the faculty of admiring has become extinct, till that of *loving* inevitably follows.

If the view of Paganism in its relation to Christianity offers so many points of interest, how much more interestingly may they be contrasted, when the latter is regarded in its only true and perfected developement, as Catholicity. We are aware that this has been often made the ground of attack against some of the tenets and practises of the Church, which have been impugned, because presenting a correspondence with certain features of classic Paganism. The charge seems to us to betray a superficial, as well as unscriptural view of human nature; to proceed from the idea of its utter degradation, its absolute forfeiture of every element of goodness, by the fall from original innocence. It does not follow that because opinions were false, as fostered by Heathen belief, that the feelings were also so, with which its dictates were obeyed, and its rites frequented. The objects worshipped may have been, as Revelation declares, not divine, but demoniac;—but the religious life in man's heart must have been in action then not less than it is now; he had the same desires, hopes, and impulses; the same sensibilities to the good and noble; his nature not only experienced those wants which Christianity satisfies, but bore impressed within those convictions which it justifies and answers. It is the character-

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istic of true religion; but we are not obliged, in embracing it, to reject, but to receive; not to cast away anything that can have become necessary to the happiness, or establish itself in the affections of a nature not utterly depraved; but to open the mind to the complement of what can only have been possessed imperfectly before. If we have attached ourselves to anything not absolutely unworthy, we shall be sure to recognize that object, in its perfection, completed and beautified, but still in the nucleus the same, when we have entered the domains of heavenly truth.

As one amongst those, the right *ideas* of Paganism, we may refer to that of propitiatory suffering, and the efficacies of sacrifice; this is most frequently perhaps among all religious convictions, expressed in the poetry of Greece and Rome. It was felt that sin had created a separation between the Divine and human intelligences; and that a sin-offering was requisite before reconciliation could fill the gulf that yawned between. A melancholy consciousness of this debt seems constantly to have haunted the heart, before Christianity taught how and by WHOM that debt had been paid. The existence of a state of purification, before the soul, after death, could be admitted to happiness, was another of those articles of Pagan faith, bearing such mysterious analogy with Catholic truth; as was also the belief in a connection between the living and the dead, by which the latter was accessible to the invocations of, and enabled to bear succour to, the former. We meet with prayers addressed to the dead, in many passages of Greek tragedy, showing that the consolatory and touching persuasion of a tie continuing unbroken by death, was not, at least as regarded the earthly life of the survivors, unreceived by those who had no ground on which to build the hope of an immortal and heavenly reunion with the souls of their loved ones. It would be anticipating a work we hope at a future time, however inadequately, to undertake, to enter now on a more particular analysis of this subject, or call attention to the individual writers whose works may furnish our illustrations of the view expressed above. If able to pursue the subject further, we may show how Christianity has affected imaginative literature, in rendering it subservient to those high purposes which alone are worthy to delate all our capacities for the infinite; and exalting it into an influence to lead us to the knowledge and love of GOD. What literature in this department was under Paganism, may be usefully considered as preliminary to this attempt.

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MARTYRDOM OF ST. DEIVOTA, PATRON-SAINT OF MONACO.

As that glorious company of Saints who compose the white-robed army of Martyrs is innumerable, and to register their names alone a task beyond the power of human intelligence, many a bright gem which sparkles in the diadem of our blessed Lord must be to us as yet unknown, though contributing, by the lustre of a radiance derived from Him, to fill the courts of heaven with a blaze of glory which is but the reflected image of His majesty and splendour. Need we then wonder if we find now and then one and another of those faithful servants of Christ, reposing, as it were, after their combats, in the retirement of some quiet and comparatively unknown region, content to shed the fragrance of their virtues, and pour forth the balm of their sufferings, upon a few who in the tradition of ages have kept alive the memory of their sanctity, and sought, in their patronage and intercession, favours at the hands of the Most High, through the prevailing efficacy of their Redeemer's blood? Amid all the humility of that obscure locality, their presence seems to lend a charm of innocence to the surrounding scenery, which appears to be adorned in the beauties of their bright example, while the gales are filled with the odour of their virtues, like some modest primrose which decks the grassy tuft that gently swells beneath the hawthorn bush adown the solitary vale, or the scented violet by some unfrequented path, scattering in rich profusion the incense of its perfume upon the few who pass that way.

Such is St. Deivota, a name scarce known as enrolled amid the Calendar of Saints, yet honoured now for more than fifteen hundred years as the Patroness of Monaco, a city which, for centuries, amid the storms that swept the plains of Italy during the Middle Ages, maintained the independence of its principality till the torrent of the French Revolution having broken down the barriers of the older landmarks, her territories, by the new arrangements made at the Congress of Vienna, were annexed to the crown of Sardinia, while the rents were reserved as a pension for her sovereign prince.

Devota, or Deivota, was born about the latter end of the third century, in the island of Corsica. A Christian from her

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earliest infancy, she received at her baptism this name, which, as it seemed to imply that she had been given to her parents in answer to their pious prayers and *vows to* GOD, so it marked the gratitude of their hearts, as they again *devoted* her to His service from whom they had obtained her.

In this sequestered island she spent her infancy unmolested; the Christians there, from its retirement and the policy of the imperial court at that time, being not much exposed to persecution. They heard indeed the mutterings of the storm borne across the sea from the shores of Italy or Africa, as upon those more magnificent theatres of the empire a Cornelius of Rome, or a Cyprian of Carthage, were called forth into the arena, to contend for the faith, and seal their testimony with their blood.

At length, however, in the Diocletian persecution, the tempest burst forth with unmitigated fury; and seizing thousands and tens of thousands in its terrible grasp, hurried them through agonies of torture homeward in triumph to their mansions in the skies.

The obscurity of Corsica no longer availed as a protection to its Christian population. Faithful to their charge, their lamps had shone too bright to be concealed. Holding forth as lights the Word of Life, they stood pre-eminent as so many beacons on the summits of the rocks that bristled along the shores of their sea-girt isle, while from that eminence with steady flame they pointed out to those who sail life's sea the refuge harbour of the Church, where their shattered barks might find a shelter mid the darkness and the storm.

A new governor was appointed to the island, charged with a special commission from the imperatorial authority to cite before his tribunal all who were accused or suspected of holding the faith of Christ, and to condemn to tortures and to death such as, undaunted by threats, and unseduced by promises, should be found unswervingly to maintain their allegiance inviolate to their Lord and Master JESUS Christ.

Deivota heard the sound of the coming storm; and unwilling to expose her faith uncalled for to temptations which, unaided from on high, would be above her strength, sought refuge in the household of a powerful senator, named Euticius. Euticius was not himself a Christian; but being kind in his disposition, amiable and gentle in his temper and manners, willingly gave the shelter of his roof to the youthful virgin, nor did he in any way interfere with her in the exercise of her religion. Having been well instructed in the faith,

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and being early acquainted with spiritual writings, she spent her days and nights in singing psalms and hymns, and occupied her leisure hours in spiritual reading, while, following the example set by apostolic sanction, she subdued the flesh by continual fastings, little regarding the nourishment of the body, so as she might be made partaker of that beatitude which our Lord himself has promised to those "that hunger and thirst after justice." The effect of these continued fastings soon manifested itself upon her tender frame, and a death-like paleness overspread "the dazzling whiteness" of the fair features of her lovely face, that shone in all the radiance of surpassing brightness.

Euticius being informed of the length to which the Virgin of Christ carried these ascetic exercises, and fearful of the injury it might do her health, kindly wished to dissuade her from persisting in a line of conduct that he looked upon as useless with regard to her future state, and positively hurtful as to the present. Having, therefore, called for her, he said,

"Maiden, why dost thou afflict thyself with such excessive fastings, and torture thy soul by abstinence?"

Deivota, young in years, yet venerable in the solemn tone and character of her mind, and the gravity of her demeanour, firmly answered,

"I do not *torture my soul*, but I refrain from various delicacies, because there is a GOD in heaven who daily satisfieth me with the gifts of His own good things."

By the wisdom of this reply she showed at once that she had not lightly adopted this manner of living, but that it was the result of mature consideration, founded upon a spiritual calculation and balancing of celestial against earthly joys, and that she justly preferred the interior delights of communion with her GOD, to all the animal pleasures which the exterior senses could supply.

Euticius, struck with her tone, and feeling a secret consciousness of the wisdom of her choice, dared not utter a word in reply, nor could he venture stedfastly to gaze upon the lustre of her countenance, beaming as she spoke.

Soon after this, the governor arrived on the island, and from a false and wicked zeal, as well as with a view of testing the religion of the inhabitants, proceeded to offer sacrifice and incense to their gods. The chief men of the island assisted at these sacrifices, and among the rest Euticius. Deeply was the faithful Deivota pained

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when she heard this sad intelligence, grieving at the dishonour done to her Lord and Master JESUS Christ, while her bosom was wrung with intense anguish at learning that a benefactor so kind as Euticius had proved himself to her should be drawn in, even ignorantly, into the guilt of being a partner in this act of rebellion and defiance of the Majesty of GOD. Many were the tears she shed, and prayers she offered to GOD, that He would be pleased to pardon this sin of Euticius, and give him a place among His elect, pleading that as he had given her the shelter of his home, so he might not lose his reward from Him who hath promised to recompense the cup of cold water only, given to any of His faithful ones under the sacred name of being His disciple.

Meantime the governor gave a splendid entertainment to the nobles, and those who were distinguished by wealth and rank. Euticius was among the guests. As the feast proceeded, and the wine-cup circulated freely round, one of his guards informed the governor that there was a maiden in the city who derided the gods, and positively refrained from offering sacrifice to them; and that she had found an asylum in the house of the senator Euticius. Enraged to think that a girl should dare to dispute his orders, and renounce the worship of his demon gods, the governor addressed Euticius:

"I hear," said he, "that there is a maiden in thy house who forsakes our gods, and worships I know not whom, called Christ, who was crucified by the Jews."

To whom Euticius answered, "I never could prevail on the maiden of whom you speak even to bow her head unto our gods."

"Give her to me," said the governor, sternly. "I will soon make her pay her vows unto our gods."

"Not if you would give me all your substance," said Euticius; "could it for a moment be put in comparison with her excellency."

Thus did Euticius nobly interpose himself between the fury of the persecutor and the helpless Deivota, and thus the prayers which she so often had poured forth for him seemed to have proved availing, as in defence of this faithful servant of Christ he was willing to renounce the gain of worldly possessions, and brave even death itself, which so noble and generous a declaration was sure to draw down upon him from the anger of the irritated governor, who dared not, however, proceed against him openly, on account of the influence, personal and political, which that senator possessed in the island. He therefore had recourse to the more concealed method of

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poison, confident that if discovered he would readily receive the emperor's pardon for having removed one who had thrown the shield of his protection and countenance before the maiden, and thus supported her in the firmness of her purpose not to sacrifice to the gods.

The crime of the governor, however it might be concealed from others, was not unknown to Deivota, who was penetrated with a deep sense of gratitude towards the memory of Euticius, on account of his generous conduct in reference to herself, mingled with sorrow at having been unintentionally the cause of his death, under circumstances which, though they gave much to hope in reference to his future state, were not altogether free from those shades of doubt which would be apt here to flit before the imagination of even the most sanguine. His open defence of Deivota,—the fearless testimony which he bore to her worth,—seemed indeed almost to have merited for him a martyr's crown; while his murder by the snares of the crafty persecutor might be in some degree regarded as a martyr's death.

This barrier being now removed, and Deivota being completely in his power, the governor ordered her to be dragged before his tribunal. Rejoicing in the hope of martyrdom, and confiding in the protection of her GOD, she came forth as if to the celebration of the divine office, chaunting as she went along,

"DEUS IN ADJUTORIUM MEUM INTENDE."

"DOMINE AD ADJUVANDUM ME FESTINA."

On being placed before the tribunal, the governor sternly and briefly commanded her: "Sacrifice to the gods."

The maiden, no way daunted by the sternness of his tone and manner, and knowing that he and she were to stand one day before a higher tribunal—that of Christ himself—firmly answered, "I daily serve the true GOD with a pure mind. But I reject and loathe your gods of wax, of wood, of stone,—the effigies of men, destitute of hearing and of sight."

From this answer, which seems to have been suggested to her mind from the Psalm "In exitu" in the vesper service, as well as from her chaunting "Deus in adjutorium," &c. as she was brought to the tribunal, we may infer that it was about the hour of vespers, which service would also thus appear to have been much the same at that early time in the Western Church as now.

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The governor, enraged at this answer, ordered her to be struck violently on the mouth with a stone, saying, "Do not blaspheme our gods and goddesses." Then having commanded her hands and feet to be tied, he cruelly ordered her to be dragged over the sharpest rocks, so that all her limbs were lacerated, and racked, and torn. Deivota, amid all this agony, being upheld by a power mightier than her own, still preserved a calm tranquillity of soul; and rejoicing in being thus called to suffer for the name of Him who suffered and who died for her, she poured forth the full gratitude of her heart in praises for the same, fervently exclaiming, "O Lord GOD, I give thanks unto Thy name, who hast counted me worthy to receive me with a crown of martyrdom."

Then glowing with divine charity, the grateful feelings of her soul reverted to Euticius, and knowing the value of prayer for the departed, whose end encouraged hope, she exclaimed with a loud voice, "O GOD of virtues, who searchest the hearts and reins, who hast said, and all things were made, hast commanded, and they were created, hear the prayer of thine handmaiden. Number with thine elect thy servant Euticius, because for my sake he was slain by evil machinations by a barbarous most wicked governor, the worshipper of all demons."

This prayer of Deivota, so directly and publicly charging him with the murder of Euticius, exasperated the governor to the height of madness. Filled therefore with fury, he ordered the virgin, bound as she was, to be put upon the rack: while there suspended, she cried out, saying: "Lord JESU! receive my spirit, because on account of Thy name I suffer these things." Immediately a voice was heard from heaven, saying: "Mine handmaiden, thy prayer is heard, for thou shalt obtain whatever thou hast asked, or shalt ask."

Forthwith, a dove issuing from her mouth, emblem of that pure spirit which in her last breath she resigned to GOD who gave it, with rapid flight directed its course on high, and flew upwards to the stars, which then spangled the azure vault of heaven, thus consummating her martyrdom in peace.

The governor having taken counsel with his court, and knowing how averse Christians were to the Pagan mode of sepulture by burning the body, and wishing also to deprive the Christians of the hopes of obtaining relics of the martyr, directed that her body should be burned on the following day, the night being now ad-

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vanced. The counsel of GOD, however, overruled this plan of man's devising, and reserved the honour of receiving her body and rejoicing in her patronage, for a small city on the shores of the Ligurian Bay, now the Gulph of Genoa.

It so happened that at this time, many of the faithful servants of Christ, had concealed themselves from the persecution, and were lying hid in dens and caverns of the isle. Among these were Benenatus, a priest; Subaudus; and Apollinarius, a deacon, who were warned by a vision, that they should remove the body of the blessed Saint from thence. Having therefore consulted a faithful pilot, named Gratianus, and gathering a company of virgins, who, like themselves, had hitherto escaped the tyrant's wrath, they took away her body, and put it on board a vessel they launched, which had been drawn up upon the shore. They there embalmed it with sweet spices, and having put to sea, directed their course to Africa. GOD, however, otherwise intended it. For the wind blowing a storm from the south, raised a heavy sea against them, which ran mountains high. The bark also which lay so long dry upon the shore, opened its seams, and let in water on every side. They toiled therefore all night without making any way, while their utmost exertions were required at the pump, in endeavouring to keep the water from rising in the hold. They carried however precious freight in the body of the Saint, and with little change, the language of Cæsar to the pilot when crossing the Adriatic in a storm, might be addressed to their pilot: "Quid times? *Martyrem* vehis atque fortunam." For when morning dawned, a heavy sleep suddenly seizing hold on the pilot Gratianus, as he found himself quite overpowered by it, he said to the priest Benenatus, "Rise, my lord; take the helm for a little, while I take a little rest."

No sooner had he given way to slumber, than the virgin Deivota seemed to appear to him in his sleep, and rousing him up, said, "Rise, pilot Gratianus, for the tempest being lulled, you will soon have a calm sea; the water will no longer fill your bark, nor waves beat high against its side."

She then directed him and the priest Benenatus to observe a dove which would issue from her mouth, and following its flight, steer to a place in Greek called *lonely*, for there her body was to be deposited. On this, Gratianus having awoke, they did as the vision directed them; and guided by the flight of the dove, which went before them, they came to a place on the Ligurian bay in Italy called Monœcus

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or Monicus, now Monaco, signifying in Greek "The Lone Dwelling." There, in a retired valley, where the dove alighted from her flight, the body of the martyred virgin was deposited, attended by the priest Benenatus, the deacon Apollinarius, and that choir of virgins who rejoiced in thus honouring the remains of their blessed sister, who had so manifestly proved the prevalency of her intercession in thus procuring deliverance for themselves from the storm of persecution, the fury of the winds, and the tempest-tossed billows of the sea.

What indeed must have been the feelings of that holy company, as in that lonely valley, beneath the snow-clad summits of the towering Alps, they poured forth their thanksgivings to Almighty GOD, while they circled the sacred body of the spouse of Christ, invested with a hallowed dignity, as a precious seed which is to be raised in immortality at the general day of resurrection. Victor in the last conflict, she had triumphed over the tyranny of man and Satan's rage combined; and she who, in the timidity of her sex, would have shrunk from combat with the weakest of her human foes, had now, through JESUS Christ her Lord, proved more than conqueror of th arch-enemy of souls himself, and all his host. She had fought the fight,—she had won the amaranthine crown which decked her virgin brows, when, bearing the palm branch of victory, she joined that glorious company of Saints who are gladdened by the presence of the Lamb, as they walk in the paradise of their GOD. Herself a martyr, it was meet that her last rites should be paid, and solemn service sung, by a chosen band of Confessors, who, like her, had preserved their loyalty unstained to Christ. Rather than renounce it, they had sought the desert and the cave; and now, after escaping the perils of the sea, were exiles from their homes on the shores of a foreign land.

Her feast is kept at Monaco the 27th of January, the day her body was deposited there. On that day the bishop of Nice, within whose diocese Monaco is situate, comes over to celebrate pontifical high mass, at which the inhabitants of the district rejoicingly assist.

Monaco lies at the mouth of the gulph of Genoa, and is sheltered by the Alps that rise behind from the cold winds of the north. Its climate is, therefore, almost tropical, and hence its little territory abounds in the fruits belonging to those regions. Though confined within narrow boundaries, and limited in its population, yet, during the lapse of so many centuries, thousands and tens of thousands have

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there been born, and lived and died, who have been taught to lisp the name of Deivota in their infant devotions, or in the prime of adult years have honoured her as a faithful patroness, through whose protection their little State had maintained independence for so many hundred years, and had again and again been preserved from the arms of the invader, as for example in the years 1507, 1547, 1586, though assailed by the power of a mighty kingdom. And in the faltering accents of old age, how many bowed beneath the weight of years have commended themselves to her intercession, to obtain the grace of a happy death through the redeeming blood of Him for whom she gladly had poured out her own.

And thou, Saint Deivota, about fifteen centuries and a half have now rolled on since thou hast gone to swell the ranks of that glorious army of martyrs which is enrolled on high,—yet still fresh as ever in the perennial youth and bloom of immortality. Age has not chilled the ardour of thy charity, abated the vigour of thine intercession, or diminished aught from thy favour and influence with thy GOD. May then thy prayers ascend for him who feebly pens this record of thy martyrdom, that he may be preserved stedfast in the faith of JESUS here, and made partaker of His glory hereafter. Amen.

"*Devoted* to thy GOD from earliest years,
Thy faith unfailing in thine end appears.
Oh! may thy bright example from afar
Direct our footsteps, like some guiding star.
Like thee, may we rejoice to suffer shame,
And death itself, if called, for JESU's name."

W. S. S.

Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, 1843.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

How stern yet wholesome a moral is deducible from the contemplation of that not less awful because daily scene, the last illness and death-bed of a fellow being! It is not, however, a fleeting and cursory visit to the sick chamber that suffices to bring it properly

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home to the mind, but it must be that degree of attendance upon the closing moments of a life which men are only induced to give from motives of friendship or consanguinity, and which enables, or indeed compels, them to take an analytic and deliberate view of all the circumstances that mark the final hours of human existence. Thus, and thus only, are we enabled to watch the gradual decay of physical and mental faculty that heralds the great change, and contemplating in another the fate that awaits ourselves, arrive at the full, humiliating, and yet salutary consciousness of human nature's fleeting and utter insignificance! It was under the influence of such, and similar reflections, that, summoned to the bedside of a friend, in whom the symptoms of a long and deeply-seated disease had at length assumed a character of imminent danger to life, we gazed upon features from which sickness and suffering had banished the well remembered and joyous smile that had been wont to lighten them, and from the vacant stare, the haggard look, the mortal languor, became too plainly convinced that death had set his seal upon one who had been to us the well-loved associate of many a past and pleasant hour.

With countenances ominous of a hopeless case, physicians had been pacing to and fro between the sick chamber and the room where they sate in consultation; in the very tramp of their heedless, heavy feet, on the staircase, imagination might have traced the professional unconcern of those paid heralds of evil tidings. They leave the house; having pronounced, as it were, sentence of death on its devoted master; and hope, which, before their visit, had been still jocund and buoyant, droops her now shivered wing. Then might be seen the tender wife, till now unconscious of her husband's danger, ministering to all his wants with redoubled earnestness, and vainly striving beneath an appearance of forced placidity, to veil the anguish that tears her soul. With magnanimous effort she forces back to their deep source the tears that rush unbidden to her eyes, though her very heart-strings crack in the effort to wear that ghastly semblance of self-composure. By occasional broken words of grateful recognition the sick man feebly acknowledges the attentions of which he is the object, and faintly endeavours to express his wants; his glazed eye, and wandering sentences and manner, too plainly indicating the progressive obscuration of the thinking faculty, and stealthy inroad of the destroyer. Night comes on;—no season now of rest either for the sinking patient, or the anxious and sorrow-

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ing few that prepare to hold friendly vigil in his dying chamber. Hour after hour steals past, only marked by the periodical administration of prescribed remedies, and the occasional interchange of half-smothered voices giving expressions to such hopes or fears as the alternate restlessness or repose of the sick man may for the moment suggest. Of those watchers at the bedside of death, there is one alone whom during that live-long night, no momentary inclination to slumber tempts or overcomes, for stronger than nature herself, is the wakeful tenderness of a wife's heart!

We remember an incident to which not a shadow of real importance could attach, and which yet involuntarily thrilled on our minds like a portent. A servant presented himself at the bed-room door to answer the call of a bell which no person had pulled! This might be explained in half-a-dozen natural fashions, all of which at that dead hour of night, by the couch of the dying man, distempered imagination felt disinclined to adopt.—But morning breaks! He breathes more softly,—he sleeps,—and his slumber is tranquil as that of infancy! Too sanguine hope revives, and builds upon symptoms of transient improvement, promises never to be realized! Smiling through her tears, the fond wife clings with too complacent self-indulgence to thoughts which portend the possible realization of her most ardent prayers. Grouped round the blazing fire, the night watchers for the first time exchanged words of more encouraging and cheering import, and venture once more to speak of past and future hours of social pleasantness in which he whose slumber seems so placid has played, and may again enact so chief a part. Sunlight at last streams into that dreary chamber, and the arrival of the physicians is eagerly, yet nervously anticipated. Will they confirm the hopes so recently encouraged, or quench them at once in the bud? Alas! their dictum but registers heaven's own decree! the freedom from pain, the delusive calm that thereon ensues, are but the two unfailing indications of a crisis in the malady, from which all the human art in the world cannot avert a fatal and speedy termination, The resources of medicine are at a standstill, its baffled ministers forsake the house, unable even to keep at bay its master's doom. A clergyman of the established Church now obeyed the summons which had been sent to him, and at the bedside of the sinking patient, impressively delivered the prayers set apart in the Protestant formulary for the visitation of the sick, concluding them by the administration of the sacrament to the dying man, and to such

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of the bystanders as chose to participate in its reception. Our poor friend had been too regular and exemplary a member of the Church in which he had been brought up, for us not to cherish the consolatory hope that in his case, as in that of many thousand others, sincerity, even in error, may be accepted by an all merciful GOD in the stead of a more perfect knowledge of the only true religion. The indulgence, indeed, of such an aspiration, can alone enable us to gaze upon the closing moments of those in whom, while entertaining the warmest personal interest, we at the same time feel, from the recollection of their former religious prejudices, that to attempt at that supreme hour to allay them would be an act of utter hopelessness and temerity.

With the departure of the minister of religion, following too upon that of the medical attendants, the curtain seems indeed about to drop. But the domestic tragedy is not yet over. Its most painful part has still to be enacted, and long hours to be passed by a bedside of mortal extremity, uncheered by the slightest hope of giving alleviation, and yet during the lapse of which, the wife would not forgive herself were she for one moment to forsake the post assigned to her alike by love and duty, where she is for ever at hand to smooth the pillow, and return the feeble grasp, and peradventure catch the last gleam of fond intelligence that may break from the closing eyes of her expiring husband. And the lazy hours drag their slow length along; evening again comes on, and the energies of nature, driven within her last intrenchments, still wage desperate conflict with the powers of death. What a contrast between that second and the night which had preceded it! Then, although anxiety enough had prevailed in the sick chamber, it had still been tempered by hope. An air of comfort had still reigned there, the brightly burning lamp, the blazing fire, the patient resting on his well-propped pillows, the periodical administration of medicines from which benefit might accrue, were so many distractions that kept the thoughts at bay; now all contributes to concentrate them on one fatal object, the rapidly approaching end of a beloved fellow-being.

The lights burn dimly in the darkened chamber, the neglected fire sends forth a dull lurid glare; no sounds are heard, save the hard and deep-drawn breathings of the dying man, and the stifled sobs of her who kneels beside him: the door is wide open, that the night breeze may fan the sweat of death, and in a kind of spell-bound silence the servants of the household stand motionless about the room, gazing upon their master in his agony.

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There too may be seen the hired nurse, inured by the apprenticeship of a score of years to such scenes of misery, endeavouring to assume an air of maudlin sorrow and sympathy, while she is inwardly calculating the perquisites that are likely to accrue to her from the "job" in which she is embarked,—with much of the same spirit that actuates the hangman on whom some time-dishonoured right of prescription confers a property in the garments of the victim whom the law has employed him to immolate,—the crone is meditating how she shall successfully lay claim to the bed-clothes and apparel in which that still living being shall breathe his last.

But morning has again dawned—a day which for the tenant of that melancholy room, and for how many others, alas! in the wide world besides, will have no sunset! In the very breath of the dying man, as its convulsive heavings seem to struggle with the death rattle, an exhalation is observable, not to be mistaken, that tells of mortality and the grave! His hour is come,—respiration is arrested, as at the sudden beck of some mighty magician. Though propped high in bed, the body sinks, as if all that supported it were at once giving way; the head falls back, the jaws collapse, a livid pallor overspreads every feature; an immortal spirit hath passed to judgment, and the fleshly covering it had so well loved to tenant, is a cold and inanimate corpse! . . . . . .

Revisit an hour hence the chamber of death, how changed its aspect!—Total calm has succeeded to the turmoil of the parting scene,—the disorder which during such a moment had prevailed, has given place to a kind of chilly, cheerless tidiness; the room has been "swept and garnished," and upon that smoothed couch, so recently rumpled by the contortions of a dying man, his remains now lie stretched out in that attitude of perfect repose, and with that expression of solemn beauty, which appertain to the dead alone.—We gaze with respect and awe, but without any horrific feeling upon that lifeless form, so placid the expression, so exquisite the moulding of those wan features:—lineaments of which the play of human passion had disturbed the economy, may now in the utter stillness of death be contemplated under an aspect which reveals in all its perfection the chiselling of nature's great statuary. . . .

Strange, that the trappings of upholstery, with which the usages of civilized life environ the relics of human mortality, should be more fearful to gaze upon than death itself.—Yet so it would seem to be.

The aspect of the pale corse alone had excited no other feelings

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than those of sorrow and sympathy, not unmingled with a degree of awe-stricken admiration. Laid in its bier, the half-opened lid revealing the upper part alone of the body, and the livid white of the pillow that supports, and trimmings that bedeck the head and chest of the dead man, contrasting with the blackness of the coffin, and the velvet pall that falls in ample folds of lugubrious drapery over its lower extremety, the spectacle impresses the beholder with a kind of creeping and shuddering sensation that clings thereafter to memory like a dread and dismal dream. . . .

It is, perhaps, when in attendance upon a death-bed, that we who have the happiness of knowing, best learn how to feel the truth of our religion. Throughout life's varied paths, Catholic and Protestant greet and jostle each other, discuss or forget their respective differences, and virtually attach less importance to the prospects of a future, because all so profoundly absorbed in the pursuits of the present life: but bring men face to face with the great destroyer, and we shall then find whose armour is best tempered for the inevitable encounter. Is there any one of all who have the interests of a future state at heart, who, however regular and decorous may have been his general habits of life, would not at the close of his days feel more ready to regard himself, and be regarded as a grievous sinner, than as a child of election? In the one character, he humbly sues and hopes for mercy, in the other, how imminent the peril of self-presumption! Yet the instructions set apart in Protestant formularies for the visitation of the sick, contain no urgent calls to repentance, no expression of grievous sorrow for past offences, no ardent aspirations for forgiveness; they are couched rather in the most soothing tones of highly-wrought religious tenderness, and seem based on the too often gratuitous assumption, that the patient to whom they are addressed, has never strayed from the practice or been wanting in the fervour of piety. No confession of sin is required of him, he is admitted, as a matter of course, to participation of a Sacrament which he has, perhaps, not approached for many years, and peradventure dies on better terms with himself, and worse with GOD, than if, roused by more stirring exhortations to repentance, he had taken a more strict and less complacent self-retrospect. Is there not again something awful in the dread yet inevitable alternative, which the creed of Protestants necessarily involves with respect to the fate of those dying in their communion. For, rejecting the holy and consoling doctrine of a middle state, their hopes or fears must

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necessarily consign the departing soul at once to heaven or hell! Now of whom amongst us, can we with inward confidence believe that he has been found worthy straightways to pass from the contaminating turmoil of the world, to the blissful enjoyment of GOD? while, on the other hand, we cannot without feeling abhorrent to our very nature, adopt the contrary supposition, that he has been sentenced to everlasting perdition. Yet every Protestant finds himself placed on the horns of this distracting dilemma, that considers the future fate of his dying relative or friend. When once the spirit has quitted the body, all tie between it and the kindred it had left is severed for ever! The survivor may not believe that his prayers might still aid the soul which has fled! his stern and frigid creed bids him reject all further thought of pious love for the departed one, and so forfeit the greatest, the only real consolations, of which bereavement is susceptible.

O let us turn from such a picture, to the death-bed of one who prepares to leave the world in the bosom of that faith, which alone holds "Communion of Saints" with the blessed denizens of heaven! The visit of the priest has been employed in suggesting to the mind of his dying penitent every conceivable motive of horror for and contrition for past sin, in aiding him to make a full confession of his offences, and in pronouncing over him those healing words of absolution, of which, if his disposition be that of sincere repentance, Christ himself has promised the ratification in heaven. Annealed, and freed from the burthen of his iniquity, the dying man may now with some hope and confidence receive into the tabernacle of his body the adorable sacrament of the body and blood of our Redeemer, and as his end draws near, the "Prayer of Faith," and the "Anointing with oil in the name of the Lord," in strict conformity with apostolic precept, still further steel his soul for an encounter with the powers of death. He breathes his last, but the ministry of his faithful friends is not at an end, their "occupation is not gone:" In ardent prayers for the repose of his soul, they find at once a vent and solace for their grief; the very mortuary chaunts of the "Dies Iræ" and "De Profundis" bring hope and comfort to their minds. The connection between them and the departed is not broken, it has only become a more tender and holy tie, associated with, and hallowed by moments of retirement and prayer.

C.

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CONTRASTS.

It was an able and ingenious thought in one of our distinguished living architects, which prompted him to illustrate the relative spirit of Catholic and Protestant times, in a work which graphically displayed the contrasts between the religious edifices of the past, and those of the present day. It were impossible for the most prejudiced eye to "look here upon this picture, and on that," as faithfully delineated by the pencil of the eminent antiquarian and draftsman above referred to, without reluctantly acknowledging a striking difference in the characteristic styles of the two epochs, whether we take such points of comparison as the gorgeous cathedral of York, and the vast but Pagan-like temple of Sir Christopher Wren, or an antique market cross, rich in Gothic tracery and pious imageries, and a stone lamp-post erected to the memory of a deceased alderman. The same subject may with advantage be pursued with regard to many other points of utter discrepancy existing between the former and the present state of things in this our once happy country. The enquiry might lead to a more accurate than favourable estimate of the boasted advantages alleged to have accrued to the community by what men are pleased to call "the Reformation," but which in the blunt sincerity of our hearts we think may more accurately be designated as the great moral leprosy with which for purposes inscrutable to mortal foresight, the Almighty chose to afflict and desolate the fairest portion of His Church towards the latter part of the sixteenth century. A few of such salient matters of contrast as occur to our minds, we will take leave to signalise.

In the days of Catholic England, no diversities of faith and doctrine distracted and disunited the minds of the people: all believed in the great, and saving, and self-same truths of salvation, transmitted pure and unchanged from apostolic times, and were knit together by the firm bond of spiritual allegiance to the venerable and uncontested authority of St. Peter's chair. Now the Church of England, with no other guarantee for stability than the capricious authority of parliament, dares not even for those who profess to be enrolled within her pale, claim any unanimity or certainty of opinion:—witness the old standing divisions of high and low Church,

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the ever conflicting interpretations which the right of private judgment extracts "ad libitum" from indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures, and the more recent and most notable schism which the Tract controversy of Oxford has introduced into the very bosom of the establishment.

Of seceders from the parliamentary Church, the name is "legion:" Presbyterians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Wesleyans, Unitarians, Quakers brown and white, Independents, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Irvingites, Plymouth brethren, Southcotians, Jumpers, Muggletonians, Mormonites, Lady Huntingdon's connection, Socialists, Brianites, Primitive Methodists, Shakers, Moravians, are but the names of some of the sects to which the hydra of private judgment in matters of religion, have given birth and expansion in this country.

The Anglican Church disclaims, it is true, all connection with these multiform varieties of dissent, but she cannot deny that they are all direct offshoots from herself,—barnacles which have adhered to the keel of her own crazy ark, eating into the timbers, and threatening the future sea-worthiness of the vessel. So much for the phalanx of ancient unity, as opposed to the Babel of modern sectarianism.

No country was once so rich in religious and charitable foundations as our own. The magnificent monastic remains that still survive centuries of neglect and desolation, sufficiently attest what England must have been before Henry the Eighth, by laying his sacrilegious hands on the revenues of the Church, had impounded the best and only patrimony of the poor. That was indeed a sweeping and egregious measure of Reformation which thus converted to purposes of private and inordinate rapacity, wealth which the cumulative piety of ages had devoted to the service of GOD, and the sacred exercise of charity. In monkish days, no ill-administered poor law wrung reluctant tribute from overburdened rate-payers, so damming up the sources of private benevolence. Then the "Guardians of the Poor" were the inmates of the religious houses, who, from their magnificent monasteries diffused far and wide among the rural population the comforts of this world, and the hopes of the next one. Then the portals of the abbey were ever open to receive within its hospitable walls the wayfaring traveller or houseless wanderer, and what time the holy men that dwelt there could spare from the active service of GOD, was devoted to the pro-

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motion of the vassal's competence, and the stranger's welcome. Now, mouldering towers and cloistered arches rent in twain, alone commemorate the monuments of our ancestral piety; but to supply the place of their departed glories, and in due conformity with the wants and utilitarian spirit of a superior age of civilization, we may boast of gaols, in which every variety of penitential probation is essayed at the dictum of any political economist that broaches a new system of prison discipline; of lunatic asylums, of which the number and enormous dimensions are still inadequate for the increasing number of those qualified to become their inmates; and of Poor Law Union Houses, of which the hideous brick walls, and tasteless elevations are, to the fair face of the country, like unseemly stains on the surface of a human body:—fearful receptacles of wretchedness, where poverty is crime, where every bad passion festers into full expansion, from the dirty avarice and griping tyranny of petty authority to the rankling vindictiveness and reckless surliness of half-starved pauperism.

In the old times of Catholic fervour, it was alike the duty as it was the general practice of the clergy, to extend the blessings of religious instruction to every individual member of the great social community; and where parochial priests were numerically inadequate to the spiritual exigencies of the population, there it was that the auxiliary brethren of the monastic orders proved themselves to be no useless and ineffective forces in the army of CHRIST, extending and perfecting by their zeal and ministrations the universal knowledge of eternal truth. Now, despite the clamour raised in and out of parliament about education, despite national and infant, and Sunday schools, and parent and branch Bible Societies, and all the remedial nostrums devised by legislators and philanthropists to meet the moral and religious destitution of the multitude, we hesitate not to assert, that there exists at this moment among the labouring and manufacturing classes of this land, a more fearful state of brutish ignorance, as regards the most ordinary truths of revelation, than was ever before attributable to the children of a soil calling itself that of a Christian country. It may in fact be said, that those whom the fanaticism of dissent has failed to inflame, are left by the pastors of the established Church in a state of utter indifference, and dearth of all spiritual feeling, worse than positive Heathenism. If these assertions appear too gratuitous, we challenge, in confirmation of their accuracy, the testimony of all those who

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have had the opportunity of ascertaining the moral condition of our lowest rural and manufacturing classes, and observing the frightful depravity and blindness to all religious principle which manifest themselves in the language and demeanour of the merest children: we appeal to the evidence of the Bishop of London, who, in one of his speeches on the subject of Church extension, admitted and proclaimed, that in the district of Bethnal Green alone, fifty thousand souls languished without any spiritual attendance or instruction whatever. Did it occur to the metropolitan prelate, when making the appalling statement, that Catholic bishops of olden days, would in such stress of circumstances have forsaken for the time the pomps of episcopacy, to visit in person such scenes of hardened misery, carrying from house to house, tidings of comfort and enlightenment, and staying by their presence the withering pestilence of infidelity? Thus would have acted the Cuthberts and Anselms of Catholic annals. Thus acted the great Borromean archbishop of Milan, when, braving the infection of the plague, he devoted himself during the whole period of its ravages to the closest personal attendance upon the sick and dying in the public hospitals.

Did "Charles James London," or any of the twenty-six favoured incumbents of England's ancient sees, ever set foot within the walls of an hospital during the prevalence of the cholera? If they did, the patients that lay there must have been mightily surprised. It may be observed by the way, that at that very time, Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, was, at the head of his clergy, actually putting in practice the example of the illustrious Milanese Saint; tending the infected within the wards of the Hôtel Dieu, not a hundred yards from the site of his own palace, demolished by the fury of a mad multitude, to members of which he now in person administered temporal and spiritual consolations. So much for the genius of true charity, as developed by the respective spirits of Protestantism and Catholicity

In ancient times, the chivalry of nations was enlisted in the perhaps desperate, but romantic and generous enterprise of the Crusades. It was a holy and lofty feeling which induced men to abandon their homes, to sell all their possessions, to assume the armour of the Cross, and sacrifice their lives and fortunes in valorous attempts to rescue the cradle of the Christian faith from the hands of the infidels. Much contemptuous obloquy has in these times been vented upon those gallant knight errantries of our ancestors.

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Let us, however, compare Richard Cœur de Lion, at the head of his English warriors, before the walls of Acre, and such modern instances as the advance of a British army, despatched by a band of merchants to spread fire and sword in the heart of unoffending Asiatic nations, or the speculative incursions of mercenary troops, volunteering to force constitutional governments, at the point of the bayonet, upon countries not yet fitted to receive them, and honestly say to which of such expeditions we instinctively lend the best sympathies of our nature!

It was during what is called the darkness of the Middle Ages, that private piety found vent in pilgrimages undertaken to the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, or to the shrines of saints: and no terms have been found sufficiently caustic to denounce the superstition and folly of such peregrinations. But what shall be said of the ignorance, fanaticism, and infatuation, which, so recently as the year 1842, induced upwards of five thousand of the labouring population of the north of England to become "Latter-day Saints," and actually to emigrate to North America, for the purpose of joining the head quarters of one "Joe Smith," the notorious liar, and illiterate impostor, who, as the prophet of that new sect, has had the art to impose upon and swindle his followers of the old and new world?

With what a self-complacent smile of pity for the blindness of Catholic times, the verger of Canterbury cathedral exhibits to the casual visitor the site of what was once the gorgeous shrine of St. Thomas of Becket, and points to the indentations in the stone steps, made by the knees of the Popish pilgrims in "the days of superstition!" Have these, then, so utterly passed away within the province of that archepiscopal see, of which thou, most acute and doughty verger, art least,—but in thine own estimation, Heaven knows, not *the* least—functionary? Has the recent tragedy of Bossenden Wood so speedily passed from recollection? Is it, or is it not a fact, that within the last ten years, and within five miles of the primatial see of Canterbury, under the very nose of dean, prebendaries, canons, and minor canons of one of the wealthiest ecclesiastical foundations in Christendom, a madman, of the name of Courtney, succeeded in deluding a numerous portion of the agricultural population into the firm belief that he was himself the Messiah? Were the votaries at Becket's tomb, or the believers in the divinity of the maniac assassin, the better instructed men?

In the days of Catholic antiquity, the rich revenues of our British

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sees were devoted by their incumbents to the support of the indigent, and the erection of the most magnificent religious edifices. Unshackled by wives and families, the prelates of Catholicism had no children but the poor; no craving for wealth, but in so far as its possession enabled them to expend it in the service of God, and for the purposes of religion. Bishops of olden time died in comparative poverty, having "lent their treasures to the Lord." The executors of bishops of the present day, have to tell a very different story, *e.g.* "swearing the accumulated personal property of the deceased to be under a hundred thousand pounds," and making other such post mortem abnegations of worldly mammon! In a word, the monuments of Catholic bishops, are the cathedrals of York, and Lincoln, and Ely. Those of their Protestant successors, may be said to consist in piles of testamentary parchment, carefully preserved in the archives of Doctors Commons, recording, for the information of future generations, the manner in which the English episcopal revenues of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were hoarded for, and appropriated to, every imaginable variety of clerical nepotism.

By the Protestant Church, not only have its sources of wealth been diverted from the channel of public charity, into that of personal emolument, but the very churches themselves, built for the use and free enjoyment of the people, have been converted into means of extracting pecuniary contribution. Is there a cathedral in the whole of Catholic Europe, from the Roman Basilica of St. Peter's, downwards, which is not gratuitously open from sunrise to sunset, to the universal worship of mankind?—the poorest, the most houseless outcast, finds at least within the holy walls of a Catholic Church, perpetual shelter, and pious consolation.

In one spot at least, the lowliest pauper knows that he has the same right to tread the marble pavement, and gaze on the gorgeous marvels of the sculptor's or the limner's art, as the proudest prince. For once he feels that in the temple of GOD, the loftiest, and the most abject conditions of man become confounded in the majesty of the Deity who is there adored. But in Protestant England, how different is the system pursued! There, to procure inspection of an ecclestastical edifice, is as much a matter of money as to gain admittance to a theatre, and woe to the pennyless wretch, who, saving at brief stated hours set apart for public service, should be found loitering in the aisles of a cathedral. In a Christian country,

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there is, or ought to be, nothing preposterous in the notion, that out of a metropolitan population of a million and a half, some few persons might feel occasionally disposed to enter "en passant" the magnificent church of St. Paul's for the sole purpose of offering a brief prayer within a sanctuary which should be as sacred to the religious feelings of an orthodox English churchman as St. Peter's, or St. Sophia's, to those of a Catholic or a Mussulman.

Let us, however, just picture to our fancies the expression of countenance, which upon the application for admittance, and for the purpose supposed, by any such imaginary devotees, would be assumed by the nondescript and brutal Cerberus who sits at the door;—which, with its chain more resembles that of a debtor's prison, than the entrance of the house of GOD,—and imperiously exacts threepence from every one that would take the merest peep at the interior of a church, for the building of which the people alone had paid!

Such a demand, so enforced, would be enough to curdle the devotion of a saint!

In country villages, where comparatively primitive manners ought to be significant of greater religious fervour, the church is positively barred up, and never entered from one week's end to the other, and when its old oaken portals lazily turn on their rusty hinges, to admit a Sunday morning congregation to that solitary weekly service, the people that only half fill on such occasions the damp neglected edifice, might fancy themselves inhaling the cold and deadly atmosphere of a sepulchral vault!

Considerations not far removed from some of the above, must have unwillingly presented themselves to the mind of a very sincere and zealous member of the English establishment, when at the end of his able and interesting work on foreign churches, he places the following sentiment in the mouth of the imaginary companion that had accompanied him to England. "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars, and unstoled priests: Is England under an interdict?"

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POPULAR EDUCATION IN ITALY.

(From the Kirchen Correspondent).

THROUGHOUT the whole Middle Age, popular schools, in the principal cities at least, appear to have been maintained in Italy. But they seem not to have been destined for the poor. Such were the so-called quarter-schools, whereof one existed in every quarter of a city. These establishments historians connect with the schools founded by the Roman senate.

The later institutes, wherein the poor were received, are the work of religious beneficence. Herein Rome set the pattern to other states. These poor schools date from the Pontificate of Clement VIII, towards the close of the sixteenth century: Joseph Calazanzio, who was afterwards canonized, and who bequeathed to posterity a name as distinguished for science as for virtue, founded the first public free-school in the Transtevere—a district of Rome, where the want of such schools was most palpably felt. This establishment flourished to such an extent, that in a short time, several sprang up under his direction. They were called *schools of charity*. Joseph Calazanzio, without giving scandal, admitted Jewish children to these schools. Besides receiving religious instruction and a pious education, the children was gratuitously furnished not only with books, but with everything appertaining to their bodily nourishment. Calazanzio made every exertion to keep the scholars under a wise and natural discipline. Even at the present day the teachers of this institution conduct the children home, on their quitting school.

From Rome, these schools spread over all Italy; but confined themselves to the education of poor boys exclusively. In the year 1655, the first poor school for girls was opened, and constituted on the plan above described. This occurred at the command of Pope Alexander VII. They were called Papal schools. That poor families might have the more inducement to send their daughters to these schools, bread was daily distributed among the children, and on the termination of their education, they received a small dowry. Subsequently at Rome, Viterbo, and Montefiascone, other girls' schools were established. Besides these institutions, an educational establishment for gratuitous instruction of poor girls was founded

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at Rome in the year 1637, by St. Angela Merici, and the Ursuline nuns. A similar service was rendered by the brothers of Christian doctrine. The former taught writing to such children, as intended devoting themselves to the conventual life, and instructed the rest only in the catechism, reading, and manual labour. The latter made religious instruction its principal aim, but at the same time furnished primary tuition gratuitously, and taught the elements of Latin, grammar, and literature.

Rome does not now forget that for three centuries she led the way in the course of educational improvement. It numbers 372 primary schools, containing upwards of fourteen thousand scholars, under four hundred and eighty-two teachers. During the last twenty years the number of district-schools has increased by one third: of these schools, the number is now fifty-five. Parochial schools also, together with five or six new institutes having the same object, have been opened. To these we must add a certain number of unauthorized elementary schools, containing about three hundred scholars under twenty teachers. For this progress in the system of education, Rome is mainly indebted to Pope Leo XII.

The Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which abounds in so many institutions for higher departments of education, has not achieved less for popular instruction. Its two hundred and forty-seven parishes, possess two hundred and thirty schools. Florence alone numbers nine, whereof six are formed on the most recent methods of instruction. Two thirds of the children capable of instruction, enjoy the benefit of schooling.

The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is in this respect in a still more flourishing condition. There the progress of popular education has been still more rapid, especially since the year 1822, when the government enforced the Austrian law, whereby all parents, without distinction, are compelled under a penalty to send their children to school. In the first ten years that this law was applied, the progress was so rapid, that the schools, which in the year 1822 numbered 107,768 scholars, exhibited in the year 1832 upwards of 166,767. If to these we now add the thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty scholars, who attend four hundred and eighty-three paid schools, seven thousand six hundred and sixty-seven, who visit private establishments, all those who at the cost of benevolent individuals, are brought up in the private schools of the great cities, those who receive instruction in the orphan asplums, and in the institutions

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for foundlings, those who are bred in thirty-six charity schools, and lastly, a thousand scholars, who repair to the eight primary schools of Milan, and to the new establishments at Bergamo, Cremona, Vicenza, Verona, and Venice, we have then altogether, two hundred thousand children, who, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom frequent the public schools. This will make one child in every eighth inhabitant. To bring about this result, the government has not had recourse to any imposts; it pays about two thirds of the expenses, amounting to nearly twenty-six million Austrian livres; the other third is paid by the parishes.—A CORRESPONDENT.

JESUS AND MARY.

BEHOLD! the Mother of our GOD;
Her name it breathes perfume,
She bears the sceptre and the rod
Within her sacred womb.

Behold! the Virgin—house of gold
Contains this living stem,
The pride of courts could ne'er unfold
So rich, so rare a gem.

Behold! this Mother undefiled,
Most amiable, most chaste,—
This mystic rose who sweetly smiled
As she her Son embraced.

Behold her now, with tearful eye,
Survey the mighty Cross:
Her Son—the Son of GOD—must die,
Oh how sustain His loss?

This spotless victim comes to pay
For us sin's dreadful debt;
Prostrate on Olive's Mount He lay
O'erwhelm'd with blood and sweat.

His lovely face to earth was press'd,
He drank the bitter draught,
GOD's wrath for sin was here express'd
By death's most deadly shaft.

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To Calvary's Mount our Lord ascends,
To expiate our guilt;
His blood alone could make amends;
For us these drops were spilt.

When the God-man His life forsook,
Saints woke from their repose,
The trembling earth convulsive shook
As from their graves they rose.

Mary was lonely left on earth,
Her hope, her joy was fled,
The Son to whom she'd given birth
Hung on the cross—now dead.

She drank grief's bitter cup unmix'd,
A sword had pierced her soul,
She stood beneath the cross transfix'd—
All earth could not console.

Oh earth! oh heavens! be amazed!
The eye of Christ in death is glazed,
The hand that raised the dead is cold,
The sheep are scattered from the fold.

A garden, fill'd with rich perfume,
Contains a newly sculptur'd tomb;
They laid within that hallow'd rock
Jesus the Prince of Abraham's stock.

But hark, triumphant tidings come;
The faithful women tell
That Christ hath risen from the tomb,
He conquer'd death and hell.

Full forty days on earth He spends,
His last commands are given:
In clouds of glory then ascends
To claim His throne in heav'n.

Mary sought solace from on high,
Nor did she seek in vain,
Her Spouse the Comforter was nigh
To soothe her grief and pain.

Queen of Saints, thy hallow'd story
Fills my soul with love and dread,
Whilst unfading wreaths of glory
Still surround thy sacred head.

Feast of the Conception, 1843. S. M. S

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ON TRUE COMPUNCTION OF HEART.

1. WEEP with me, all ye my friends, and behold my grief, for it is very great. Observe my wound, for it is exceeding deep!

Wherefore do I weep?—and I answer that it is for this: That I am cast out from the face of the GOD of Heaven, and from the light of His countenance. I sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and I look not upon the light of Heaven.

What joy can there then be for me,—for me, the wretched one who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell amongst most relentless robbers, who stripped me of the robe of immortality, and having wounded me went away, leaving me half dead. (St. Luke x. 30.)

"The keepers that go about the city found me. They struck me, and wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me." (Cant. v. 7.)

"I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I languish" (Id. ii. 8) with sorrow.

Send unto him, saying, "Lord, behold Lazarus, whom thou lovest, is sick." (John xi. 3.) "Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, and is grievously tormented." (St. Matt. viii. 6.) I have laboured under mine infirmity now these many years, "I have been lame from my mother's womb" (Acts iii. 2.); for I have been bowed down under the guilt and heavy chain of original sin.

2. I am the son of Adam, the prevaricator, and the child of death, "wholly born in sins." (St. John xi. 34.) My entrance into life was wretched, as my departure shall be full of terror; and whither to fly I know not.

"If I ascend into Heaven, Thou art there" (Psalm cxxxvii. 8), who sparest not sinners. "And if I descend into hell, there also art Thou present" (Psalm ibid.), to punish the prevaricators.

Where shall I hide me from the face of Thy wrath, for in my life I have sinned against Thee exceedingly.

I looked up unto Heaven, and GOD said, "Cast away the wicked, that they may not look upon the glory of GOD."

And I looked back again into the abyss, and a fearful voice

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sounded in mine ears: "Bind his hands and feet, and cast him into the exterior darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (St. Matt. xxii. 13); thence I became troubled the more, and I began to fear, and to be exceeding sorrowful; and all my bones were changed within me, by reason of the wrath of the indignation of the Lord. "Fear and trembling came upon me, and darkness covered me;" and I said, "Who then can be saved?" (St. Matt. xix. 25) for "If Thou wilt mark iniquities, O Lord; Lord, who shall stand it." (Psalm cxxix. 3.) "Holy and terrible is Thy name." (Ps. cx. 9.)

3. But now keep thou silence, O my soul, for I have heard a voice of comfort speaking unto those that are in sadness and mourning; saying, Write "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" (St. Matt. v. 5); and again, "Do penance, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." (St. Matt. iii. 2.)

It is the voice of the Lord, comforting his servants; it is the voice of the Lord, saying, "Be converted, ye children of men, and live."

"Be converted unto me, and I will be converted unto you. Come to me, all you that labour or are burdened, and I will refresh you." (St. Matt. xi. 28.)

And the prophet, coming to meet those that mourn, saith, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart" (Psalm xxxiii. 19); and of himself he speaks in the plenitude of consolation: "The Lord hath heard, and hath had mercy upon me: the Lord became my helper" (Psalm xxix. 11), because He will not despise the prayer of the poor.

See how there is yet room for mercy; the gate is not yet shut. Therefore by penance all may be yet restored; both the evil that thou hast done, and the good thou hast omitted to do. Wherefore be not now overfearful, "For the Son of Man is come to seek, and to save that which was lost (St. Luke xix. 10); and again, "I am not come to call the just, but sinners." (St. Matt. ix. 13.)

4. Arise then, O my soul, into a good hope, for the Lord hath spoken it. Thy life drew near unto hell, and thou wast delivered over unto death, but the Lord hath had compassion upon thee, and His thought towards thee is turned unto mercy.

Thou hast feared exceedingly, and hast thought that thou couldst

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hide thyself from the face of the wrath of GOD, like father Adam, when he sinned (Gen. iii,); but this is a vain thought. Thou hast meditated flight into another land; as Jonas did, when he fled from the face of the Lord into a ship (Jonas ii.): but here also thou hast laboured in vain; for neither by hiding nor by flight shalt thou escape from the hand of GOD.

Return then to the heavenly region by another way, which GOD makes known unto thee, that thou mayst walk therein. DO PENANCE! this is the way. The best counsel, and the most powerful help, are given to thee from Heaven. The counsel is this: That thou shouldst worthily repent, and wash thy sins in tears, and be reconciled unto GOD; that so thou mayst have peace with GOD.

"Thy help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and earth." (Psalm cxxiii. 8.) Who, when He was so great, vouchsafed to pay every debt for thee: "For He hath delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked; and He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors (Isai. liii. 12); and so by His death hath snatched thee from eternal death, and brought thee help by His CROSS,

5. This also St. Paul hath delivered unto the faithful, when he said: "He hath blotted out the hand-writing of the decree that was against us: And he hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the CROSS; forgiving you all your offences, that you may be quickened together with Him." (Col. ii. 14.)—Hence also, in another place, the same apostle saith: "A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ JESUS came into this world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

See what consolation, and how great a hope, has GOD left for sinners; but it is for those that do penance,—it is for those that are converted.

Remember then, O my soul, the words of this his saint, in which he hath given unto thee so good a hope. And now, O Lord, prostrate before Thee in prayer, I cry out unto Thee with all my heart, saying:

Prayer 6. Oh! Lord GOD, holy FATHER! "I have sinned against Heaven, and before Thee; I am not worthy to be called Thy son: make me as one of Thy hired servants." (St. Luke xv. 18.)

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If Thou cast me forth from Thy presence, Thou wouldst do so justly: yet Thou wilt rather have mercy, and receive me, who am not worthy of the least of Thy blessings.

Wherefore, trusting in this Thy mercy, I fall down at Thy feet, and, bathed in tears, I adore and devoutly kiss Thy footsteps, entreating Thee with a humble and contrite heart.

Look upon me, O merciful GOD, upon me who am as a fly, and a dead dog; and be propitious unto me, as Thou wert once unto the most blessed Mary Magdalene, who, though once a sinner, speedily obtained pardon, when she cast herself at Thy feet.

"Extend Thy mercy unto them that know Thee." (Psalm xxxv. 11.) Stretch forth Thy right hand unto Thy wandering servant; and let Thy most merciful eyes look upon the contrition of my heart. And be not angry, O Lord, for ever against the malignity of Thy servant, but remember the multitude of Thy tender mercies from the beginning; and be Thou reconciled this day unto Thy servant.

Hear, O Lord, this the only prayer which Thy servant can pour forth, on bended knees, before Thine omnipotence, adoring upon earth the countenance of Thy glory: for I have done unwisely, and foolish exceedingly; so oftentimes offending against Thy clemency, so seldom fearing the throne of Thy kingdom.

Take away, I beseech Thee, from Thy servant every sin, and blot not my name out of the book of life; but vouchsafe to enrol me among the number of Thine elect, that I may be found to the praise and glory of Thy holy name.—AMEN!

7. Oh! how great is Thy mercy and goodness, O Lord; which, that Thou mightest the more abundantly shew forth, hast been pleased to free from death, man who was worthy of death! Moreover, Thou hast watchfully taken care to recall Thy wandering and flying servants, by Thy most loving voice; and hast sent Thy faithful servants and friends, at the hour of supper, to "tell them that were invited that all things are ready; Come ye to the marriage." (St. Matt. xxii. 4.) Thou mightest, in the order of Thy justice, have sent Thy messengers of vengeance after those enemies, who would not have Thee to rule over them, and to put those murderers to death; for they deserved either to be cast into prison, until they

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should pay the last farthing, or to be cut off with those who are in hell.

But yet Thou hast not exercised Thy powers, but hast shewn forth all Thy mercy and meek forbearance; patiently enduring all for a time, that so Thy beloved might be set free, and "flee from before the bow" (Ps. lix. 6); that is, that they might prevent the dreadful judgment, by a worthy conversion.

For if Thou hadst not been pleased to stretch forth Thy hand unto the wicked, and to all who have sinned against Thee, many had been lost, who are now Thy friends, and are in the greatest favour before Thee!

Thou wouldst not now have Peter, who sinned by denying Thee thrice; nor Paul, who blasphemed thee by his persecutions; nor Matthew, the publican, who thirsted after worldly gain; yea, not even one of Thy great Apostles, whom Thou hast appointed judges over all the earth.

But now they are become most dear unto Thee, and Thou hast made known all things unto them, which Thou hast heard from Thy Father; and Thou art glorified in them; and they have glorified Thy name upon earth.

These things hath Thine Almighty hand performed, yea, Thy mercy, and Thy right hand, that is filled with all sweetness. For Thou hast hidden Thine indignation from us, and Thou hast been pleased to make us sons of grace, partakers of Thy divine nature, and co-heirs of Thy kingdom!

8. O, Fountain of infinite goodness and mercy, that never ceasest to overflow, but art ever ready to pour forth Thy streams upon those that draw near unto thee! Oh, would that all might draw near unto Thee, and taste of the food of Thy table how sweet it is, and because death is not therein, nor any bitterness.

But, ah! many turn back from Thee, and love this world more than the society of Thy heavenly children; many cast hope aside, and give themselves up to the service of all uncleanness and iniquity, on whom a certain judgment awaits; and they have gone far away from Thee; and "they pleased themselves among these kind of things, and counted it delightful to be under the briers." (Job xxx. 7.)

But Thy beloved children, and Thy faithful servants, flying from

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evil; love Thee with all their heart, and meditate day and night on Thy Commandments; and Thou hast hidden them under Thy wings, lest they be taken captive by the allurements of the world.

These, for the most part, glowing with an ardent desire of eternal life, long to be soon dissolved, that they may live much more happily with Thee.

And when they are not heard according to their own desire, yet it happens unto them more to their own salvation, and to the fulfilment of Thy will; that still they are exercised by sundry labours and trials.

Not that Thou, O Lord, dost then love them less, because Thou dost not immediately fulfil their prayers and their desires; but by deferring them, Thou wouldst more plentifully reward those whom Thou permittest now to be the more worn out in this world.

It is well for them who have obtained such grace from Thee; who now swell with a desire for eternal life, and, by the fruit of good works, wait for a plenteous retribution.

But how can I, who am a sinner, and pressed down by the weight of my sins, how can I presume to lift up mine eyes unto those exalted mountains of piety,—even thy saints and perfect men, who, in their earthly habitation in this valley of tears, have raised themselves up so as to touch the very heavens, by the sublimity of their conversation, and by the height of contemplation?

9. "Woe, woe, woe," says the Apostle John, "to the inhabitants of the earth" (Apoc. viii. 13). Woe unto the carnal-minded, and to those whose desires dwell upon the earth; and woe unto those who are girt about by the excitement of many passions!

And woe unto those that stray far away from the path of the just; who weep not; who vainly laugh; yea, and worse than that, who do evil in the sight of God; who fear not evil, and hold it of little moment!

What wonder is it, if I mourn, and as is meet, truly mourn? for inward sorrow changes the affection of man, so that I will take no pleasure in gladness, nor seek for any consolation in worldly things.

See, then, why you should mourn and weep. For the soul is rarely sufficiently recollected in itself; and at times the light of truth scarcely shines upon it from on high; and rarely does the soul enjoy

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even but a very little share of its celestial food. And therefore, while it is so weighed down by the love of earthly things, it may well mourn, because it is become so unknown both to God and to itself.

Therefore, let him who has a heart within him, mourn and weep, and say: "For I did eat ashes, like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping." (Ps. ci. 10.) This I say, and I meditate within me, and weep; and, oh! sorrow, it is because I am so often entangled, without necessity, in earthly things; so oftentimes feel pleasure in the same; and oh! worse than all, feel such reluctance and difficulty in tearing myself away. Woe is me, that I am with difficulty drawn away from such things as are hurtful to me, and which I often detest and hate, and yet nevertheless am again led captive by them.

10. O clay, clay, how long wilt thou cleave unto me! O darkness and slippery mire, how long shall I roll in thee! How long shall I suffer you! how long shall I dwell with you!

Mine infirmity is so great, that I can scarcely stand; moreover, I am most prone to bend under my vicious inclinations, and the evil propensities of my heart. For I am but earth, and formed of the dust of the earth; and thereby, by natural frailty, I feel that I am more moved by earthly than by heavenly thoughts.

I seek after eternal good things less anxiously than for such as are temporal. I relish not the sweetness of that food which cometh down from above, and "my strength is dried up like a potsherd." (Ps. xxi. 6.) "I have forgotten to eat my bread" (Ps. ci. 5); yea, that bread which God the Father has given unto me, and which has now become unto me earthly; and I eat ashes, who might have been fulfilled with heavenly food.

11. Woe is me, for I am wretched and very unhappy, in that I am come unto such hunger, that not knowing and neglecting things above, I should turn my thoughts to things below!

I was created, that I might eat of perpetual delights, sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb; but, sinning against my God, I have been struck blind; and I have lost the heavenly banquet, and am now fed on the lusts of this world. Yea, and the more lustful is my heart in its pursuit of earthly things, the longer is it cast out from the enjoyment of interior comforts.

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And yet, when at times I look within, my heart tells me that I have no happiness in earthly things; for I am girt about and fulfilled with many adversities, and much anguish; and while I am straitened on every side, I am often sad, and know not what to choose.

For I am straitened between the two, and can hardly tell whither to turn me unto. For I pray that those things which are above may come, and yet they do not always answer to my call; and I implore that GOD would take away from me those that are beneath, and yet they tarry, and uninvited stay!

They come flocking towards me, and in their train a tumult of strange thoughts, and some from this world, some from the flesh, and many from the devil, gird me round on every side, and say: "We are bone of thy bones, and flesh of thy flesh." (Gen. ii. 23.)

12. Let us tarry a little while with thee; consent unto us; be thou our friend, and sit thee down amongst us.

By soothing words and mighty promises they craftily lay snares for me; by threats and fears, and sundry chances of evils, they strive to weigh down my soul.

But I, though I am but a mortal man, and feeble to withstand their assaults, yet do I not withstand their persuasions and importunities as I ought.

And yet it is certain that if I will do as they persuade me, that I shall be deceived, since their language is deceit, and their persuasion is not of GOD, but of malignity.

But they that are born of GOD, "resist the devil, and he will fly from them" (St. Jac. iv. 7), and they that hate the world, and the things that are in the world, shall not be held back by their vain illusions.

They that are wise unto GOD, "believe not every spirit; but try the spirits if they be of GOD" (1 Johan. iv. 1), or of the world.

They hear, indeed, but they consent not; and say, "We know you not, whence you are; depart from me, for ye are of your father the Devil; and the truth is not in you." (St. John viii. 44.)

Such is the conflict of the godly; and how great the labour of their temptations is, the Lord who seeth all things, knoweth: for this life is full of sorrow and tribulation, and this they know full well who have drank of the chalice of its bitterness.

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Wherefore, the soul of man looketh whence it may draw refreshment; and finds all consolation vain but what is divine. Daily experience teacheth it, that all earthly hope is deceitful; and that whatever it seeketh in its earthly pilgrimage out of GOD, only comes to bitterness.

13. "Woe is me, that my sojourning is prolonged" (Ps. cxix. 5) and that in very deed there is nowhere for my soul to rest in safety in this life!

My members severally speak to me and say, "weary not thyself for nothing; for thou shalt melt away before thou canst find satisfaction in earthly things.

Then my spirit answering saith: I long after sweet and delicious food, and such as shall be good for ever; I shall return unto my house, whence I went out; for I fared better there than now I do; and I am weary with sickness for those things which have been offered to me abroad.

But, O my flesh! would that thou wouldst hear this voice, and laying aside thine own wisdom, seek after the spiritual things, for by so doing thou shalt doubtless find life, and escape eternal death. Thou must pay thy temporal debt, for to such wert thou condemned in the first prevarication. And wisely wilt thou so do, if thou bow with meekness to the Spirit, and rebel not; that so the second death may not touch thee, but that thou mayst enter into everlasting rest, even that rest which above all things thou lovest.

14. Wherefore follow thou me, and vex not thy spirit, by lusting against the spirit; but rather be more ready, for all that it commands. "Knowing that as thou art partakers of the sufferings, so shalt thou be also of the consolation." (2 Cor. i. 7.) "Gird thee with sackcloth, and sprinkle thee with ashes; come down and sit thee in the dust, O daughter of Sion." (Jer. vi. 26.) Weep with me, for it is not well with me, nor is my grief moderate, nor a passing sorrow. My Lord and my GOD is angry with his servant, and hath cursed me in his works and said: "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. iii. 19.) And I confess, that I have justly lost the desirable land, because I have not kept the commandments of GOD.

Before I fell, my food was not fleshly, earthly, corporeal, but hea-

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venly, angelical, spiritual. The bread prepared for me by GOD was of fine wheat, delicately ground; but now it is of barley, mouldy and coarse;—yea, in truth, baked under the ashes and never turned.

15. Well then may I mourn over the wretchedness, which I have endured in the exile, in which I was born, and thy loss which I must bear in a foreign land.

Mourn ye together, all ye children of men! and weep over yourselves, ye sons of Adam! who eat ashes for bread, and have changed a heavenly for an earthly food. And, oh! ye blind and unhappy sons, what have ye lost?

But because ye know it not, therefore ye weep little; and therefore is your wretchedness the more, because you see it not, nor into what a depth of misery ye have fallen.

Look upon my fall; see ye what delights I have lost, behold what evils gird me about on every side. I labour in this present life, and day and night I sigh after the eternal banquet, where no one hungers, but all drink the wine of joy,—that wine that maketh the heart glad, that purifieth and affecteth not the understanding of the saints; and there is none to give me one drop thereof.

But a little of the water of salvation, which overflows in the Kingdom of Heaven, is given to him that asketh it. Heaven is shut against me, and the earth yeildeth not her fruits; thorns and briars spring up before me, and you say: Why dost thou weep? and why dost thou not eat and drink?

Ye children of men, how long will you be heavy at heart? how long will ye relish such things? how long will you afflict my heart, by speaking foolishness unto me? Ye have no part in the word of the Lord, and ye seek to subvert the just by false promises, saying "peace, peace, where there is no peace" (Jer. vi. 14). And what part have you with peace? "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord." (Isa. xlviii. 22.)

I do not weep because I am not rich, because I abound not in wine and bread, in corn and oil, as ye seek to abound; but because I am still in this world, and do not yet see HIM, who is true Peace and sovereign Beatitude.

Behold my stripes, and feel ye my wounds; and if you will not weep with me, send me away, that I may mourn a little over my sorrow, before I go hence out of this life, and return no more.

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16. Meanwhile, I will sit in grief, and walk in sorrow, and will not go abroad. I will die on my nest, and be buried in the grave which I have dug for myself.

I am overjoyed that I have found me a tomb, that I may sleep therein, and see not the evils that are committed on the earth.

My soul is weary of my life, and my sorrow is new every day!

Therefore, O Lord, my GOD, I beseech Thee to loose me from every bond of sin, yea, moreover, to snatch me from the earth; for it is better for me to die than to live.

And what more can I do here? Day after day passeth away, and year after year, and yet Thy servant makes but little progress! Prolong not the days of Thine unworthy servant, nor suffer him to wander any longer after the vanity of this life. "Turn away mine eyes, that they may not behold vanity." (Ps. cxviii. 37.) "I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost; seek Thy servant" (Id. 176), for "it is time, O Lord, to do" (Id. 126). Not my justice, O Lord, nor my goodness; but Thy mercy, and Thy loving kindness, which cannot be measured.

According to that mercy, deal with Thy servant, and visit me in Thy salvation; that so I may see Thee in the goodness of Thine elect, and rejoice in the gladness of Thy people; that Thou mayest be praised in Thine heritage which thou hast acquired by Thy blood. Who, with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST, remaineth GOD, blessed for ever. AMEN.

END OF THE TREATISE ON TRUE COMPUNCTION.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA,

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, IN 1058, TILL THE CAPTURE OF RHODES, IN 1315.

UNDER the iron yoke of the implacable Saracens, the city of Jerusalem had long bent; the misery she endured was dreadful—her distress extreme; and though from the good understanding between

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him and Charlemagne, the Khalif Aaron had treated the Christians with some tenderness, yet, on his death, the dissensions between the Mahomedans of Persia and Egypt, both of whom laid claim to the dominion of Palestine, renewed the severe treatment they had so long endured.

The Egyptians remaining masters of the province, they were again treated mildly, till the reign of the Khalif Equern, who, to remove all suspicion of his being inclined to show favour to the religion of his mother, kindled anew the fire of persecution against the Christians, and in the fury of orthodoxy, demolished the Holy Sepulchre,—which, for thirty-seven years, continued in a ruinous and desecrated state, till the Emperor Monomachus rebuilt it, in 1048, with the consent of the Khalif Bomansar.

About this time, some Italian gentlemen and merchants from Amalphi, deploring the ill treatment of the Catholics, both from the Mahomedan and Greek sects, in whose possession the Holy Sepulchre then was, undertook to procure a refuge for the Christian pilgrims. By means of their merchandise of price, and curious manufactures, imported from Europe, they introduced themselves into the court of the Khalif Monstager Billah, who, won by their presents, gave them permission to build a house or hospital for the use and entertainment of the Catholic pilgrims, and where they might enjoy the privilege of celebrating their own rites. A spot of ground was assigned them, where the Church of Santa Maria de Latinis was soon erected, and adjoining it an hospital, or convent, for the reception of Latin pilgrims of either sex, whether in health or in sickness; and while the Monks of the order of St. Benedict officiated at the altar, charity drew many laymen from Europe to devote themselves to the service of the pilgrims.

The Hospital had been founded but seventeen years, when Jerusalem was surprised by the Turkomans, and the Egyptian garrison cut off. The troubles consequent on this attack, decreased the number of the pilgrims, and reduced the remaining Christians to so

* Two other hospitals were afterwards erected, each with its chapel,—the one dedicated to St. John, the other under the invocation of St. Mary Magdalene.

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helpless a condition, that the sympathy of Christendom was long felt before the eloquence of Peter the Hermit aroused it to action, and all Europe was already prepared to give back to the call for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre the cheering answer that it was indeed the will of GOD.

But while the Turks were engaged in defending their newly acquired provinces against the arms of the Crusaders, and had already suffered several defeats, the Egyptian Khalif profiting by their humiliation, and forgetting the faith of neutrality which he had pledged, retook Jerusalem; and though afraid of the Christian army, who reproached him with this breach of his word, his treatment of those within the walls was equally perfidious,—since he issued orders to his governor to imprison by degrees all Christians whose distinction or learning marked them as objects of his suspicion or fear. Amongst these, was Peter Gerard, born, according to some, at Amalphi, but with more show of reasoning a native of Provence;* who, from his singular piety and care of the pilgrims, had been raised to the superintendence of the languishing hospital of St. John, under the title of administrator.

The capture of Jerusalem in 1099, gave him again to liberty; when his piety and sufferings gave weight to his arguments in inducing numbers to renounce the world, and embrace the monastic state, in devoting themselves to the service of the pilgrims, by an institute which was not only approved by the bull of Pope Paschal III in 1113 (Raby 15), but gave to the hospital many important privileges, confirming Gerard as the rector during his life, and leaving to the brethren the important power of electing his successor.

Hitherto the order was one of simple brotherhood,—a monastic hospital, where the brothers, with deep feelings of humility and charity towards all, spent their time between the office of the Church, and in serving, not only the Christian pilgrims—the sick, and those under their immediate care, but the Turk even, and the infidel.†

* In the ancient bulls and charters, Peter Gerard is entitled "provost and guardian of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem."—Chron. Malt. xiv.

† They took the regular habit, and were invested by the Pope with that of St. Augustin. They took the three vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty, before the patriarch of Jerusalem, under whose immediate authority they remained for some time.

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Gerard, the founder, lived his life of charity, and died at a good old age; when he was succeeded, in 1120, by Ramond du Puis, a native of Dauphine, under the title of *master*, whence some, as it was during his priority that the order became military, have regarded him as the first Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

When he succeeded to the mastership of the hospital, other duties and other regards than the simple attendance on the sick and the pilgrims called the attention of Raymond du Puis. In the newly erected kingdom of Jerusalem, Godfrey and his successors ruled only over Jerusalem and some of the principal cities of Palestine; the country at large—the villages, the woods, deserts, and mountains—were infested by a Mahomedan population, and Turk and Saracen equally delighted to seize every opportunity of oppressing the Christian. Their cities were in continual danger of being retaken,—their villages, unprotected by walls, were constantly pillaged, and the inhabitants exposed to the wrath and cruelty of the barbarian. Their children were carried away into slavery,—their women led to lust, and worse than loss of liberty and life, many were compelled into apostacy by torture. The pilgrim was oppressed in his passage from city to city by continual hazards. He might win the crown of the martyr as he passed to worship at the spot where his Redeemer was born for him; but he must purchase his liberty, if captured, by the ransom of apostacy. There was danger to the inhabitants of the principal cities of the newly-established kingdom of Jerusalem—to the unfortunate pilgrim between was one continued peril: infested by infidel banditti, who to the rancour of recent defeat, set no bounds to the hatred they bore to the name and doctrine of the Christian. The master of the hospital of St. John felt deeply for the sufferings of his brother pilgrims, when calling a meeting of his convent, he set before them a moving display of the dangers and difficulties that surrounded the faithful in their pious wish to worship at the Holy Sepulchre of their Redeemer; and proposed to them to solicit leave to become a military order, and that without relinquishing their first offices of hospitality and religion, they should add to these the defence of the pilgrim in the field; that they should undertake to guard them in the hazardous passage they had

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undertaken, as they now refreshed them when they reached their harbour of content, and to escort to the nearest port such, as having fulfilled the object of their pilgrimage, were desirous to return to their native countries.

As most of them had already known the use of arms, and had fought under Godfrey for the recovery of the sepulchre, the project was eagerly embraced and approved; and since the riches of the order had lately rapidly encreased, the prospect of success and ultimate usefulness was rendered more clear, by the means it gave them of engaging secular troops to fight under the banner of St. John; and if at any time doubts arose in the minds of any as to the compatibility of the military with their former religious profession, these were easily removed by the exigency of the case, their zeal for the defence of the Holy Land, and the absolution and sanction of their ecclesiastical emperor, the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Their petition being granted, the Patriarch himself blessed and gave them their arms; and to him they took an oath to defend the Holy Sepulchre to the last drop of their blood, and not to draw the sword but against the infidel, whom they were to combat wherever they should meet with them.

The military functions being now united to that of the hospitaller, a new constitution of the order was requisite, to meet the change of their original design. Raymond du Puis having made choice of certain brethren of the order, constituted them into a chapter, under the title of *Master's Assistants*; and having collected all the regulations originally drawn up by Gerard, in the presence and with the advice of his new council, remodelled the institutions of Gerard, and appointed his new rules and statutes to suit their altered state, but which were then, as later, not obligatory without renewing the papal sanction.

Though in this chapter (Nov. 1125) the order was divided into two classes only—the clerks and the laics—we shall anticipate, a few years, their further division, in the pontificate of Anastasius IV, in 1153, into three classes. The first, called the "Knights of Justice," were those who either by nobleness of blood, or the rank they formerly held in the armies of the crusade, or latterly from the formulary of their profession, were best entitled or qualified to fight

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in defence of religion and the Holy Land. The second class consisted of the religious chaplains, who, attached to the service of the altar and of the sick, were obliged to follow the now perpetual crusade of the hospitallers as chaplains and almoners in the field.* The third class were neither of noble descent nor in holy orders, and were called the "Serving Brothers of Arms," but were equally with the knights of justice obliged during war, or in the hospital, to serve under the knights, or attend on the sick or the wounded. It was in this chapter that Raymond gave them their habit, which was a black mantle, with a white linen cross of eight points upon the breast, and appointed the form of admission, which we shall soon consider more particularly,—all of which were approved of by Calixtus II and his successors; while Innocent II, in 1130, appointed that their banner in the field should be the white cross upon a red field.

The order being thus constituted, they offered their services to the king of Jerusalem, and soon after became, together with the Templars,† the chief support of that tottering though high-intended throne. Raymond and his knights signalized themselves at the siege of Jaffa in 1124, where they forced the enemy to raise the siege; they contributed to the capture of Tyre, and assisted in that of Ascalon, 1153; and in many ways so distinguished themselves by their valour and success, that in consideration of their signal service Anastasius IV granted to the order exemption from the jurisdiction of any of the prelates of the East, as they had before been taken by Innocent II under the immediate protection of St. Peter and of the Holy See.‡ The wealth and means of the order rapidly increased with their usefulness and fame. They already had large possessions in the Holy Land. Independent of the king of Jerusalem—whose auxiliaries they ever regarded themselves as, not subjects—though the faith which induced their origin, working equally in the breasts of the new established throne, prevented any clashing of interests,

* "To these in later times, when the order was extended and possessed sovereignty in Malta, were added 'priests of obedience,' who having taken the religious habit and vows, were never obliged to go to Malta, but were particularly attached to the service of some of the churches of the order, under the authority either of the grand prior or of a commander."—Borsgelin, i. 211-12.

† Vertot, i. 93, on which see Chronicon Joan. Brompton, Hist. Angl.—Id. vol. i. p. 96, note.

‡ See Bull. Rom. and in Vertot, i. p. 100, its words of panegyric.

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where the serving and the served looked ever to one object—the protection and deliverance of the land,

> "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> That, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter cross."

The order by this time had gained such reputation and accession of numbers, that it was found necessary to divide it still further; and as one faith animated and induced Christendom to rise in its defence, so the languages of the crusaders and the defenders of the Cross suggested the further division of the order into "Tongues," where all, though different in external matters, were united for one purpose, and for the defence of one faith. These "languages," or "tongues," were seven in number, three of which were the dialects of France, the nation which had originally founded the hospital, and whose knights were still most numerous in the brotherhood. The first is that of Provence, which had the precedence of all the others, probably in honour of the deceased Gerard, the founder of the order, and a native of that province. The other two French tongues were those of Auvergne and France. The other four were the languages of Italy, Arragon, England, and Germany. In later times, that of Castile, embracing Leon and Portugal, was added to the original seven, and the Anglo-Bavarian took the place of the English tongue, which was abolished, and its revenues seized by Henry VIII, at the change of religion in England. It was farther divided into priories, bailliwicks, and commanderies, in order that the property, being drawn from men of all countries, might be properly collected and administered. But as it was some time before these arrangements assumed a distinct form, it is better to defer an account of the economy and internal arrangements of the order, to a more advanced period of its history and establishment.

Meanwhile, under the fostering gallantry and piety of Raymond, the order rapidly advanced in wealth and honour; and the numbers that flocked to it, and the brother order of the Temple, mark the European fame of its worth and achievements; and in the want of contemporary historians of its early progress, the fact of the Count of Barcelona joining the Temple, and Alfonso I of Navarre, and Arragon, bequeathing his dominions to the two military orders, in 1134,* shows,—though the wild nobles of Arragon resisted the

* Mariana, l. 10, c. 15, p. 511. Hist. Spain in Cab. Cyc. iii. 88. Vertot says that in 1141 Brompton and Roger de Hovendon call Raymond grand master.

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bequest,—at how early a period the noise of their chivalry had spread through Christendom.

The death of Fulk of Anjou, the fourth in the new line of kings,* who was killed hunting in the plains of Acre, in 1141, left the tottering throne of Jerusalem to his son Baldwin, a boy of thirteen years of age. The weakness of the succession gave a favourable opportunity, which they were not slow to avail themselves of, to the Turk and the Saracen to renew their invasions, but worse than the war of an enemy, civil dissentions arose, in which the Queen Mother Melisenda claimed and succeeded in obtaining the regency. It was between this period of weakness and struggles, and the coronation of Baldwin III, that the country of Edessa was lost to the Christians, which the young prince Courtenay, given up to his pleasures, could not uphold after the death of his iron-handed father. The effeminacy of the young Count was not lost on the Soldan of Aleppo, who attacked, and soon succeeded in retaking, the principality; but from this time, 1142, we must date the decline of the affairs of the Christians in the East,—what the heroic valour of Godfrey had built up,—what the two Baldwins, and Fulk of Anjou had sustained, had now passed through a factious and envious minority, into the hands of an unexperienced boy. The two orders of St. John and the Temple, were alone left to aid him against the hatred and hostility of the Soldan, awakened anew to action, by the hope and prospect of speedy success. The valour of the Order was indeed exerted, so that all Europe rang with their achievements; but it was soon but too apparent, that the efforts of a few were useless against the thousands of the Infidel.

The Saracen Caliph of Bagdad, having been deprived of his dominions by the conquering Turks, reserved only the spiritual supremacy of the priesthood. For the Salsuccion Turks had obtained the sovereignty of Persia, and soon after extended their conquests over Asia Minor. Melech and Durat, were the first Turkish soldiers of Aleppo. Their successor Sanguin, was no less

* Godfrey of Bouillon refused to wear a crown, or to take the title of a king, alleging that it became not him to wear a crown of gold at the spot where his Saviour was crowned with one of iron. See Butler, viii. pp. 264, 265, note.

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celebrated as a general and a conqueror; and now the sceptre had devolved on his son, the warlike Noreadin, who inherited and enhanced the martial disposition of his father. Of the four principalities into which the fruits of the first crusade was divided, namely: of Edessa, Tripoli, Antioch, and Jerusalem, Edessa had already fallen into his hands, and the other three were threatened by one who was not meanly endowed with all the qualities of a conqueror.

It was in vain for the throne of Jerusalem to look for victory, or even security, without the assistance of Europe, and for this purpose, the bishop of Zabulon was despatched to rouse Christendom to a second crusade. At the voice of St. Bernard, the tumult of civil dissension and international differences were laid aside. Louis VII of France, with eagerness, and Conrad III of Germany, after some delay, assumed the cross, and the barons and knights of their several dominions were not slow in following the example of the king and the emperor. But the fate and the misfortunes of the second crusade are well known. The treachery of the Greeks has been assigned as the cause of its failure. The saintly men of the times seem rather to insinuate that the finger of GOD was visible in chastising the sins of the Christians. It is but too true that many were led thither by the hopes of unrestrained and lawless lives, or others by the prospect of plunder;—and when the failure of the enterprise raised an outcry against St. Bernard, as if he had deceived them, with too free a promise of the blessing and conduct of GOD, truth constrained him to confess, that he had indeed trusted in the divine mercy for a blessing on the enterprise undertaken for the honour of His divine name; but that the sins of the army were the cause of its misfortunes.* The failure of the crusade was not in want of valour in the two knightly orders, who were ever in the post of honour, as their achievements at Damascus, and their forcing the Saracens to confine themselves within the walls of Ascalon,† will attest; and when Baldwin lent assistance to the oppressed Count of Tripoli, Jerusalem would have fallen into the hands of the Turcomans, by a sudden and well-timed assault, had

* St. Bernard, l. 2, de Consid. et c. 288. † And on the retreat of the crusaders.

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not the Hospitallers and Templars animated and armed the inhabitants to its defence, and by a successful night-sortie, burned the tents of the besiegers, released the city, and put the infidel to flight; and the reprisals of the Christians was finally rewarded by the taking of Ascalon in 1154, in the siege of which, the Templars' misconduct of the day, was amply washed away by their conduct on the next, which shame and the example of the Hospitallers had excited.

The consequences of that victory to the order, was a bull of confirmation of privileges, with some important new ones, issued by the Pope Anastasius IV. The exemption from tithes, and from the jurisdiction of the patriarchs, or eastern clergy; the privilege of worship in times of ecclesiastical interdict, though with closed doors; the rights of building churches and founding cemeteries in any land; were confirmed or granted. And it is painful to think, that the regular clergy, with the patriarchs at their head, should so far have forgot their own high character, and the disinterested gallantry of the knights, to have entertained for them other feelings than co-operation in their singleness of purpose,—to have allowed them to regard these privileges with envy and jealousy. William of Tyre,* whose predecessor formed one of the deputation who, with the aged patriarch and others, laid the claims of the eastern clergy at the foot of Adrian IV, who then sat in the chair of St. Peter, accuses the Pope and the cardinals of having been forestalled and bribed by the order, previous to the patriarch's arrival in Rome, and inveighing, in no measured terms, against the sacred college, insinuates† that there were but two cardinals worthy of their high and responsible situation, and that these gave judgment against the Hospitallers. It is enough, however, to say, in vindication of the Pope and the sacred college, that the English Pontiff died in such perfect poverty, that he had not anything to leave to his aged mother but a recommendation to the charity of the church of Canterbury; and that William of Tyre's two virtuous cardinals became afterwards — the one, Antipope, under the title of Victor III, the other, the principal support of his ambition; and both abettors of a grievous schism in the Church.‡

* Guil. Tyrensis, lib. 17, c. 3, p. 932. † Id. lib. 18, c. 8, and lib. 18, c. 3.

‡ See a panegyric on the Templars in St. Bernard, "Exhortatio ad Militas Templi."

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In 1168, at the advanced age of eighty, Raymond du Puis died in the bosom of his order, whither he had retired for some time, from the strifes and struggles of active war, to prepare himself in quiet for his final change. He had governed the order, of which he may be termed the founder, for forty-two years. His piety and his valour were alike high; and lamented by his brethren, and honoured by all Christendom, he left behind him the character of the most pious, as well as the greatest commander of his times.

He was succeeded in the mastership by Auger de Balben. Considerable obscurity hangs over the succession of grand masters here; Amand de Comps, his successor, being generally supposed to be a suppositious personage, and Gerbert d'Assali the fourth or fifth in the succession, according as we reckon Amand in the number, who has been vaguely believed to have been an Englishman. All that is certain is, that when his ambitious expedition into Egypt, which was successful but for the moment,—as they had soon to abandon their conquests there,—had in a measure failed, his deposition, or the upbraiding either of his conscience or of his brethren, perhaps both, induced him to embark for France, and thence for England, when he was drowned off Dieppe, shortly after he had embarked, after having governed his order for two years. Disputes arose as to the validity of the election of his successor, Gastus, which his short mastership soon ended, and Josbeit, in 1170, was elected in his stead.

We must return awhile to the history of the Syrian dynasty. The expedition into Egypt of Nouraddin, under the command of Syracon and his nephew, Saladin, was eminently successful. The khaliph was overtaken and put aside; and the sway of the great Patimites, after a schism of two hundred years, gave way to the black ensigns of the Abassides, and Egypt was governed for the soldan of Aleppo, by the victorious Saladin. We have already alluded to the disasters of the Christians in Egypt, under Gerbert d'Assali,—disasters which might have been complete, but that the fears of the Assyrian recalled them to defend themselves nearer home. Daily engagements took place between the Latin and the Infidel; and joy came to the former when they heard of the death of Nouraddin, which took place at Damascus, in 1171, as he was hastening to Egypt to de-

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prive the too independent Saladin of the governorship of that rich province. The event shewed that they had little cause to regret the death of one who was almost a Christian in his heart, when, some few years later, in 1186, Saladin became lord both of Syria and Egypt, and the scourge of the kingdom of Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

KEANE'S TRANSLATIONS AND POEMS.*

THESE poems evince considerable poetical genius, and will, by the gratification they afford, amply repay perusal. Besides several original pieces, we have some excellent translations from the German, Polish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. We could have dispensed with the "Introduction," which is too metaphysical for ordinary comprehension.

* Alice the Enthusiast, Lamva and Fais, with Ballads and Translations from the Spanish, German, &c. By John Henry Keane. Second Edition. London, Jones, 1844.

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The Catholic Magazine.

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

Upon the principle and duty of keeping holy the Sabbath Day, reflecting members of every Christian denomination are alike agreed; but much diversity of practice and opinion exists, as to the best manner of doing so. Between the extremes of a Sir Andrew Agnew's wild would-be-legislation on such a subject, and the deplorable laxity which in France, for instance, too generally prevails in its regard, there is undoubtedly a medium, which, aloof, on the one hand, from puritanic gloom, and on the other, from systematic frivolity, constitutes and includes that degree of soberness of thought and action, by which the seventh should be distinguished from every other day in the week. Considered in many, perhaps in most, respects, the external decorum by which the Sunday is hallowed in England is deserving the imitation and admiration of all Europe. It contrasts, in the most striking and advantageous manner, with the wicked laxity of France on that same point, and conveys to the mind of a casual observer impressions—not the less vivid, because perhaps a little superficial—of grave religious feeling being a leading characteristic in the national character. To the system of entirely closing all shops, of keeping the streets clear of the din and circumstance of trade that fill them on all other days, to the continued peals of church bells, the closing of theatres and places of essentially frivolous entertainment, and to the universal striving after an external appearance of greater than ordinary decency, we lend the warmest approval, as to so many justly due and well paid tributes of respect to a day which the Lord has commanded man to keep holy. But while commending such appropriate observances as we have signalized, we desire to record our utter dissent from the sour and Cromwellian spirit which would convert a day of prayer, and praise, and rejoicing, into a weekly anniversary of gloomy self-abstraction and denial, and would curtail the great mass of the labouring population of lawful amusement on their only holiday.

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In the ideas that extensively prevail among the Protestants of England on the subject of Sabbath observance, there is a leaven of commonwealth Puritanism, to which not even the feeling of any other Protestant state assimilates itself. The prejudice, for instance, against card-playing on Sunday, is probably stronger in this country than in any other part of the world,—diffused too, as it is, among those whose general course of life is anything but a religious one. We have in our mind several instances of persons who, while on the one hand ready enough to rush into the indulgence of notorious vice on a Sunday, would still shrink from the touch of a pack of cards on that day, as from a perfectly diabolical contamination. Now we are no advocates for playing at cards on a Sunday; and for gambling on that, or indeed any other day, entertain the greatest abhorrence; but it does seem to us, that to discover in certain combinations deriveable from sundry pieces of painted pasteboard, the especial criminality of a gross Sabbath infraction, is equivalent to finding a mare's nest. A safe, and we believe truly conscientious rule of conduct may be laid down as follows, viz.: amusements the most innocent in themselves, become blameable, if their indulgence give occasion of offence and scandal to others. Thus, while believing that Catholics may, with utter freedom from delinquency, after a due discharge of Sunday duties, recreate the evening with a game at cards, we should deem that amusement at once unlawful, if even a Protestant servant in attendance took conscientious umbrage at its having taken place.

Under correction, of course, from superior authority, should we hazard any statement which that would disallow, we will presume to offer our impressions of that which constitutes the proper observance, and that which does not amount to the violation of a Catholic's Sabbath. With regard to sanctifying the day, let us be at once understood to admit, that too much of public prayer and private devotion cannot be indulged in, so long as individual edification find its account therein. We mean, that if from sunrise till sunset the Christian could unceasingly, and with profit, devote his mind to the services of the Church, and to exercises of piety at home, it should be at once his glory and his duty to do so. But so infirmly constituted is the mind of man, as to be incapable of such continuous application to solemn and sublime subjects. All, then, that we next contend for is, that when not engaged in the positive duty of sanctifying the Sunday, by attendance at church and private exercises of

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devotion, we commit no infraction of the Sabbath by a recourse to harmless and accustomed recreations.

We have had more than one occasion to observe the sleepy listlessness and ennui which, in the bosom of Protestant families of what are called serious habits, prevail under the guise of Sabbath observance: we have marked the nodding head over the open prayer-book, and the restless impatience with which the bed-time hour has been looked for and anticipated, as the welcome moment of emancipation from the forced gravity and constraints of the day In good earnest, were it not a better sanctification of the Sunday evening, to indulge in some lively relaxation, than to attempt unsuccessful and drowsy ruminations over books and topics of religious import? Upon Catholics, the obligation of hearing mass on the Sunday is paramount; in which respect their sense of Sunday observance is nicer than that of Protestants, by whom the state of the weather, the non-arrival of a new dress, slight indisposition, or any such trivial cause, are commonly regarded in the light of ample matter of excuse for non-attendance at church.

We are further enjoined to abstain, on Sunday, from all "servile work," by which is meant, any employment or pursuit followed up for the avowed purpose of gain. To frequent other services of the Church, and devote such a portion of the day as our faculties of self-concentration will allow to meditation and holy reading, are alike matters of Catholic precept and example; but after the accomplishment of such public and private duties, or during the intervals of their performance, we deliberately believe that all ordinarily lawful recreations, whether of science, or literature, or conversation, music and other arts, and athletic or sedentary games and pastimes, are as much the subjects of legitimate pursuit on a Sunday as on any other day of the week.

Throughout all the countries of Europe, museums, libraries, and other public institutions are open to the people on Sundays,—an arrangement, as it appears to us, replete with judiciousness, and consideration for the poorer and operative classes of society, who are thus enabled to gratify a wholesome curiosity, and improve their stock of useful knowledge, on the only day of rest of which their lives of toil leave them the enjoyment. In England, it has been more than once debated in parliament, whether it were not expedient to allow public access to the British Museum on Sundays. The lingering prejudices of the country oppose themselves, as yet,

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to such an innovation. The best argument urged against its adoption was, we believe, Sir Robert Peel's remark, that the numerous functionaries of the museum would be thereby deprived of their weekly holiday; which might, perhaps, be met by asking how such difficulties are overcome on the Continent, by urging the fact, that as the museum is not open every week-day, its servants are already in the enjoyment of periodical days of leisure, and by suggesting that a trifling increase of salary, and rules of rotation as to time and turn of attendance,—so framed as not to include hours devoted to divine worship,—would readily enough secure the services of the actual, or of extra officers of the establishment; and thus the moral pleasures of the million would not be postponed for the personal comfort of the score or two.

The most remarkable, to our mind, of all the puritanical prejudices which still lurk in England and Scotland, and which are quite peculiar to those countries, is that which still pretty extensively prevails among numbers of religious Protestants relatively to the supposed impropriety of music on Sundays.

That concords of sweet sounds, forming perhaps quite the most etherial species of enjoyment which coarse human nature is susceptible of deriving here below, should be considered as tending to desecrate a day of holy jubilation, appears to us an anomaly neither to be explained nor accounted for.

A great distinction is attempted to be drawn between sacred and profane music; but is there any magic in a combination of notes? By mere change of time, Handel's Dead March in "Saul" could as easily be turned into a waltz, as the liveliest air into a solemn chaunt. The upholders of the sinfulness of melody on Sunday virtually maintain, that upon one day of the week it is only lawful to make use of four out of the five senses. Otherwise, if to gaze that day on a fine prospect, inhale the fragrance of a rose, handle a ripe peach, and then eat it, be justifiable delectations, why should not listening to a symphony be equally so? From this *reductio ad absurdum* there seem to us no very obvious means of escape.

Now, to us music appears the very fittest medium of communication between man and his Creator. We have always entertained an opinion, that no slight portion of that exquisite felicity which awaits the elect in the beatific realms of a future world, may be derived from the appreciation and thrilling enjoyment of glorious and everlasting harmonies. If, however, the Puritans of earth should happen

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to be right in denouncing the indulgence of musical art on the Lord's day, it would then seem to follow, that if there be times and seasons in heaven when GOD should be especially praised and glorified, it is at such times that the harps of the elders will be hushed, and the voices of angelic choirs be mute!

MONASTICON.

READER, wouldst thou judge of the olden splendours of English monastic architecture? Take a summer ramble in the North Riding of Yorkshire. There, in greater number and magnificence than in any other province of the country, cluster those venerable ruins of religious antiquity of which the aspect evokes from oblivion the piety of our ancestors, reviving the departed glories of Catholic days, and attuning every feeling of the soul to contemplation. How gladly would we guide thy steps upon such a "pilgrimage of grace," lingering with thee amidst cloistered arches and long desecrated graves, pacing the roofless nave, and exploring the gloomy crypt, while in pleasant and desultory discourse we should together "moralize this spectacle." We would not all at once introduce thee to those stupendous edifices, of which the vastness and grandeur take imagination prisoner, but by gradations enabling thee to make due appreciation of humbler ruins, crumbling to decay in sequestered nooks, aloof from human observation, would prepare thee for the survey of such monuments of the orthodox times as the Church and tower of Fountains Abbey!

Foremost among the vestiges of monastic antiquity, beautiful in their decay, and unmarked by the notoriety of modern guide books, are the mouldering remains of the once flourishing Priory of Mount Grace. They are situate at the foot of the forest-clad hill of Arncliff, in the district of Cleveland, in a spot singularly removed from the observation of a casual traveller. Nestled as it were from sight by the woody heights that overlook them, and buried in verdure, the ivy-covered walls and grey tower of the monastery strike

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the beholder, upon whose gaze they suddenly emerge, with a feeling of romantic loveliness, that more celebrated ruins might, on that very account, fail to inspire. The Priory of Mount Grace was founded about the year 1296, by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, for monks of the Carthusian order. That nobleman not only endowed it with his own manor of Bordilby, but obtained for it from King Richard II. the lands of three alien priories. By his death, before the completion of the monastery, the rights of the monks to their possessions were disputed, but Henry VI. confirmed in Parliament the Duke's grants to them, after which the establishment flourished till the general dissolution. The hooting of owls now alone disturbs the silence of a solitude once sanctified by the solemn chaunts of the Church, and from the battlement of the tower, which may be ascended by a still perfect spiral staircase, the desolation of 'religious reform!"—God save the mark!—can be fully surveyed. The lightness and elegance of the tower of Mount Grace Priory are nowhere to be surpassed. Embosomed in the adjacent wood, and rising from among a cluster of rocks, is St. John's well, a once hallowed spring, of which the clear waters form a rivulet which ripples through the little dell in which the ruins stand. Crowning one of the luxuriantly wooded hills which tower above them, and beneath the shelter of a rock, is a small ivy-mantled, and roofless chapel, once dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and perched upon a site commanding a prospect of enchanting beauty. To this oratory the monks of Mount Grace were in the habit of repairing, to offer their especial devotions to the Mother of Christ, on a spot in which the calm beauties of nature enhanced every feeling of devotion. At the primitive mountain village of Osmotherly, within a mile of the priory of Mount Grace, a little Catholic mission still exists, to the contemplation of which perhaps additional interest and edification attach from its very apparent insignificance, for an antique garret is the chapel, and a few peasants the congregation. After centuries of obloquy, steadily, however feebly, still burns the pure light of ancient faith in that remote hamlet; how meet an enterprise were it for Catholic piety and munificence to rekindle its flame within a more fitting sanctuary, and to reestablish the song and service of the Church within the long deserted and desecrated walls of Mount Grace Priory!

Another interesting remnant of religious antiquity, and lying off the track of ordinary tourists, is the ruined abbey of St. Agatha, at

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Easby, on the shores of the Swale, near Richmond. Of this monastery, founded in the middle of the 12th century, by Roaldus Constable, of Richmond, for monks of St. Norbert's order of Premonstratensian canons, the walls of the church are in a very entire state of preservation, and are full of interest for the antiquary's contemplation. The situation of this convent, on the banks of one of the most romantic rivers in England, and commanding a distant view of the embattled castle of Richmond, is very striking.

How many a page of description might be lavished upon the numerous remains of abbeys and priories scattered over the North Riding of the county of York. Upon the magnificent ruins of the Cistercian monastery of Riveaulx, now forming part of the vast demesnes of the Faversham family, on the sea-girt buttresses of Whitby Abbey, the lonely grandeur of old Ryland, the flowery parterres of Jorveaulx, or the unheeded and crumbling walls of St. Mary's, in old Eborballer, on the banks of the slugglish Ouse! But sparing thee, gentle or ungentle reader, the lucubrations which those hallowed sites might call forth, we will still reserve to ourselves the privilege of conducting thee on a second, if thou hast already enjoyed one pilgrimage thither, and if peradventure thy steps have never yet strayed there, of introducing thee to what may be termed the " facile princeps " of English ecclesiastical antiquity—the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten ruins of Fountains Abbey.

The manner of first presenting them to the visitor's gaze, though rather artificial, produces on him an extraordinary effect. Following a guide through the umbrageous and winding walks of luxuriant shrubberies, a rustic seat is reached, placed in front of a Gothic doorway, which being suddenly thrown open, reveals to the view a beautiful valley of which one had not previously suspected the existence, and Fountains Abbey in isolated majesty occupying the midst of it. In a framework as it were of rock and wood and verdure, the vast grey ruins of the monastery stand forth in marvellous relief, its lofty tower soaring far above every other object, and concentrating upon itself the wonder-stricken gaze of the spectator. It is long before his eye becomes satiated withthe spectacle ; it is indeed only the impulse of strong curiosity to explore more nearly those mighty remains of other times, which induces him to leave the spot where their first aspect, bursting on his sight, had kept him as it were spell-bound. Nor does a nearer approach to Fountains Abbey at all diminish wonder and admiration. Nothing can be conceived com-

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parable to the splendid view that presents itself on entering the north transept, so lofty, light, and elegant is the architecture, and so admirable are the two octagonal pillars which at an enormous height sustain the arches of the Lady chapel. The length of the church is 358 feet, the breadth of the nave 66, the length of the transept 130, and the height of the tower 166; dimensions more worthy of a cathedral than of a private community. The history of its establishment is curious. In 1132, certain Benedictine monks, at St. Mary's in York, displeased with relaxation of discipline in their convent, determined to seek some solitude where they might follow the monastic life with greater strictness and severity. For this purpose they applied to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, for permission to embrace the rule of the Cistercians of Riveaulx, requesting him at the same time to visit their own abbey, and restore its discipline. By the abbot and monks of St. Mary's, however, the prelate was refused admittance to the chapter house, in punishment of which indignity, he placed them under an interdict, taking under his protection and entertaining for many weeks the religious who had made application to him: consisting of the prior, sub-prior, and eleven monks. At Christmas, Thurstan assigned them for their residence, a place then called Skelldale, a mere desert, overgrown with wood and brambles; but braving every discomfort, and resigning themselves to the will of Providence, the zealous monks endured for two years every imaginable hardship. One winter they are said to have lived under the shade of seven yew trees, six of which are yet standing. The fame of their sanctity attracted many to their community, but their resources continued very straightened, until Hugh, Dean of York, being afflicted with a mortal disease, resolved to end his days among them. For this purpose he removed to the abbey, and devoted his riches to it. About the same time, Serlo and Tosti, two canons of York, transferred all their possessions to the use of the convent. Other donations poured in from various quarters. In 1140 the building had considerably increased, but during the civil wars of King Stephen's reign, a party of soldiers burnt the monastery down. In 1204, John de Eberac, abbot, laid the foundation of the church. His successor, John de Pherd, prosecuted the work with vigour; and John of Kent, the next abbot, is supposed to have completed it. The great tower, however, from the style of its architecture, must have been either built or heightened subsequently to the death of John of Kent, which occurred 1245. The last abbot, William

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Thrust, or Thirske, was hanged at Tyburn in 1537. Mixed styles of building are observable at Fountains Abbey; in some parts of it are seen the sharp lancet windows, in others the circular arches. The great east window, with its still perfect stained glass, is in magnificent preservation. So great was the extent of this monastery, that when entire, it occupied nearly twelve acres of ground, and so severe the ravages it sustained, that the ruins now cover little more than a sixth part of that space, yet in their fallen state, the remains of Fountains Abbey are now far more extensive and entire than those of any other ancient ecclesiastical foundation in the country. The only tomb in the church is that of a cross-legged knight, which now lays in a chapel east of the great tower, and was in memory of that great baron, Roger de Mowbray, who died at Ghent in 1297, and was interred here. A spacious quadrangular court adjoining the church has been converted into a flower garden. On the east side of it is an arcade of circular arches, three of which open into the chapter house, which consisted of three aisles formed by two rows of columns, five in each, upon which, springing from corresponding brackets at the side, rested the arches and groins of the roof. In 1790 and 1791, the removal of rubbish from the chapter house revealed the tombs of several of the abbots. Of the only two inscriptions upon them still legible, one runs thus:

"Hic requiescit Dominus Joannes X Abbas de Fontibus qui obiit bili. Die Decembris."

On the south side of the quadrangular court is the refectory, which appears to have been formerly divided by a row of pillars and arches down the centre. The kitchen and scullery are on the east side—the former remarkable for its curiously arched, and enormous fireplace and chimney, both yet incrusted with the smoke of monastic times. Over the kitchen there is a chamber of spacious dimension lighted on the north side by two windows, each of which consists of three narrow lancet openings. In the centre of the room is a column from which rise without a capital the plain ribs and arches of the roof.

The cloisters, 270 feet in length, are of unsurpassed beauty and solemnity. They are intersected by nineteen octagonal pillars, with hidden bases and without capitals, from which in graceful curves rise in groins, which at once sustain and ornament the roof. Near the south end stands a large stone basin, six feet in diameter.

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Through the gothic windows are seen the rich and towering woods that crown the acclivities of the valley, and the bubbling murmur of a brook, of which a broken arch ever and anon reveals the subterranean course, alone disturbs the utter stillness of the scene. The great dormitory was situated over the cloisters, and contained forty cells, still traceable. Under the stairs leading to it is the porter's lodge, within a few yards of which are the remains of a wide range of apartments said to have been occupied by the abbots. An unexplored extent of cellars and dungeons exists on the northern side of the monastery. Over the great west window is the carved figure of a tun, on which a thrush is standing—a fanciful allusion to the name of the founder, Archbishop Thurstan. A scroll beneath it bears the date 1292.

At the period of the dissolution, the revenues of Fountains Abbey were estimated at £1125 18s.—an immense sum, considering the relative value of money in those days.

Such were the magnificent religious establishments of our Catholic ancestors, the place of which is supplied in these boastful days of enlightenment, by barracks and gaols, lunatic asylums, and union poor-houses. Whether the general interests of the community have benefited by the exchange we are not now going to inquire; just, however, as a cursory illustration of the blessings which have accrued to the poor of this country by the abolition of the monastic establishments, it may be noted that the revenues of the hospital of St. Cross near Winchester, founded by Cardinal Beaufort, uncle to King Henry VI., and once exclusively devoted to charitable purposes, now furnish an income of upwards of £12,000 a year to three noble and already opulent lessees,—a monstrous perversion of the founder's pious design. "Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur," is a sentiment which might be made applicable to more than three-fourths of the Church property, converted by sacrilegious hands of first reformers from abundant fountains of public charity into mere sources of individual wealth.

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Appurtenant to the subject of monastic antiquity, although illustrative of one of its most whimsical features, may be instanced the very curious custom which existed at Dunmow Priory, of bestowing a gammon of bacon upon any husband or wife who consented to swear before the Prior that for a year and a day he had never once repented of his marriage, sleeping or waking. To many, already

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familiarized with the widely diffused saying of a twelvemonth's connubial concord entitling a couple to claim a flitch of bacon at Dunmow, the following history of the origin of the privilege, extracted from an ancient work of authority, may furnish information which they possessed not already.

"Robert Fitzwalter, living long beloved of King Henry the son of King John, as also of all the realme, betook himself in his latter dayes to prayer and deeds of charity, gave great and bountiful almes to the poor, kept great hospitality, and re-edified the decayed prison of Dunmow, which one Juga, a most devout and religious woman, being in her kinde his ancestor, had builded: in which prison arose a custome, begun and instituted eyther by him or some other of his successours, which is verified by a common proverbe or saying, viz.: that he which repents him not of his marriage eyther sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, may lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch a gammon of bacon. It is most assured that such a custome there was, and that this bacon was delivered with such solemnity and triumphs, as they of the priory and the townsmen could make. I have enquired of the manner of it, and can learne no more, but that it continued untill the dissolution of that house, as also the abbies. And that the party or pilgrim for bacon was to take his oath before prior and convent, and the whole town, humbly kneeling in the church-yard upon two hard-pointed stones, which stones some say are there yet to be seen in the prior's church-yard; his oath was ministered with such long process, and such solemne singing over him, that doubtless must make his pilgrimage (as I may term it) painfull. After he was taken up upon men's shoulders, and carryed, first about the priory church-yard, and after through the town, with all the fryers and brethren, and all the townsfolke, young and old, following him with shouts and with acclamations, with his bacon borne before him, and in such manner (as I have heard) was sent home with his bacon; of which I finde that some had a gammon, and others a fleeke or a flitch, for proof whereof I have from the records of the house, found the names of three severall persons that at severall times had it.

"Memorandum—That one Steven Samuel, of Little Ayston, in the county of Essex, husbandman, came to the Priory of Dunmowe on our Lady-day in Lent, in the seventh yeere of King Edward the Fourth, and required a gammon of bacon, and was sworn before Roger Bulcott, then prior, and the convent of this place, as also be-

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fore a multitude of other neighbours, and there was delivered to him a gammon of bacon.

"Memorandum—That one Richard Wright, of Badbourghe, neere the city of Norwich, in the county of Norfolk, yeoman, came and required of the bacon of Dunmowe, namely the 27th day of Aprill, in the 23 yeer of the reign of King Henry the Sixth, and according to forme of the charter was sworn before John Cannon, prior of this place, and the convent, and many other neighbours, and there was delivered to him, the said Richard, one flitch of bacon.

"Memorandum—That in the yeere of our Lord 1510, Thomas le Fuller, of Cooshal, in the county of Essex, came to the Priory of Dunmowe, and on the 8th of September, being Sunday, in the second yeer of King Henry the Eight, he was according to the forme of the charter sworn, before John Tils, then prior of the house and the convent, as also before a multitude of neighbours, and there was delivered unto him, the said Thomas, a gammon of bacon.

"Hereby it appeareth, that it was according to a charter or donation given by some conceited benefactor to the house; and it is not to be doubted, but that at such a time the bordering townes and villages resorted and were partakers of their pastimes."

The form of the oath taken by those at Dunmowe who are to have the bacon.

"You shall swear by custom of confession
If ever you made nuptial transgression,
Be you either married man or wife,
If you have brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise, at bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said amen
You wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in the quire:
If to these conditions, without all feare,
Of your own accord you will freely sweare,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is the custome at Dunmowe well known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

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With the origin of many of our monastic establishments curious legends connect themselves. Take, for example, the following whimsical tradition, extracted from the history of the foundation of the Abbey of Osney, in the county of Oxford, with which we will close these desultory retrospects of religious antiquity.

"Robert Oilley had a brother caulled Nigellus, of whom be no very famouse things written. Nigellus had a sunne caullid Robert, that provid a very noble man. This Robert the second had a wife caullid Editha Forne, a woman of fame and highly esteem'd with King Henry the First, by whose procuration Robert wedded her.

"This Robert began the Priorie of Blake Chanons at Oseney by Oxford, emong the isles that Isis ryver ther maketh,

"Sum write that this was the occasion of making of it. Edith usid to walke out of Oxford Castelle with her gentlewoman to solace, and that oftentymes wher yn a certen place in a tree, as often as she cam, a certen pyes usid to githerto it, and ther to chattre, and as it were to speke on to her. Editha much mervelyng at this mattier, and was sumtyme sore ferid as by a wonder, whereapon she sent for one Radulphe, a chanon of S. Frediswides, a man of a vertuous life and her confessor, askyng him counsell: To whom he answered, aftir that he had sene the faschion of the pyes chattering only at her cummyng, that she shulde bilde sum chirche or monasterie in that place. Then she entreated her husband to build a priorie, and so he did, making Radulphe the first prior of it.

"The cumming of Edith to Oseney and Radulph waiting on her, and the tree with the chattering pyes be painted in the waulle of the arch over Edith tumbe in Oseney Priorie. Ther lyeth an image of Edith of stone, in th'abbite of a vowes, holding a hart in her right hand, on the north side of the high altare."

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA,

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, IN 1058, TILL THE CAPTURE OF RHODES, IN 1315.

On the death of Baldwin III, in 1162, the crown devolved upon his brother Almeric. If the commencement of the reign of Baldwin

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were unfortunate, and his career stirring and eventful, his gallantry in the field, his charity and religion, and knightly bearing, made his death sincerely lamented. But the degeneracy of his successor was too visible;—in his feebleness, his misfortunes, his often unjust expeditions. If the attack on Egypt were unsuccessful, it was equally unprovoked; and if covetousness, either in him, or as it has been insinuated, in the order of St. John, had any share in inducing that expedition, it was met by a speedy retribution in its check and disaster. When his army had taken Belheis, and the sultan's son and nephew prisoners, a high ranson was offered for their liberty, on condition of a total suspension of hostilities on both sides till the money was paid. The treaty was subscribed, and the breathing-time given to the infidel he made good use of,—to punish the covetousness of the Christian king. The delay of the payment was endured by the king, in the prospect of the vast sums awaiting him; but his patience was answered shortly after by the news of a Syrian army on their march to bring assistance to the Egyptians. The almost continual engagements, except in this one breathing-time of avarice, with the infidels of Syria, during his reign, were unrelieved by one striking or splendid action. Feebleness characterized the government of Jerusalem, and the elements of decline were but too visible in the weakness of the sovereign. It is true that the brother orders still acted in the spirit of their institution; but too often steadiness and perseverance in danger were to be found only under the knightly ensigns.

The death of Noradin was the signal for the adventurous Curd to perfect his plans of ambition; and if, for a period of sixteen years from the death of Almeric, great attempts were not made against the Latin kingdom, it was not from a want of knowledge of the declining state of the Christian sceptre, under the feeble grasp of Baldwin the Fourth and Fifth,—the one a leper, the other a boy,—nor of the still worse state during the struggles for the regency, and still weaker hand of Guy de Lusignan, who succeeded to the throne on the death of these two princes,—but to the policy of the artful Saladin, who had much to wade through before his ambition was satisfied, in seeing the power of Syria and Egypt concentrated in his person to crush the new kingdom of the Christians. His success in Egypt, his address and generosity, had done much to advance his projects. His gallant bearing had already gained the heart and hand of the widow of Noradin;—it were better to be-

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lieve that the influence of his address, his talents, his persevering energies, than the dark insinuation that the dagger or the poison-cup, smoothed his way to Sovereignty.

His policy was, to cultivate peace at any sacrifice, while he was consolidating his power in Syria. Numberless engagements were indeed continually occurring between the parties, ever hostile, but their importance was small, and, to preserve general peace, were overlooked, for the meanwhile, by the politic Saladin. The consequence of which was, that the mastership of Josbert — further than the chastisement of a renegade Templar, who led several bands of infidels against his former brethren—was marked by few prominent events; though, under his fostering care, the prosperity and power of the order went on advancing. The acquisition of the castle of Margatha, a fortress in Phœnicia, on the borders of Palestine, made over by Reginald, Count of Antioch, to the Hospitallers, gave them additional importance; and the joint appointment of its grand master, with the head of the Templars, to the regency of the kingdom of Jerusalem in 1172, is proof, notwithstanding the jealousy of the secular clergy, how highly the two orders were regarded, as the main columns which supported and adorned the palace of the Latin kings.

Shortly before the death of Almeric, an event occurred, which it is not unimportant to relate, as the origin, perhaps, of the distrust and suspicion which fell on the brother order of the Temple, and which had, it may be, some share in enhancing by contrast the high and untarnished lustre of the order of St. John:

There was at that time a sect of men, called Assassins, who inhabited the mountains of Phœnicia, between Tortoza and Autarade, whose chief, under the mysterious title of "the old man of the mountains,"* exercised an uncontrolled authority over a wild and gloomy race; who, either from their savage manners, or their erring creed, or their mysterious bearing, have acquired a character, among all classes—Christian and Moslem, of peculiar ferocity, and by an unenvied prototype, bequeathed to us a name for the cold-blooded and secret murderer. Whatever was the cause, they succeeded in inspiring dread, both in the Christian and Mahomedan, who were

* Senior, whence in Barbaric Latin it came at last to signify any Lord, and to be adopted into every language in Europe, for the German aspirate in Herr is easily revertible from the sibilate.

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glad to purchase their forbearance, if not good will, by timely presents. The Templars alone, who had possessions contiguous to the Senior's little territory, waged war against them, and so effectually, that at last they were glad to purchase peace from them for the payment of an annual tribute. The old man of the mountains, some time after, whether to relieve himself from so inconvenient a tax, or from whatever cause, is unknown,—for better and higher motives are alluded to by the chroniclers,—sent an ambassador to the king of Jerusalem, offering to embrace Christianity, himself and all his tribe, if the Templars would remit their annual tribute. Almeric joyfully received him, accepted the conditions, and sent him away loaded with presents, and a safe conduct to the frontiers of his kingdom. He was just leaving the frontiers to enter his mountain passes, when he was met by a Templar, named Mesuil, who without regard either to public faith, or to the king's pass, treacherously attacked and slew him on the spot.† The odium which this traitorous act excited, was indeed just; but when the king seized the knight, and insisted on his being tried by his order, they refused to take cognizance of the criminal, and partook of the guilt of the traitor in sheltering him, under the pretence that they owed no jurisdiction to any but the Pope, to whom they appealed. Almeric had the boldness to withstand their presumption; and ordered the culprit to be sent in chains to the Senior of the mountains: a punishment which he only escaped by the death of Almeric himself, which interrupted the justice of the retribution.

Though it were unjust to throw upon the order, the crimes of one of its members, it cannot be concealed that that, and their slowness to meet it with deserved punishment, had an evil influence on the minds of men, which the fame of their surpassing honour, and deeds of gallant achievement, done both before and for many years after, never entirely effaced.

We have said that few events of importance occurred in the mastership of Josbert; if we may not except one in which the defence of a strong-hold to restrain the Arabs, built on the Tyrian side of Jordan, occasioned an encounter, almost of extermination, to the unfortunate Christians who were engaged in it: the grand master of the Templars was taken prisoner, and Josbert, deeply wounded, with a few Hospitallers, had to cut their way through the posts of

† See Will. Tyr.

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the enemy. The consternation caused amongst the Christians, was very great: its consequence was a peace, which was bought from Saladin, and additional weakness to the Latin kingdom. The melancholy state of public affairs, and the declining fortunes of the Christian sceptre, rather than his shattered frame, are said to have had such an effect on the pious Josbert, that he died of a broken heart, in 1179.*

The council of Lateran, held the same year, is remarkable, as far as they already felt that the reiterated complaints that the two orders were beginning to exceed their privileges, and to encroach too much on the regular clergy of Palestine, were not without some foundation; but adds, that these abuses came less from the heads of the orders, than from individuals; and concludes by constraining them to keep strictly within the bounds of their original rights and privileges.

Roger des Moulins succeeded Josbert in the grand-mastership: a man of firmness and resolution, who would have had everything forgotten but animosity to the enemy of the faith; but still the passions of avarice, of jealousy, occasioned during his reign a rivalship between the Templars and the Hospitallers, which an appeal to the judgment of the Pope but weakly cemented; since the two orders had so far forgot their institute and their religion, as very nearly to have broken out in open war against each other, in the face of a superior enemy, and with the knowledge of the precarious state of the Latin throne. The mediation of Alexander III, indeed, prevented open violence; though it is but too true, that the rancour and jealousy of each other remained in their hearts as before. Retributive justice fell on the Hospitallers for so open a neglect of their first high purpose, by the loss they suffered in the massacre of many of their brethren at Constantinople, where a sudden tumult arose against their commanding there; a disaster which was communicated to Roger, on his return from Europe, whither he had gone, but without success, to raise a new crusade. Philip the second of France would gladly have assented, but his wars with the Flemings gave him too little leisure to assume the Cross; and our second Henry saw this kingdom in too troubled a state, to allow him to atone for the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury by an expedition to the defence of the holy sepulchre. The hollow desires of both the

* Two years earlier, according to others.

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kings, were all that was given; and though many of the subjects of both kingdoms pressed to the deliverance of the Holy Land, they were unaccompanied by any prince, or leader of eminence.

On his return to Palestine, in 1184, the empty honour of Precedence over the Templars, granted by the Pope (according to Brompton), might be regarded as a stimulus to further energy on the part of the order; and certainly there was no period of their history where exertion was more needed, or unanimity of more absolute necessity. The power of Saladin was fast consolidating; and a few years after saw him untrammelled master of Syria and Egypt, ready and willing to bring all to bear against the hated Christian throne. The violent conduct of Reginald of Antioch, now lord of Kasac, gave him a specious pretence to break the political peace, which hitherto he had been anxious to preserve; and with an army of fifty thousand horse, and a countless array of infantry, to take the field in the spring of 1187; when, after several successful transactions, he moved the seat of war to the borders of the sea of Tiberias. It was in one of those previous encounters (in May), that Roger des Moulins was slain, by the troops of Assdal, the son of Saladin; and if we may believe the popular story, his death-wound was given by the hand of the recreant Count of Tripoli, who is said to have fought in disguise among the press of the Infidel; an unlikely fiction, which his future conduct, though regarded with suspicion, assuredly belied. The knights immediately sought a successor to him in Gusnier of Syria, Grand Prior of England,—one chosen at a time of extreme danger, and who soon felt the penalty of this perilous dignity. The army of Saladin was encamped in July 1187, on the plains of Tiberias. The Count of Tripoli endeavoured to dissuade Guy from going out to the attack; asserting that the heat of a Syrian midsummer, and want, would soon cause the hosts of Saladin to melt away of themselves: but the grand master overruled his prudent delay, by a charge of treachery, and the armies of Jerusalem were led forth to peril the existence of the throne on a single engagement. In vain was the solemn blessing of the bishops and clergy given and received; in vain did piety rally desperately round the Wood of the true Cross; in vain was valour by all exerted to the utmost: the hosts of the Infidel prevailed; and the fate of the Latin kingdom was that day sealed. Guy de Lusignan, the Marquis of Monserrat, and the master of the Templars, were taken prisoners. The Grand Master of St. John was

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obliged to fly, and, deeply wounded, found refuge in Ascalon. The consequences of this fatal action are speedily told:—Acre, Jaffa, Naplouse, Cæsarea, and Berytas, fell into the hands of the conqueror; and though checked at Tyre, his arms were again crowned with success, by the capture of Ascalon. Jerusalem alone remained, and thither he directed his aim. Though the populace is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand, the soldiers were so few, and the government of the queen so weak, that long resistance was as impossible as unavailing. On the second of October of the same year, after being strongly pressed, it capitulated; and in justice to Saladin, be it said, the conditions granted were honourable alike to his generosity and humanity. Four days were given to the unfortunate Latins to mourn at the holy places they were about to leave for ever: and if the joyous pen of a Tasso has sung the song of victory over its first recovery, it would need the solemn Muse of a Dante, to tell in mournful strains, of the solemn processions, and vigils of priests and people before the holy sepulchre, on the eve of its last day of freedom, and of the fall of the Holiest of Holies into the profaning hands of the victorious Infidel.

If Saladin were an infidel, he was a barbarian but in name; for his courtesy and generosity on the capture of Jerusalem, drew praise from the mouths of his captives and enemies; and if all the inhabitants of Jerusalem were considered as slaves, it was with the privilege of ransom, at ten crowns of gold for a man, five for a woman, and one for a child. And it is a noble trait in the character of the victor, as well in those of the knights of St. John, that when he entered the captured city, and heard of the tender care with which the order watched and attended on the sick and the wounded in their hospital, he allowed some of their number to remain for a year, until they had completed their office of love in the recovery of the afflicted.*

Considerable obscurity hangs over the succession of the grand masters of St. John at this period. Some assert that Gusnier died of his wounds at Ascalon, whither he had retired after the disastrous action of Tiberias; and that he was then succeeded by Ermengard d'Aps. But by a charter of the 1st of February 1191, it appears that he was alive, and continued in the mastership at that time.

* St. Bernard, p. 801. Letter of the Grand Master of the Temple to Henry II of England, quoted in Vertot, i. pp. 282, 284.

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The most probable account is, that Ermengarde succeeded as his lieutenant, and ultimately, his successor; for it is certain that he actually filled the office of grand master, though, from the above circumstance, its duration is necessarily uncertain.

The character of the two orders was well known to Saladin, and to them the fruitful source of martyrdom,—for too frequently they had the choice, when taken, of death or apostacy. One of the richest flowers in their wreath of honour, is the frequent choice they gave to the alternative of martyrdom; nor is there an instance on record of there being ever found among Knights of the Hospital, one of the school of Judas.*

The confusion that took place on the overthrow of the Christian government, told also on the order of St. John. Many of the brethren retired to Europe, and formed there priories and commanderies, which afterwards continued in the order, or became, as in the case of the Teutonic, independent orders. The grand master retired to Margatha, which was acquired by the order in the mastership of Josbert; and for four years that fortress was considered as their head-quarters, where they erected an hospital, and followed the principles of their institute of defence or charity, by making use of their revenues to redeem the captives of Jerusalem,—having ransomed about a thousand. But its members were dispersed through many places, and were the chief supports of Tyre, the poor remnant of the Latin dominions.

The Marquis of Monserrat was one of the valiant princes who fell into the hands of the victorious Saladin at Tiberias; and his son Conrad, animated by the spirit of his father, assumed the command of Tyre, which was shortly after the fall of Jerusalem assailed by the hosts of the conqueror. But the young prince was assisted by many of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and made so vigorous a defence, that Saladin, to win the place by attempting to triumph over the young count's morals, since he could not prevail over his physical courage, brought out the aged Marquis of Monserrat, and by his herald threatened to put him to death, if the place were not surrendered to him. "Tell your master," said the young Conrad, "that I value no honour so high, as that of being the son of a martyr for JESUS Christ." It was an idle threat on the part of Saladin, but the gallantry of the defence foiled, and obliged him to raise the

* Roger de Hovendon, p. 637; Nangis, ab anno 1187.

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siege, and Tyre continued in the hands of the Christians. He had not long retired, when Guy de Lusignan, who had recovered his liberty, at the purchase of Ascalon, and by the solemn renunciation of his title of king, presented himself before the gates of Tyre, and claimed admittance as a sovereign; but an indignant populace taunted him with having come too late, and Conrad, by right of conquest, resolved to retain the lordship of Tyre. A party, headed by the Templars, whether from a sense of the justice of the rights of the king, or from jealousy of the Knights of St. John, was formed against the claims of Conrad, whose faction was as warmly espoused by the Hospitallers, which occasioned another of those scenes of scandal, wherein the passions of envy and jealousy were again called into action. Conrad, in his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, scruples not to accuse the Templars of the avaricious abstraction, to their own use, of the money that was transmitted by the King of England for the use of the defence of Tyre—a grievous charge and an unfortunate quarrel, which, with other causes of embitterment, was not finally appeased till the Popedom of Innocent III, in 1199, in the Grand Mastership of Godfrey of Duisson, when it was settled, as we shall see, in favour of the Knights of St. John.

The mourning and terror—the despair almost, and despondency, that filled Christendom on the news of the loss of Jerusalem, smouldered in the breasts of men for a short while, before the flame for its second deliverance burst forth with greater vehemence than before: and as it was regarded as a judgment of GOD for the sins of the Christians, nothing was heard but vows of penance, mingled with prayers to the mercy of GOD, for the recovery of the land of His nativity from the tread of the Infidel. The father of the faithful, Urban XVII, is said to have died of grief at its loss, and Gregory VIII, his successor, was not slow in issuing a bull enjoining fasting and prayer throughout Christendom, to deprecate GOD's wrath for the sins of the faithful, and imprecate His blessing for the success of the new Crusade.

The feeling was universal,—peace was hurriedly made up between contending nations—the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa stifled his grief, to prepare for vengeance. Henry II of England, and Philip II of France, assumed the Cross on the same day, at the hands of the Archbishop of Tyre; a tenth of all goods, movable and immovable, was imposed and readily paid by the people; and the Council of the Church, held in England, too conscious of the sins of

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the last Crusade, and to ensure the favour of heaven on the present, forbade to the pilgrim all sensual pleasures, all manner of gaming, all luxury of dress, all, in short, but the spirit of severest penance. Death prevented Henry* from performing his vows, but the chivalrous Cœur de Lion, with willing ardour, longed to depart and encounter the victorious Saladin. In June 1190, the united forces of Richard and Philip, amounting to about one hundred thousand men, set out for Vezelai, a town on the borders of Languedoc.

The Emperor was first in the field; but though he escaped the treachery of the Greeks and the sword of the Infidel, it was to meet his death from bathing in the small river of the Cydnus—after he had taken Iconium. The Latins of Syria, excited by the remnants of the two Orders, had by this time taken to arms, and lay before St. Jean d'Acre, to a formidable amount, it is said, of near an hundred thousand men. But dissension again broke out. Isabel, on the death of her sister, Guy's queen, laid claim to the sceptre of the Latin kingdom, and though already married, had fixed her affections on the youthful Conrad, and destined him to share the visionary throne with her. Pestilence too, broke out in the Latin camp, to add to the distress of civil dissension, and raged, though the strife was allayed for a while by the agreement to abide the decision of the French and English monarchs.

But far from allaying discord, their arrival before Acre in June 1191, marks the date for commencing the record of fresh dissensions. National rivalry embittered those who had been anxiously looked for as mediators of peace. The Templars took part with France; the Hospitallers with England. The quarrels of the Guelph and Ghibelin factions naturally induced the Genoese to join France, because the Ghibelin Pisans adhered to England. Distrust and dissension expelled unanimity, and weakness came as a necessary induction. It is true that individual valour was never so frequent, but it was rendered of little avail, by being exerted in a disunited cause; and it was not till experience had proved how miserable was their impolicy, that a partial reconciliation—it was never cordial—took place between the two kings, when the unconditional surrender of Acre, July 12th, 1191, after a two years' siege, speedily rewarded their union,—a lesson of success, that by national jealousy was too soon forgotten.

* Henry bequeathed 8000 marks of silver to each of the military orders.

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The disputes regarding the succession of the crown were settled, by the acknowledgement of Guy, and of Conrad and his sons as successors.

Shortly after the taking of Acre, Ermengard died, and was succeeded by Godfrey de Duisson, under whose guidance the Hospitallers guarded the rear of the Christian army, that, after the departure of Philip, proceeded under Richard from Acre to Azotus, when their gallantry, which had contributed to the safety and well-ordering of the main body, by their defence of the rear, was instrumental in gaining a general action with the enemy, which took place there. After repairing the fortifications of Jaffa, the impetuosity of Richard would have urged him to have marched directly for Jerusalem, but the prudence of the two orders dissuaded him from so rash an enterprise, in the present state of his resources, to turn to the rescue of Ascalon, the key of Egypt, whence the stores of the enemy might be intercepted; they feared too, lest, were the holy city taken then, the crusaders might desert to their homes,—as having accomplished the object of their vows,—and leave the rest of the kingdom a prey to the violence and renewed attack of the Syrians.

In 1192, Richard made attempts at peace; but the elements of discord were too frequent between the Turk and the Christian, and all his endeavours, though his terms were moderate, — embracing the cession of Jerusalem, and the restoration of the Wood of the true Cross,—ended in fruitless negotiation, that served but to raise the mist and shew more plainly the gulph that divided the combatants. Again the march to Jerusalem was resolved on; and again the prudence of the military orders, when the expedition had reached as far as Bethlehem, forbade the enterprise. Richard, in despair of the performance of anything worthy of note, — for the jealousy of the French left under the Duke of Burgundy was ever showing itself,— was about to return from Acre to England, when the news of the attack upon Jaffa by the Assyrians was brought to him. With a few of the Hospitallers and Templars, Pisans and Genoese, and his English nobles,—there were not more than five hundred men (the French had refused to join him), he hastened thither by sea; and by extraordinary chivalry, and so furious an attack, he struck a panic into the besiegers, who deserted the town, and saved themselves by flight.

Tired, at last, of continual war, Saladin was induced to listen now

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to overtures for peace, and a truce for three years and eight months was agreed on, leaving Jaffa and Tyre, and the country between, in the hands of the Christians; and granting free access for all pilgrims to the holy places of Jerusalem; and afterwards, the generosity of Saladin allowed the altars of the Holy Sepulchre to be served by the Latin rite.

The year following (1193) Saladin died;—a prince of extraordinary genius and ability, and endowed with virtues of that high order that ennoble the heart. His government was mild; and though he worked his way to the throne by artifice, his justice was severe. His virtues were worthy of a better creed, and his vices seem rather those of the head than of the heart,—the dictates of his erring faith; for he was liberal, and charitable, and generous, where the intolerance of his religion did not cloud his better judgment. The courtesy between him and Richard was as of two Christian knights, or rather, as what Christian knights should be; for every page of history tells—as we have already seen, and must yet see—even of those, like our order, vowed to virtue and all Christian humility and courtesy, how that often, too often, the heart was unmoved by the outward profession, and how rancour, and malice, and jealousy grew like noisome weeds beneath the banner of the Cross, and under the very sign of salvation. But let it be distinctly understood, that it is the enormity of individual abuse that we condemn, not the excellent discipline of the Cross, which would have led to most opposite conduct.

The thoughts of Saladin were too engrossed with his schemes of ambition, policy, and war, to give him leisure to confirm, on a settled basis, the security of his dynasty. Aleppo, Damascus, and Egypt, gave titles of sovereignty to three of his sons; others succeeded to smaller portions of his realm; and feebleness was the necessary consequence of the dismembered union of strength and purpose. His brother Saphadin, too, increased the confusion, by putting in his claims to part of his brother's dominions, and was successful in raising a considerable empire in Syria, though at the expense of the general weakness of the Moslem power.

The truce gave a breathing-time to the military orders; and the aspect of affairs was not overlooked by the grand master of St. John. In a letter to the prior of his order, in England (preserved in Hovendon, p. 827), he implores succour from Europe for a new Crusade, and entreats that new armies would march to Palestine, to take

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advantage of the present weakness of the Moslem power. The Syrians were then suffering, not only from their distracted condition of disunion, but from a scarcity also of corn in Egypt, caused by the interruption of the usual overflowings of the Nile, which had caused so general distress, that the order itself was suffering from it, — the more especially, as Sicily, whence they looked for grain, was closed to them at that time, by the unfortunate collision between the Pope and the empire,—which, under the name of the wars of the investiture, for so long a period (1076-1278) was the sad occasion of so much scandal to the Church.

The head-quarters of the Hospitallers was removed from Margatha, at the taking of Ptolemais, to that city; where their hospitals were erected, and where they remained till the power of the infidel finally obliged the Christian to leave Palestine for ever.

About this time, one Robert of Margatha, who possessed a small fortress near the Margatha of St. John's, had his right to his possessions questioned by the Templars; who, in virtue of some old pretensions, laid claim to it as a fief of their order, and, in the wantonness of power, surprised the keep, and turned out the unfortunate Robert and his family. He laid his complaints before the Knights of St. John, who, in the excitement of the moment, hurried to repair the injustice, by a counter-attack on the Templars, whom they in turn expelled. The private quarrel of a few, soon grew general; order was ranged against order, and the Latin power was divided into partizans of the one or the other; and a civil war seemed on the point of breaking out in the shattered remnant of a government, too feeble to repress—if it had the will—the miserable dissensions of those who had been, and were now, almost its only support. But they yielded at last to the prayers of the patriarch and the Latin bishops, and agreed to a suspension of arms, till the Pope should mediate between the contending parties. Innocent III referred the matter of dispute to competent judges, before whom the Templars might produce their pretensions in a legal manner. It is enough to say, that the judges found against the Templars, and peace was again restored between the orders: but not till the Pontiff had sent a rescript of well-deserved severity against the orders, which had so far forgot their institute,—where he shows how the procedure of the Hospitallers, as well as that of the Templars, was so unworthy of a religious profession,—if he might consider himself addressing as religious, those who had wished to establish their rights,

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by ways and manners so violent (p. 347). He, moreover, wrote to the grand masters of both the orders, beseeching them to lay aside all envies and jealousies, so scandalous, not to say dangerous, to the Christian cause, and a matter of rejoicing to the infidel. Commanding them to abide by the decision of the judges, under pain of excommunication, he besought them also to mutual harmony, and recommended to their care the interests of the king of Cyprus. Peace, or forbearance, was restored, though the elements of discord remained. The wealth of the Templars more than doubled that of the Hospitallers; but with increasing treasure, grew the desire for more. The Templars had nineteen thousand manors, the Hospitallers only nine thousand; and avarice too soon showed itself in the richer order, blasting the pure intent of its institute,—turning to pride its original of humility,—and kindling angry passions against its brother order, which were only extinguished by its ultimate suppression.

(To be continued.)

TO THE MADONNA, WITH SOME SNOWDROPS.

Accept these blossoms of the snow-clad earth,
The fair young offerings of the opening year,
The winter snows that cradle round their birth,
Scarce more transparent than their bloom appear.

Oh Mary! can we see these buds, nor feel
The touching likeness that to them is given?
Since all earth's flowers, that purity reveal,
Put on thy guise, and lift our souls to heaven.

And as the picture of an absent friend,
With love would bear us to their arms we see,
So do we gaze upon these flowers, and send
Our thoughts, our wishes, and our prayers to thee!

Accept then, Mary, these first gifts of Spring,
They have no virtues but they emblem thine;
Accept the love, the praises that we bring,
With these white flowers, to offer at thy shrine.

M. C. A.

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RECENT EXHIBITION AT CHICHESTER.*

Dean Chandler and Signor Vignati.

The schismatical communion, known by the title of the Established Church of England, must be sorely in need of support, when even a dean is glad to snatch a rotten branch "from the Church of Rome" to prop up its tottering walls. Yet so it is—and to make the most, we suppose, of the exhibition of the once *poor*, but now *rich*, Mr. Vignati, in the cathedral church of Chichester, the Very Rev. G. Chandler, D.C.L., has "published by request"—whether by desire of Mr. Vignati, or his lady, or the Bishop of Chichester, we know not—the sermon which he delivered on the occasion of Mr. Vignati's reception "into *the* Church." The opportunity thus afforded for vilifying the ancient Church was not to be thrown away, and accordingly Dr. Chandler has followed the usual course of her assailants, by having recourse to calumny and misrepresentation.

The letter of the Rev. Mr. Tierney, the title of which we have noted below, contains an able exposure of the groundless charges of the reverend dean, who, it appears, has incurred the penalties of imprisonment and fine, by an unauthorized interpolation in the Anglican liturgy in the matter of the form employed for the admission of Mr. Vignati. That, however, is the dean's affair, not ours.

We should have thought, that with the history of the apostate L'Herminez, so well known to the inhabitants of Chichester, and of whose life and doings Mr. Tierney has given a graphic sketch, the Dean and his friends would have been very chary in bringing so prominently forward, as they have done in the present case, another "convert" from the Church, of whom they know as little as they knew of L'Herminez, the apostate priest. The only known information, we believe, concerning Mr. Vignati, is to be found in the Rev. Mr. Tierney's letter.

"With the history of this person (says Mr. Tierney) we are but imperfectly acquainted. The little that we know is derived entirely from himself; and of that little you (the Dean) have not deemed it prudent to pub-

* A Letter to the Very Rev. G. Chandler, D.C.L., Dean of Chichester and Rector of All Souls, Langham Place, &c. &c., containing some Remarks on his Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church of Chichester, on Sunday, October 15, 1843, "On the occasion of publicly receiving into the Church a Convert from the Church of Rome." By the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: Dolman. 1843.

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lish the whole. He was born, and I suppose educated, at Lodi; became a member of the order of Friars Minors, or Franciscans (the locality of his convent is not mentioned); and having been secularized at his own request by the present Pope, took the opportunity to leave Italy, and declared himself a Protestant, first in Switzerland, and afterwards in France. *This was about four years ago.* Some *seven or eight months since* he removed to England, and *became a member of the Established Church.* But to be a member of the Church was not sufficient. 'He wished to make a public renunciation of the errors of his former creed,' and as his residence at Brighton had placed him within the limits of this diocese, so Chichester and its cathedral were selected as the scene of his edifying performance. Thus much, sir, at least in substance, you have endeavoured to tell us; but you have not told us *why* 'he resorted to this proceeding'; you have not told us *why* 'he wished to make this public renunciation of his former creed.' He had been a protestant for nearly four years. He had been a Swiss protestant: he had been a French protestant: 'for nearly a twelvemonth,' so you assure us, he had been an English protestant. *Why* was this exhibition now thought of for the first time? Already 'in communion with your Church, why did he wish to place himself before the world and go through the 'form of admission'? What spell thus suddenly came over him? What power had been able to raise that spirit of 'repentance which neither in Switzerland, nor in France, nor even in the midst of the first fervour of his conversion, had ever shed its influence upon him? It may be awkward, sir, to reveal the fact which your prudence has so studiously withheld; but report has supplied at least one answer to these enquiries—*Mr. Vignati wanted a fortune and a wife.* You inform us, that on his arrival at Brighton, he had attached himself 'to the ministry of the Rev. T. C. Maitland'; but he had attached himself to another and a gentler 'ministry,' he had disengaged himself from the light trammels of his earlier vows, and had wooed and won the heart of a youthful heiress. In what manner the lady's family received his advances I have no means of knowing. But her father, at least, is said to have been cautious. If he consented, his consent, so we are told, was accompanied with a condition; and that condition was, that the 'renunciation' in question should be made. And it was for this that the public service of the Church was to be interrupted! It was for this that an unauthorized form of prayer and protestation was to be introduced into the liturgy; that the Sabbath of the Lord was to be made a day of exhibition; and that which should be the temple of peace and the chair of truth, converted into a theatre of slander against five-sixths of the Christian world! It was not that Mr. Vignati felt more scruples now than he had felt for the four preceding years; it was not that the horrors of Popery were more dreadful, or that the necessity of being *admitted* into a church which he had *already entered* became more apparent; but the heiress, the heiress was the point. The

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'renunciation' formed a necessary adjunct to the marriage deed; and the dignitaries of the church therefore were to lend themselves, in the abused name of religion and repentance, to the holy enterprise of securing the wife! Verily, Mr. Dean, there was reason for the light step and jocund air with which the 'penitent' appeared in the cathedral. A bride with some 50,000*l.* was not a subject to make a man doleful."

Mr. Tierney adds, in a note, that Mr. Vignati was married two or three days after the ceremony of his recantation.

Such is the short history of Mr. Vignati, of his recantation, and subsequent marriage. We wish Dr. Chandler much joy of this accession to his church; and as we wish well even to an apostate from our own, we hope that Mr. Vignati will not imitate the conduct of his predecessor, the Abbé L'Herminez. He *may* yet repent and retrace his steps. Dr. Chandler having, in the course of his sermon, alluded to some recent conversions from his own church to ours, designated by him as "unhappy instances of lapses into Romanism," Mr. Tierney thus contrasts some of these with the case of Mr. Vignati:—

"Take, for example, the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Spencer, take Mr. Smith, who resigned the valuable living of Leadenham, or Mr. Talbot, who sacrificed that of Evercreech: take Mr. Grant, or Mr. Renouf, or Mr. Lockhart, or now last of all, if you please, the Rev. C. Seager, who was deputy Professor of Hebrew at Oxford. These, remember, are not foreigners and strangers; these are not men brought from a distance, unknowing and unknown. They have lived with us and amongst us: and by their side then, and by the side of numbers of others who might be mentioned, what say you to Mr. Vignati? *They* sacrificed wealth and honour, and preferment, and perhaps all the kindly affections of their friends; *he* springs from obscurity into the world's notice and the world's greeting; exchanges poverty for riches; the friar's cowl for the garment of the bridegroom; and forgets the solitude and the privations of the cloister in the more congenial society of a wife! I have no wish to impeach the sincerity of Mr. Vignati. It is not for me to judge his heart, or to weigh his intellect. Truth may have been the only object of all his wanderings. In search of her he may have left his convent, and in search of her he may have passed from Church to Church and from country to country: and if at last he found, or thought he found, her in company with a more material form, this, of itself, can afford no sufficient evidence of his insincerity. He may have 'attended the ministry' of Mr. Maitland from the purest motives; still, when his example is thus offensively brought forward in opposition to that of such men as I have mentioned, it is impossible not to remark how happily his conscience and his interest have jumped together."

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We do not consider it necessary to follow Mr. Tierney in his masterly refutation of Dr. Chandler's misrepresentations, for which refutation we refer to the letter itself; but we cannot conclude our notice without drawing the reader's attention to the peroration—beautiful as it is true—of Mr. Tierney's letter. After stating the Catholic belief as to the authority and infallibility of the Church, a belief which, in the view of Dr. Chandler, tends to "carnalize religion" and "to give undue and exorbitant authority to the Church," Mr. Tierney thus proceeds:—

"And what, sir, let me ask, can be discovered in all this, to merit the censures which you have been pleased to pronounce? To believe the promises of Christ, is this to 'carnalize religion'? To assert the prerogatives of the Spirit of truth, is this 'to give undue and exorbitant authority to the church'? 'He that heareth you, heareth me', said our blessed Lord, 'and he that despiseth you despiseth me'. If Christ has established a church, it is our interest to seek it; if he has invested it with authority, it is our duty to obey it: but if he has further placed it in his own stead, if he has clothed it with his own power, and shadowed it with his own Spirit, are we therefore to incur the sentence of 'the heathen and the publican'? are we to tell the Redeemer that he has 'carnalized religion'; and condemn the authority which he has conferred, as 'exorbitant and undue'?—Of that authority, sir, survey the effects in the history of our church, and contrast them with the short and fitful story of your own establishment. Confined to the narrow precincts of one country, and scarce numbering three centuries in your existenee, your pastors are already dispersed, your flocks are already scattered. You began with 'liberty', you have terminated in schism. You flung off the trammels of authority, you proclaimed the supremacy of reason; and, while the people, taught by the example of their instructors have framed to themselves new creeds, and run after new devices, the clergy, influenced, as it might happen, by Lambeth or Geneva, have sought only to establish their own 'views', and to inculcate their own particular doctrines. Nor let it be thought that I am exaggerating the disasters and dissensions of the establishment. You, sir, have sketched a picture of your church; you have given us a portrait, 'warm' with 'imagination', and glowing with the beauty which is 'attainable': but you have shrunk from the task of drawing her as she is, and have rather chosen to exhibit her 'in theory and in the abstract' (p. 15), than to place the living image of her practical conversation before us. Thus, however, by showing us what she is *not*, you have allowed us to know what she *is*. It is 'in theory' only that she 'maintains the supreme authority of the Scriptures'; it is 'in theory' only that she '*magnifies* the sacraments', and 'derives her commission from the apostles'. It is in the same theory, too, that her

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'creeds and her articles are scriptural', that her liturgy 'is full, and grave, and majestic', that her rites are all that can be required, in 'the cause of spiritual holiness'. For all the purposes of a church, she is a thing of theories, a being 'in the abstract.' She possesses power which is not obeyed: she 'has laws and ordinances' which are 'not fully acted on' (p. 15). While she denies tradition, she accepts the scripture at its hands: while she proclaims the scripture to be the sole ground of her belief, she frames her articles in direct contradiction to its words. Her rites and ceremonies are disregarded and trampled on by the very men who should be their guardians. One prays towards the east, one towards the west: one bows to the altar in respect, another turns from it in contempt: here the minister preaches in a gown, there he ascends the pulpit in a surplice. All is contention, all is disorder: till, even you, sir, are compelled to stand forth in your Tractarian character, and solicit indulgence for 'those, who, with no sinister, no ulterior, view,—who, with singleness of purpose, labour, not to bring down the rules and regulations of the church to the low practice that generally prevails, but to raise the general practice to her high (and, of course, *theoretical*) standard.'

"But turn, now, for a moment, to that church, whose 'carnalized religion' and 'exorbitant authority' are the theme of your invectives. Her extent is the extent of the wide world; her age is the age of christianity itself. Secure in the infallibility of that Spirit by which she is guided, her doctrines undergo no change, her laws suffer no contradiction. In the east and in the west, in the isles of the sea and in the uttermost parts of the earth, she is every where the same. She may have endured trial, and persecution, and the pang of many sorrows: she may have seen the libertine go out from her abodes, and may have wept over the fall of those who have abandoned her altars for other, but not holier, temples: like the bark of Peter, she may have been tossed upon the foaming billows: the tempest may have howled, and the angry strife of elements may have raged around her; but with her was that Being who could command the winds and the sea: and, protected by His presence, she still rides triumphant and secure. Behold her, then, in the glory of her heavenly privileges. See her in the unity of her faith: see her in the uniformity of her practices. The stranger may rise up against her: the proud man may calumniate her, and the mighty may seek after her soul. but the Lord is her helper and her protector; He will deliver her out of all trouble; and her eye will look down upon her enemies."

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ON CONFIRMATION.

Rejoice, ye Saints, behold the day,
The Paraclete descending;
See converts, clad in white array,
Before the altar bending.

They come to be confirmed in grace,
They come to seek the blessing,
They come the Spirit to embrace,
The ancient Faith professing.

The mitred Bishop, on his seat,
With holy hands extended;
Suppliants prostrate at his feet,
By pastoral care attended.

The Cross upon their forehead's sign'd
The unction of the chrism,
Rich gifts, by God Himself design'd,
To fight against all schism.

Adopted children now prepare,
The conflict is commencing,
Pax-tecum and the blow declare,
With war there's no dispensing.

Affronts and injuries you'll meet,
Hold fast the Faith unshaken;
Humility must take her seat,
And pride must be forsaken.

Come, seven-fold Spirit, now descend,
Confirm the graces given;
From all our enemies defend,
And bring us safe to heaven.

Feast of our Lady of Mercy. S. M. S.

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LIFE AND VIRTUES OF MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"Oh Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Our blessed Saviour continued to lead a painful and laborious life at Nazareth until he had entered his twenty-ninth year, when he set forth on his mission, to preach to the Jews. It is generally supposed, that about this time St. Joseph died. Very happy, indeed, must have been the death of this good old man, soothed and supported as he was, during the pains of his last illness, by the tender cares of Jesus and Mary. Assisted by the prayers of Mary, and consoled by the promises of Jesus, in whose arms we may even imagine that he died, death could have had no terrors for him; but, sweetly breathing out his last on the bosom of the Son, his pure spirit went without a fear to receive its judgment and reward, at the hands of his heavenly Father.

For this reason, we always ask the assistance of St. Joseph at the hour of death, that through his intercession, we may have grace to make a happy and peaceful end. You should often beg this favour, through his prayers; for, having been the tender and faithful nurse of the infant Jesus while upon earth, he loves all little children, for the sake of that divine child, so that he willingly attends to their petitions, and may be considered as the most indulgent of their patrons. But we must return to our history. St. Bonaventure suggests, that before setting forth on his mission, our divine Lord, humbly kneeling to his mother, implored her blessing; and that Mary, having given it to him, and received his in return, tenderly embraced him, and took leave of him with many tears. It was the first time Jesus had ever left her, and, certainly, she must have felt very sad and lonely after his departure; but Mary never disputed his will, or that of his heavenly Father, and, therefore, she remained patiently in her solitary home, and employed herself, during his absence, in prayer, labour, and frequent meditations on all holy things. In the mean time, our divine Lord went on his way, until he came to the banks of the Jordan, where John the Baptist was preaching to the people, and baptizing thousands who flocked to him for that purpose. Jesus mingled with the crowd, and coming to St. John, requested baptism at his hands, as if he had been a

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sinner, and needed it, like the rest of the people. You see how very dear humility is to the Son of GOD, since it was the first virtue that he practised openly before men. We, who are always sinners, and often very great ones, are offended even by reproofs that may be justly due to our faults; and JESUS, who was both sinless and the Son of GOD, consented willingly to be reputed among sinners, by being baptized as they were. But John, looking at him with great fear and reverence, knew him to be his divine Lord, and Saviour, and answered, "Lord, I myself need to be baptized by you."

JESUS, however, commanding him again, John obeyed, and going down together into the Jordan, John baptized JESUS, by pouring water over his head. Scripture tells us that, when the ceremony was over, the Holy Ghost descended upon the head of JESUS in the form of a dove, and the voice of GOD the Father was heard, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Immediately after his baptism, our divine Lord retired into the desert, where he remained fasting and praying for the space of forty days and forty nights. During this time he was tempted to sin by the devil; but, having several times overcome this wily enemy of mankind, angels came and ministered to him. He then left the desert, and, on his return, he again met St. John, who pointed him out to the Jews as the Saviour of the world, crying in a loud voice, "Behold the Lamb of GOD! Behold him who takes away the sins of the world!"

Upon hearing these words, two of the disciples of John left him to follow JESUS, who received them with great tenderness, and suffered them to remain with him during the rest of the day. Afterwards, one of these disciples, whose name was Andrew, went and brought his brother to see JESUS, who, looking at him, told him that he should henceforth be called Peter: the word Peter signifies rock in the Hebrew language. This Peter was a poor ignorant fisherman; but, by the grace of GOD, who delights in exalting the humble, and in abasing the proud, he afterwards became the great apostle St. Peter, of whom you have often heard, and was head of the Church of Christ, as the Pope is at the present day.

About a year after his baptism in the Jordan, our blessed Saviour began to preach to the Jews. But, as if to prove the affection he felt for his mother above all the rest of mankind, the first miracle which JESUS wrought was at her request. This was at a marriage feast at Cana. Mary was there, and JESUS and his disciples were

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among the guests. Most likely the givers of this feast were poor, since, before it was finished, their little stock of wine was quite exhausted.

Our blessed Lady saw this, and, as she was full of tenderness and charity to all mankind, she was grieved, for she knew it would cause pain and trouble to those who were entertaining her, as probably they were not rich enough to be able to procure more.

She knew, however, that her divine Son had power to repair the evil, and therefore she went to him, and acquainted him with it. JESUS did not give her a very encouraging answer, and at the same time added, "that his hour was not yet come;" by which, I believe, he meant, that it was still too soon to discover himself by miracles to the Jewish nation. But, though he said all this, his love for his mother was so great, that he could not refuse to grant her request. Mary well understood the tenderness of his feelings in her regard, and, being certain of obtaining her wishes, she desired the servants to do as JESUS should command them. He bad them take some jars and fill them with water, and, when they had done so, he again commanded them to pour it out, and carry it to the steward of the feast, in order that he might taste it. This person, having tasted it, and finding it to be most excellent wine, called the bridegroom, and reproached him for having kept his best wine for the end of the feast, instead of giving it at the beginning, which was the usual custom; for he did not know the wonderful miracle which JESUS had performed, by changing water into wine, and, therefore, he only supposed they had kept the best wine until the end of the feast. After this miracle, JESUS departed from thence, being now resolved to preach his doctrine openly to all mankind; but a great saint tells us that, in all probability, he first conducted his mother to her little habitation at Nazareth. Taking her, therefore, by the hand, and reverently followed by his disciples, he went first to the town of Capharnaum, and a few days afterwards arrived at Nazareth. They travelled, as usual, humbly upon foot; but they were consoled for the fatigues of the journey, by the tender love which made them always happy in each other's company. And, while Mary felt ineffable delight in the conversation of her divine Son, the disciples also listened with wonder and great joy, to the sacred doctrine that fell from his lips; so we may easily suppose that the journey to Nazareth, seemed neither long nor wearisome to any of the party. Mary being left safe at her poor home, JESUS retired to a lonely

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mountain, where he remained watching and praying during the whole of the night. When it was morning, he called his disciples to him, and chose twelve from among them, who were to be chiefs over the others, and whom he called apostles; and then, sitting down in the midst of them, he preached to them, and taught them many things of which they had never even heard before. It was upon this occasion, that he taught them the eight beatitudes which you have, no doubt, already learned in your catechism. The meekness, humility, and purity which these beatitudes teach us to observe, must have been very dear indeed to JESUS, since he promised the kingdom of heaven to those who were poor in spirit, that is, to those who were content in their poverty, or who only used their riches in order to do good; and he thought the clear sight of GOD, was not too great a reward for all those who were truly humble and clean of heart. My dear children, I hope you will try and deserve these promises of our good JESUS; and you may easily do so, by being always contented with your situation, and charitable to the poor, modest in your behaviour, submissive to your superiors, and meek and gentle to every body else.

After the sermon was over, JESUS came down from the Mount, his disciples flocking round him, unwilling to lose sight of so divine a Master. Multitudes also came to him, beseeching the cure of the infirm and sick, for JESUS now worked miracles in public, and great were the wonders he performed; as you will learn when you are old enough to read the Holy Gospels, in which the story of his life and actions is more fully told.

From the marriage at Cana until the passion and death of JESUS, we hear little or nothing concerning the life of Mary; and the silence and neglect in which she lived, teaches us all our duty in this respect. For certainly, if Mary was content, and even happy, to live poor and unheeded, while the fame of her Son was spread through the country, much more willingly should we submit to those little humiliations and privations from which none of us can hope to escape in this world.

But as I can tell you nothing more of Mary during this period of her life, I will try and make amends by relating to you some of the wonderful actions of her divine Son. One of the most remarkable of these was, his calming the waters of a stormy sea. I will tell you how this happened. JESUS went into a boat with his disciples, and being very tired, he composed himself to rest. While he was sleep-

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ing a storm arose, and it must have been a very great one, for we are told that the ship was covered with waves. The disciples were alarmed, and called JESUS, who rose, and, chiding them for their want of faith in him, he commanded the winds and the waves, and instantly there came a great calm. Very much astonished at this wonderful miracle, the disciples cried out, "Who is this? for even the winds and the sea obey him!" Another day, our Blessed Saviour was travelling through the country, and chanced to pass through a little city called Naim. As he drew near the gates, he met the corpse of a young man who was being carried out to be buried. This young man was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and she now followed him to the grave, weeping and disconsolate. The tender heart of JESUS was touched with compassion at the sight of this poor woman's sorrow, and going to her, he told her gently not to weep; but as she did not seem to heed him, and as her tears only fell faster than before, JESUS went and laid his hand on the bier on which the young man lay. The people who were carrying him stood still, and then JESUS cried out with a loud voice, "Young man, I say to thee, arise!" Instantly the young man arose and began to speak. The people were very much surprised, and gave thanks to GOD, saying, "A great prophet has arisen among us, and GOD has visited His people!"

You may imagine the joy and gratitude of the poor mother, when she once more embraced her child, thus restored to her arms by the tender compassion of our good and most merciful JESUS. But, the history of Mary Magdalen is still more interesting, both because the favour which JESUS conferred upon her, by the pardon of her sins, was much greater than that given to the poor widow by the restoration of her child to life; and because her gratitude and love to JESUS were so intense, that from the instant of her conversion, she became the most devoted of his followers, and in company with our Blessed Lady and St. John, she stood at the foot of the cross and saw him die, when all the others, who once followed and loved him, had fled and hid themselves in fear.

Mary Magdalen lived in a town called Bethania, and she was so well known for the wickedness of her life, that she everywhere went by the name of the "Sinner." Probably she had often heard our Saviour preach, and had admired in secret the purity of life which he proposed to the imitation of his followers. One day, however, the grace of GOD entered more entirely into her heart, and reflect-

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ing upon her sins, she was so struck by their enormity, that without making the least delay, she resolved to seek for JESUS and ask his forgiveness. Now it happened, that JESUS was this day dining with a man called Simon, and probably many more guests were at the same entertainment. Most people would have been ashamed of confessing their sins before such numbers, but Mary was so grieved at her own wickedness, and so anxious to obtain the forgiveness of JESUS, that she could not wait until the feast was over; but, rushing at once into the chamber she knelt down at his feet, quite regardless of the crowd that was gazing in astonishment on her. Mary Magdalen did not tell our dear Saviour what she wanted, for she well knew that he was the Son of GOD, and GOD Himself; and therefore that every feeling of her heart was known to him as it was to herself. She did not even speak to him; but she wept so bitterly, that his sacred feet were quite bathed with her tears; then taking a box of spikenard, she poured that precious ointment on them, and afterwards, having nothing at hand more suited to the purpose, she wiped them with her long and beautiful hair. I believe Simon, with whom JESUS was at dinner, was a very proud man, for seeing the kindness with which our Saviour received the poor penitent Magdalen, he began to murmur and think within himself—"Surely this man is not a prophet, or he would know that this woman whom he allows to touch him is a sinner." JESUS knew the thoughts of Simon, and having spoken to him and convinced him of his injustice, he turned towards the woman, and said to Simon, "Dost thou see this woman? I came into thy house and thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she has washed them with her tears and wiped them with her hair. Thou gavest me no kiss, but she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Thou didst not anoint my head with oil, but she with ointment has annointed my feet. Therefore, I say to thee, many sins are forgiven her, because she has loved much." Having spoken in this manner to Simon, he bade Mary go in peace, which she did, full of contrition for her sins, and joy at the tenderness with which JESUS had received and forgiven her. From that day she led a most holy and innocent life, which you may easily believe when I tell you, that she was the first to whom JESUS granted the happiness of beholding him after his resurrection, and that she was the messenger whom he sent to his apostles, to tell them that he was indeed risen from the dead.

This is the story of Mary the sinner, and you will see from it how

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good GOD is, and how willingly He pardons all those, who having done wrong like Mary, are sorry for it as Mary was. In order that you may understand the speech which JESUS made to Simon, I must explain to you, that in those days, it was the custom for a man to receive his visitor at the door of his house, giving him a kiss at the same time, as a sign of peace and good will; he then washed his feet, or caused them to be washed by the servants of his household, and afterwards he generally annointed his head with a sweet smelling oil. I am afraid, therefore, that Simon had not received our Blessed Saviour with the respect due to so great a guest, or JESUS would not have had to reproach him with the omission of these little acts of kindness. We may here admire the patient meekness of JESUS, who did not even take notice of the incivility of his reception, until in defence of poor Magdalen, he remarked, that with her abundant tears she had bathed his feet, and with her precious ointment had supplied the oil which Simon should have poured upon his head.

Our divine Redeemer now worked so many miracles among the people, that out of gratitude they wanted to make him their king. But JESUS, who had come upon earth to teach us how little, in the eyes of GOD, are the honors of this world, did not wish for the crown they were going to give him; so he fled from them and hid himself in the mountains, while his disciples got into a boat to return home as he bade them. They had no sooner put to sea than a great storm arose, and the boat was tossed about during the whole of the night. The next morning JESUS came down to the shore, and seeing them still struggling with the waves, he went towards them walking on the waters. Terrified at this extraordinary sight, the disciples screamed out aloud; but JESUS spoke to them, saying, "Fear not, it is I." St. Peter instantly knew the voice of his Divine Master, and leaping out of the boat he walked towards him, being full of faith in his power to save him. But the wind was so high and the waves so rough, that at last he lost courage and cried out to JESUS, who took him by the hand and entered the boat, when the wind fell and they rowed to shore.

Feast of the Conception of B. V. M. M. C. A.

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ON DEATH.

Behold our brethren sleep in death,
God hath recall'd their mortal breath;
For them no fears we entertain:
To live was Christ, to die was gain.

Ye Christians each, and one, and all,
Be ready to receive this call;
For Christ will shortly bring us home:
The way is through the narrow tomb.

Then shall we meet our brethren dear;
With them rejoice His voice to hear
Pronounce, "Ye blessed of the Lord,"
What rapture will these words afford!

To Father, Son, and Spirit high,
One God throughout eternity,
Our hearts with melody we raise,
In never ending hymns of praise.

S. M. S.

Feast of the Holy Innocents.

ST. AGATHA.

(See her life by Butler.)

"OH, MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

The giddy crowd rushed eagerly on,
To hear the judge on his judgment throne;
Each eye was fixed on a figure frail,
Of steadfast mien and of beauty pale.
She stood alone, in the midst of her foes,
And her cheek was white as the whitest rose,
And the earnest eyes she raised to heaven,
A ray of its light to them was given.

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The judge had spoken—the knife was near,
But Agatha showed no signs of fear;
And a glory fell on her high pale brow,
As the blood gushed forth from her neck of snow.
A murmur ran thro' the shrinking crowd,
For nature spoke in each heart aloud;
But the martyr raised her head to speak,
A sudden flush on her tender cheek.

"And art thou, oh tyrant! all dead to shame?
And hast thou forgotten thy mother's name?
And that breast from whence ye nourishment drew,
That for thee no thought but of love e'er knew?
In mine thou'st insulted thy mother's breast,
Thou hast torn the bosom that gave thee rest;
Yes! gashed with thy sacrilegious knife
In *me*, the being that gave thee life!

"I've a spouse undying who knows my heart,
Who knows I have chosen the virgin's part;
That from me no infant may ever claim
Or a mother's love, or a mother's name:
And never your bloodiest threats can move
My soul from the choice of its early love,
Nor your fetters shackle my spirit's flight,
To Christ, who awaits it in realms of light."

She ceased; but strange joy was in her eyes,
And her awful form appeared to rise;
She clasp'd her hands, and a holy light
Was round her then, like a raiment bright.
"O Thou!" she added, "Who hast my vows,
The virgin's hope, and the virgin's Spouse!
Recall me hence to thy vision blest,
My soul is fainting with thee to rest."

Then slowly she sank to the blood-stained earth,
Like a lily plucked in its spring-time birth:
But her soul impatient hath winged its way
To the Spouse she bought with her blood that day.

M. C. A.

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A CHAPTER OF DEATH.

THE sayings and doings of men, during the last moments of their mortal career, have always furnished abundant material for curious speculation and moral reflection. Whether as inspiring a salutary terror in the living, or for purposes of comfort and edification, the memories of such scenes must ever be fraught with deep interest for the philosopher and the Christian. We propose, in desultory and discursive mood, to recal and record in these pages the dying hours of many a remarkable or eminent personage, gleaning from their observations or demeanour at that eventful crisis, matter for remark, warning, or instruction. Such *obiter dicta* may be ranked amongst the curiosities of metaphysical experience, as exhibiting the tendencies and capabilities of the soul on the brink of its separation from the body, and on many occasions strikingly illustrating the poet's theory, that the "ruling passion is strong in death." The instances we may find occasion to notice, by turns characteristic, or edifying, whimsical, mournful, or horrific, will all possess that value which must attach to faithful transcripts from the great and varied book of human nature.

We place foremost in our category of mortuary retrospects, the memorable address of Cardinal Wolsey to Kyngston, the lieutenant of the Tower, after the monks of Leicester had received the half-expiring statesman within their monastery, because it has always appeared to us to embody a most notable illustration of that vivid sense of the utter nothingness of earthly greatness which breaks upon a mind suddenly and painfully awakened to the consciousness of long neglected duties:—

"Had I served my GOD as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs!"

How noble was the demeanour on the scaffold of the illustrious Sir Thomas More! the calm, yet intrepid, martyr to the loftiest sense of conscientious duty. When the headsman craved forgiveness for the compulsory part he was about to enact in the foul tragedy, Sir Thomas embraced him, saying, "Thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal; but my neck is so short that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of thy profession."

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The venerable Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, when summoned to execution, refused to lay her head upon the block: "So should traitors do," she said, "but I am none; and if you will have my head, you must win it as you can!" A horrible scene ensued, which terminated in the executioner's dragging the aged lady to the block by her hoary hair, and butchering her as he best could!

Of the unfortunate queen Anne Boleyn, the very last words she uttered upon the scaffold, addressed to her weeping attendants, were, "In your prayers to the Lord JESUS, forget not to pray for my soul!" Coupling this mode of expression with the fact, that on the morning of her execution she desired the consecrated elements might remain in her closet, that she might adore "the good Lord" whose real presence she recognized in them, it is evident that this injured and unhappy lady died in the ancient faith, however current may be the general impression of her Protestantism.

Jane Seymour, again, the mother of that arch little Protestant saint, Edward the Sixth (who, with all his sanctity, consigned, with genuine Tudor *sang froid*, his uncles, Lord Seymour and the Duke of Somerset, to the scaffold), and herself ordinarily spoken of as a partizan of the so-called Reformation, nevertheless, lived and died a Catholic,—so far at least as related to the articles of faith and ritual observances which distinguish our religion from Protestantism. Upon the novel dogma of her ruffianly husband's spiritual supremacy, whatever might have been her abstract opinions, womanly weakness may reasonably enough be pleaded in her behalf, if she withheld or qualified them, placed as she was within the immediate grasp of a tyrant who held the heads of his subjects so cheap, — including those of his wives.

Anne of Cleves, who had come to this country a Lutheran, also died a Catholic.

Of Henry the Eighth's last moments there are three separate accounts. According to one of them, he died the death of a despairing sinner; according to another, the only sign he manifested of attention to religious ministrations, was given by squeezing the hand of the apostate Cranmer; while one story is current of his having exhibited, during the illness immediately preceding his decease, sentiments of penitence and piety. Assuming the last of these statements to have any foundation, the former ones appearing to us more probable, it seems difficult to reconcile the sincerity of such a death-

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bed repentance with the fact, that at the very hour the king breathed his last, the guiltless Duke of Norfolk lay under sentence of death in the Tower, and his judicial murder, which was to have taken place in a few hours, was only stayed by the welcome intelligence of the tyrant's death.

The last words of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey were in relation to the hapless claims to the crown which had been preferred rather in her name, than by herself: — "As to the procurement or desire of such dignity by me, I wash my hands thereof, before GOD and all you Christian people this day."

Cranmer, the arch-apostle of political and religious tergiversation, exhibited, at the extremity of his flagitious career, a firmness and constancy worthy a more honourable cause. Condemned by the barbarous severity of those iron times to the most dreadful of deaths, he cherished to the last the hope of averting his fate, and, with that purpose, submitted to the most humiliating retractations. Finding these unavailable to save him, he may be said most emphatically to have made a virtue of necessity, by declaring at the stake that "the hand which had offended contrary to his heart should be the first to receive punishment," and by subsequently thrusting it into the flame, exclaiming, "This hath offended!"

Of the unfortunate Mary Stuart it is related, that on the fatal morning of her execution, "holding up the crucifix, she exclaimed, 'As thy arms, O GOD, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins!' 'Madam,' said the Earl of Kent, 'you had better leave such Popish mummeries, and bear Him in your heart.' She replied: 'I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings but I must at the same time bear Him in my heart.'"

The executioners interfered to prevent her female attendants from disrobing their ill-fated mistress, out of a sordid apprehension of not securing their own odious perquisites; upon which, Mary remarked, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to the offices of such rough grooms, but at the same time silenced the remonstrances of her handmaidens. Up to the moment of receiving the headsman's stroke, the murdered queen kept continually repeating, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

The natural death of Queen Elizabeth was more morally appalling than the tragical end of her beautiful rival and victim! "Days and nights were passed by her in sighs and tears. Her imagination

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conjured up the most frightful phantoms. At length she refused to go to bed, sitting day and night on a stool, bolstered up by cushions, seldom opening her lips, and declining all sustenance. For the Bishops and Lords of her council, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. He was of her own blood; from him, she consented to accept a basin of broth, but when he urged her to return to her bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there, he would never make the request.* To Cecil, who asked if she had seen spirits, she answered, that it was an idle question beneath her notice. He insisted that she must go to bed, if it were only to satisfy her people. 'Must!' she exclaimed, 'is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word, but thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die.' Ordering the others to depart, she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, 'My lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck.' He sought to console her, but she replied, 'No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me.' Her very last words, in reply to the applications made to her respecting the choice of a successor to the throne, were, 'I will have no rascal's son in my seat;' alluding to Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lord Hertford and Lady Catherine Grey."

Sir Walter Raleigh comported himself on the scaffold with undaunted composure. He asked for the axe, and feeling the edge, observed with a smile that it was a sharp medicine, but a physician for all diseases. Having laid his head upon the block, he gave the signal, but the slowness of the executioner provoked him to exclaim, "Why dost thou not strike? strike, man!"

Charles the First, addressing himself immediately before his execution, to Dr. Juxon, thus expressed himself: "I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father: I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God." The monarch's last words were, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown!"

Oliver Cromwell appears to have departed this life under the pleasing conviction of assured salvation. "Tell me," he said to Sterry, one of his chaplains, "is it possible to fall from grace?" "It is not possible," replied the obsequious divine. "Then," said the

* Was it the blood-stained form of Mary Stuart?

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dying man, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace." He then uttered a long prayer for the people, and expired in the course of a night rendered memorable in the superstitious imaginations of that epoch, by the violence of the storm which raged throughout its lapse. The Puritans discovered that nature herself had been convulsed at the death of their great protector; the Royalists believed, on the other hand, that on the wings of the whirlwind, demons had come to fetch his soul away!

The death-bed of Charles the Second, whose ominous reign had been fraught with such calamity to the Catholics, was rendered remarkable by the return of the dying monarch to that very religion which he had so bitterly persecuted. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had pertinaciously proffered his ministrations, and proposed administering the sacrament, of which the elements were actually brought into the royal chamber: Charles, however, doubtingly said he would think about it. Availing himself of an opportunity to address his brother, the duke of York, who knelt by the bedside, asked if he might send for a Catholic priest. "For GOD'S sake, do," replied the king; "but will it expose you to danger?" The duke answered that he cared not for that; and ordering all the attendants to leave the room, introduced father Huddleston. To this reverend confessor, Charles expressed his desire to die in the communion of the Church of Rome; professed grievous sorrow for his past sins, and in particular for having deferred his reconciliation to that late hour; expressed his hope of salvation through the merits of our Saviour; and participated in the sacraments of penance, holy Eucharist, and extreme unction. A night of great suffering ensued. The queen sent to crave pardon of her expiring lord: "Alas!" he exclaimed, "poor woman, she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart; take back to her that answer."

Of Viscount Stafford, the victim of Titus Oates' infamous perjuries, it is related, that when brought to the scaffold, "he fell on his knees, and pronounced aloud a prayer composed for the occasion. Then rising, he protested his innocence. The spectators listened with bare heads, and answered with cries of 'We believe you, my lord! God bless you, my lord!' Having embraced his friends, he knelt down and stretched himself on the block. The executioner poised the axe in the air, as if he were taking aim, but suddenly checking himself, brought it down again to his feet. Lord Stafford, raising his head, inquired the cause of the delay, and was told that

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he waited for a sign. 'Take your own time,' he replied, 'I shall make no sign. Do you forgive me, sir?' said the executioner. 'I do,' was his reply. After this short dialogue, he resumed his former posture, and at one stroke his head was severed from his body."

The last moments of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth were marked by circumstances of unusual horror. "He had warned the headsman not to mangle him, as he had mangled Lord Russell; and the very admonition seems to have unnerved the man for the execution of his task. He took his aim so unskilfully, or struck so feebly, that he inflicted but a slight gash, and the sufferer raising his body from the block, turned his head to the left side, as if he meant to complain. After two more strokes, life seemed to be extinct, and the executioner, alarmed at his own bloody work, threw down the axe, asserting with an oath that his heart failed him, and he would do no more!"

Lord Lovat, at the age of eighty-four, demeaned himself on the scaffold with stoical heroism; jested with the executioner, and when he laid his head on the block, exclaimed, with all the ardour of a Roman patriot: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

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The satirist Rabelais preserved to the last moment of his life the character he had always maintained for sneer and sarcasm. Although he had received all the rites of the Church, (of which, by the way, he was a minister,) it was impossible for those who surrounded his death-bed to ascertain whether he died a believer or an infidel. He dictated his will in these terms:—"Je n'ai rien vaillant, je dois beaucoup, je donne le reste aux pauvres." "I am nothing worth, owe a great deal, and give the residue to the poor."

Catherine of Medicis died of fever, brought on by violent rage: a fitting consummation, indeed, to the career of that bad, imperious woman.

The last hours of Cardinal Mazarin presented a remarkable contrast between his worldly cupidity, and dread of a future state. His confessor had enforced on him the necessity of restoring his ill-gotten wealth, an alternative he found much difficulty in subscribing to. At length it was suggested that he should make over all his riches whatsoever so the king, who, it was insinuated, would restore them, and thus absolutely legitimise the Cardinal's claim to their possession. The expedient was adopted, but for three days, passed

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by Mazarin in direful suspense, no such act of regal restitution as had been anticipated seemed forthcoming. At length the monarch took compassion of the expiring minister, and gave him back all his wealth, upon which the money-loving Cardinal made his will, and died in comparative happiness.

Louis XIV died in a very devotional frame of mind. To those who pressed round him with tears and lamentations, he addressed himself thus :—" Pourquoi pleurez-vous ? m'avez-vous cru immortel ?" " Why do you weep, did you suppose me to be immortal ?" He frequently spoke of his successor as the " young king," and in speaking of himself, made use of the expression, " When I was king !"

The infamous Regent Orleans, who, on the majority of Louis the Fifteenth, had consented to become prime-minister, led a life of such mingled toil and profligacy, that he soon reduced himself to a state of health that inspired his attendants with serious apprehensions. To warnings of his probably speedy dissolution, he replied " C'est tout ce que je désire." " It is all I most wish." Yielding, however, to the solicitations of friends, he promised to reform his conduct. But on the very day of such projected amendment, the attractions of a fresh intrigue forbade its execution, and in the criminal embraces of the Duchesse de Phalaris, he was stricken suddenly dead !

Molière expired while acting the part of his own " Malade imaginaire," and at that very period of the piece, in which Argan, to test the affection of his daughter, feigns death on the stage : an awful and remarkable kind of exit.

The comic poet and mad humorist, Scarron, was troubled during his last illness with an incessant and most exhausting hiccup. " Si j'en reviens, ô la belle satyre que je ferai contre le hoquet !" " If I recover what a fine satire I will write against the hiccup !" he exclaims in the midst of his sufferings. By his will, dictated from his deathbed, he bequeathed " five hundred pounds of patience to Corneille ; and to his wife, liberty to marry again."* Seeing every body around him in tears, he remarked to them, " Je ne vous ferai jamais autant pleurer que je vous ai fait rire," " I shall never make you weep as much as I have made you laugh." Just before he expired, he cried out " Par ma foi, je ne me serais jamais imaginé

* No bad legacy as it turned out, for Madame Scarron became the wife of Louis XIV.

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qu'il fut si facile de se moquer de la mort!" "By my faith, I should never have fancied it to have been so easy to laugh at death!"

The more accomplished than exemplary Abbé Prévost, author of "Manon Lescaut," and other ingenious works, met with a singularly tragical end. An apoplectic fit had laid him prostrate in the forest of Chantilly, where he was picked up and carried in a senseless state to an adjoining village. Here, it was deemed advisable by the local authorities to institute a post mortem examination of the body, previously to its sepulture. Upon a deep incision, however, being made in the supposed corpse, suspended animation was suddenly restored, and a piercing shriek, to the horror of the by-standers, revealed the agony which the knife had inflicted. L'Abbé Prévost had only awakened from the insensibility of disease, to expire almost immediately of the mortal wound!

Fontenelle, who died at the advanced age of nearly a hundred years, retaining his consciousness to the very last, went out of the world with so little suffering, that upon being asked, just before he expired, whether he experienced any pain, he replied, "Non, je sens seulement une difficulté d'être." "No, I only feel a difficulty of existing."

It is related of Restaud, a dialectician of some celebrity, that being *in extremis*, and having summoned his wife and children to receive his parting benediction, he addressed them in these words:—"Mes chers enfans, je m'en vais, *ou je m'en vas*, car l'académie n'a pas encore décidé!" which may be translated—"My dear children, I am going, or I am ganging; for the academy has not yet decided the point."

The reformer Melancthon, upon feeling conscious of the approaches of death, wrote down a list of considerations which appeared to him to render that event desirable; among which he enumerated, as one of the evils from which he was most anxious to escape—relief from theological controversy.

Locke expired in his arm-chair. Just before his death, he wrote a letter to his friend Collins, in which he declared that his only comfort was derivable from the recollection of the good he had been able to accomplish; and that two things alone could in this world yield any real satisfaction, the testimony of an approving conscience, and the hope of a future life.

Cardinal Richelieu died with as much seeming intrepidity as if he had felt his conscience utterly without reproach. Upon the holy

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viaticum being brought into his chamber, he exclaimed, "Voilà mon SEIGNEUR et mon DIEU, je proteste devant lui que dans tout ce que j'ai entrepris, je n'ai jamais eu en vue que le bien de la religion et de l'état."—"In the presence of my LORD and my GOD, I declare that in all my undertakings, I have never had any other object in view, but the welfare of religion and the state." Upon being asked whether he forgave his enemies, he replied, "Je n'ai d'ennemis que ceux de l'état."—"I have no enemies but those of the state."

The graceless Cardinal Dubois was attended on his death-bed by a Recollet Confessor. After some minutes' conversation, the latter proposed administering the sacrament of extreme unction, to which the other rejoined, "Doucement, doucement, on fait plus de façon avec un cardinal."—"Gently, gently, a little more ceremony with a cardinal."

Addison, when on the point of death, summoned his profligate son-in-law, and said to him, "I wished you to be present at my last moments, that you might see with what calmness a Christian dies."

The last words of Pope, were, "Nothing is praiseworthy but virtue and friendship; and friendship, indeed, is only part of virtue."

The death-bed of Voltaire, the great apostle of infidelity, is described as having been truly fearful. "The perturbation of his last days was extreme;" so writes the French author whose words we quote: "Despair, insensibility, and hesitation alternately characterized the interviews which he held with the Curé of St. Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier. Their united ministrations had been utterly ineffectual, when the latter observing the imminent danger of Voltaire, addressed one more stirring exhortation to the dying sinner. But the Curé of St. Sulpice, turning to his colleague, exclaimed in a tone of the deepest affliction, 'Alas, alas! he has lost all consciousness!' The infidel was no more.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, while pursuing his customary morning avocations, dropped down on the floor in a fit, fracturing his head in the fall, and never awakened.

Madame de Pompadour,—who expiated by becoming conduct in her latter days, the frailties and scandal of her former life,—said to the priest, who was now taking leave of her, just after administering to her the last rites of the Church, "Un moment, Monsieur le Curé, nous nous en irons ensemble."—"Wait a moment, M. le Curé, and we will go together."

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Danton said to the executioner, just before his death, "Show my head to the peeple, it is well worth looking at."

One of the first victims of the French revolutionary phrenzy was the notorious Madame Dubarry, the tenour of whose maturer life had in some measure atoned for the scandal of her earlier days. She uttered on the scaffold the most piercing and heart-rending cries for mercy; was pursued and dragged to her fate by the executioner; and at the very moment the knife fell, was exclaiming, "M. le bourreau, encore un moment!" It was remarked, that of all the female victims of that epoch of terror, she had, when brought to the block, displayed the least amount of moral courage.

Robespierre, on finding himself deserted by all his former friends, and to avoid being taken alive, placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth, and blew out part of his jaw. In this mangled state he was carried to the hall of the committee of public safety, and stretched upon the very table at which he had signed so many death-warrants. The wound was imperfectly bandaged, and he passed a whole day in a state of exquisite torture, unable to express his wants, and exposed to the bitterest insults of his enemies. Upon his attempting to stanch the blood that flowed in profusion from his face, a handkerchief, steeped in blood, was scoffingly offered him, which he pushed aside. "It is only blood," said one, "the thing in which you delight!" He cast a disdainful look at the speaker, and calmly wiped his face. Robespierre was conducted in a cart to execution, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th July 1794, amidst the acclamations of thousands. The gendarmes that lined the streets, tauntingly pointed, with their outstretched sabres, at his ghastly blood-stained visage, and when the "cortège" reached Robespierre's dwelling house, it halted, in conformity with the cruel refinement of that day, and women danced round the cart! Upon the scaffold, the executioner rudely tore off the bandage from the criminal's face. The latter uttered a fearful scream, his jaw bones parted asunder, torrents of blood spouted forth, and his head presented a spectacle hideous indeed to behold. He was made to witness the execution of eleven of his accomplices, before his own turn, dismissed unrepentant, from this world, as foul a demon as had ever been incarnate in man.

M. de Malesherbes, the able and chivalrous defender of Lewis XVI, and who, in due course of time, followed his unfortunate client to the scaffold, stumbled, as he walked forth from his prison to

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execution, and, righting himself, gaily observed, "A Roman would have regarded this mishap as a bad omen, and turned back again!"

William Pitt's last words were addressed to the Bishop of Lincoln, in reply to the latter's religious exhortations. "I fear," he said, "that, like many others, I have been too neglectful of prayer, for it to avail me much on my death-bed, but I recommend myself to the mercy of GOD!"

Nelson, who, in the arms of victory, encountered the grasp of death, preserved to the latest period of his ebbing life, the same ardent and unwearied zeal for his country's glory that, throughout his career, had characterized his unmatched achievements. Repeatedly, and with fretful impatience, during the slow progress of his mortal agony, he demanded of his attendants "whether the French admiral had struck his flag?" nor seemed to bestow upon his own hopeless condition a moment's consideration, until the glad tidings of triumph had been made known to him. The last words of the hero were, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" the very command which most precisely suited the circumstances of the moment, a proof of the tenacity with which, on the very brink of the grave, his unconquered and mighty spirit embraced all the duties of his position.

Desaix, when he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo, exclaimed: "Allez, dire au Prémier Consul que je meure avec le régret de n'avoir pas assez fait pour vivre dans la postérité." "Go, tell the First Consul that I die with the regret of not having yet achieved enough to entitle me to live in the estimation of posterity."

The brave and gallant Duc d'Enghien, ignominiously massacred in the ditch of Vincennes, was summoned in the middle of the night to meet his fate. Upon observing the preparations for his execution, he exclaimed, "Ah! grâce au ciel! je mourrai de la mort d'un soldat!" "Heaven be praised! I shall die a soldier's death!" Upon requesting to be allowed the spiritual ministrations of a clergyman, he was greeted with the insulting reply, "Est-ce que tu veux mourir comme un Capucin? Tu demandes un prêtre; bah! ils sont tous couchés à cette heure çi." "Have you a mind to die like a capuchin? You want a priest! pshaw, they are all in bed at this time!" Without replying to this infamous speech, the unfortunate prince knelt down, prayed fervently for a few moments, and then, rising, exclaimed, "Let us proceed." When they were about to fire on him, he said to the gendarmes appointed to perform that duty, "Now then, my friends!" to which an insolent and

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ferocious voice rejoined, "You have no friends here!" He who uttered this brutal gibe was Murat, who, when meeting, many years later, with a precisely similar fate, may have remembered, with some feeling of compunctious visiting, having been present at the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. "Epargnez la tête, visez au cœur!" "Spare my head, aim at my heart!" was the ex-king of Naples' own dying request."

When Marshal Ney was awakened on the morning of his death, by an officer who proceeded to read him his death-warrant, in which were enumerated all his titles, he remarked, "Que ne dites vous simplement Michel Ney, aujourd'hui soldat Français, et bientôt un peu de poussière." "Why not rather simply say Michael Ney, now a French soldier, and soon but a heap of dust." Having performed all his religious duties, and taken an affecting leave of his family, he exclaimed, just before the moment of his execution, "Je déclare en face de DIEU et des hommes, que je n'ai jamais été traître à ma patrie, puisse ma mort la rendre heureuse! Vive la France!" "I declare, in the presence of GOD and man, that I have never been a traitor to my country. May my death render her happy! Long live France!" Refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he bared his breast, gave the word to fire, and fell.

The murdered Duc de Berri's chief concern, during the last hours of his life, seemed to be how he could bespeak mercy for his assassin. To the king, who visited him on his bed of death, he thus expressed himself: "Grâce pour la vie de l'homme, et que je meure tranquille, cela adoucira mes derniers momens! Mon oncle, je vous demande la grâce de la vie pour l'homme!" "Let the man's life be spared, that I may die in peace; it will sooth my last moments! Uncle, I implore you to spare that man's life."

The last words of Napoleon, after a formal, and it is to be hoped devout compliance with all the rites of the Catholic Church, were—"Tête d'armé," proving that the flitting spirit of the warrior was still hovering amidst the scenes of his ancient glory.

Madame de Stael, who had contracted the evil habit of swallowing opium, indulged it to great excess during her last illness. At intervals of mental consciousness she exclaimed—"Mon père m'attend sur l'autre bord!" "My father awaits me on the other shore!" A short time before she expired she said, "Je crois savoir ce que c'est que le passage de la vie à la mort, et je suis sure que la bonté de DIEU nous l'adoucit. Nos idées se troublent et la souffrance n'est

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pas très vive." "I think I now know the nature of our passage from life to death, and I feel assured that the goodness of God alleviates its pang. Our ideas become confused, and our sufferings not very acute."

The famous surgeon Dupuytren, who, during his life, had lent a seeming countenance to the prevailing scepticism and infidelity of the times, upon his death-bed, testified in these words to the great truths of religion. "Quoiqu'en puissent dire les indévots, je veux mourir dans le sein d'une religion que je n'ai pas toujours pratiquée, mais à laquelle j'ai toujours cru." "Whatever freethinkers may say, I am resolved to die in the communion of a faith which I have not always lived up to, but in which I have always placed my confidence."

Lord Byron's dying words are reported to have been—"Poor Greece! poor town! my poor servants.....Why was I not aware of this sooner?.....My hour is come; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here?" At another moment he said, "There are things which make the world dear to me, for the rest I am content to die." He spoke also of Greece, saying: "I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life; what could I do more?" At length, saying, "I shall now go to sleep," he fell into that slumber from which he never awakened.

The last moments of Sir Walter Scott are thus described by his son-in-law: "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you: my dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. He paused, and I said, shall I send for Sophia and Anne? No, said he, don't disturb them, poor souls! I know they were up all night, God bless them all!"

Madame Roland, who fell a victim to that very revolutionary frenzy of which her own writings and advocacy had fanned the flame, inclined herself, on the scaffold, towards the statue of liberty, and exclaimed, "Oh! liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The reconciliation effected by that modern Machiavel, Talleyrand, on his death-bed, with the Catholic Church, partook of the wariness which had distinguished every action of his life. Protocol after protocol had been exchanged with ecclesiastical authority, before terms of adjustment could be finally arranged; so that the ex-episcopal

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diplomate's revived spirit of religion seemed less like the ordinary terror of death-bed repentance, than a calm predetermination to go out of the world respectably enough to entitle himself to Christian burial. His last moments were characteristic of the man. The attendants were reciting by his bed-side the prayers for the dying, which he appeared too senseless to understand; but upon invocation being made of Saints Charles and Maurice, the patron name-sakes of the expiring man, he opened his eyes, a smile of complacency gleamed across his countenance, indicative, as it were, of consciousness and acknowledgment, and he quietly breathed his last.

David Hume died in a quiescent state of confirmed atheism,—of all degrees of spiritual blindness the most fearful.

The infidel Mirabeau compared himself, on his death-bed, to Achilles. "Soutiens cette tête, c'est la plus forte de France." "Hold up my head, it is the soundest one in France," he observed to one of his attendants. To a friend that visited him, he exclaimed, "Mon ami, je mourrai aujourd'hui. Il ne reste plus qu'à s'envelopper de parfums. Vous m'avez promis de m'épargner des souffrances inutiles." "My friend, I shall die to-day. Nothing now remains but to wrap ourselves in perfumes. You promised to spare me all needless suffering." He then clamoured repeatedly for opium, and died under its influence.

Of David, the French historical painter, who, during the frenzy of the French revolution, officiated as master of the ceremonies in the revival and arrangement of the Pagan pomps organized to supplant Christianity,—the last words were, in allusion to his own picture of the Thermopylæ, a sketch of which had been placed before him,—"Il n'y a que moi qui pouvâis concevoir la tête de Léonidas!" "I alone could have imagined the head of Leonidas!"

So strongly impressed were habits of business, combined with a certain happy quaintness of humour, on the mind of the late eminent Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, that upon his physician's taking leave of him, a short time previously to his dissolution, he said to them, "Gentlemen, you are discharged," the words in ordinary use, addressed by a judge to the jury, upon releasing the latter from their official duties.

Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher, died reciting the Psalms in Hebrew.

George IV seems to have experienced, and closely analyzed, as it were, the very nature of the death pang. For it is recorded of

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his last moments, that, being rather suddenly seized with some violent spasm, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is death!" and immediately expired.

"How do you find yourself?" said his attendants to the dying Schiller. "Calmer every moment," was the poet's reply.

By way of juxta-position, and contrast with many a foregoing instance, we may not inappositely recall to mind the closing scenes of some of our illustrious canonized saints, and other distinguished members of the Catholic Church.

When, staggering beneath the fatal blows of his assassins, St. Thomas of Canterbury felt the blood trickling down his face, he joined his hands and bowed his head, saying, "In the name of Christ, and for the defence of his Church, I am ready to die." In this posture, turned towards his murderers, without a groan, and without a motion, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees; the third laid him on the floor, at the foot of St. Bennet's altar. The upper part of his skull was broken in pieces, and Hugh of Horsea, planting his foot on the archbishop's neck, with the point of his sword drew out the brains, and strewed them over the pavement.

When the holy viaticum was brought into the death-chamber of St. Theresa, she exclaimed, "Come, Lord! the hour is then at hand when I am to leave this abode of exile, the moment of my deliverance is near." She expired reciting many times over the Psalm "Miserere," and repeatedly dwelling on the verse, "A contrite and humble heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise."

Bayard, the mirror of Catholic chivalry, when he received his death-wound, exclaimed, "Jésus, mon DIEU! je suis mort." He refused to be removed from the mélée, saying that he had no mind at that last hour to turn his back for the first time upon an enemy. Feeling his end approach, with instinctive devotion, he grasped and embraced the hilt of his sword, in which his fancy recognized the form of a crucifix, and confessed his sins to his esquire at arms. Just before he died, the constable of Bourbon approached, and loudly deplored the impending event; but Bayard exclaimed, "It is not I that need compassion, but rather you who are fighting against your king and country!"

(To be continued.)

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The Catholic Magazine.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

No spot in France better deserves, and, at the same time, less attracts, the general notice of travellers, than the "deep solitudes, and awful cells," which, amidst the wooded mountains of Dauphiny, still perpetuate the memory of the great saint who chose those lonely wilds for the scene of his penitential austerities, and became the founder of an order, celebrated ever since for the ascetic sanctity of its brethren.

By the pious and learned Cardinal Bona, the Carthusians were denominated "the great miracles of the world; men living in the flesh as out of the flesh; the angels of the earth, representing John the Baptist in the wilderness; the principal ornament of the Church; eagles soaring up to heaven, whose state is justly preferred to the institutes of all other religious orders."

At a period of life when riches, the respect and consideration of men, and the prospect of an archiepiscopal dignity, combined to retain him in the world, St. Bruno, actuated by an inward and mysterious, but all powerful, bias for solitude and contemplation, forsook the commerce of mankind, and, after some peregrination, fixed himself, with a few chosen companions, among the rocks and forests of Chartreuse, where, under the protection of Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, he, in the year 1084, laid the foundation of that illustrious order of the Carthusians, which for centuries flourished, a nursery of saints, and a bye-word for human perfection. These new fathers of the desert, resided in separate cells, assembling together but on Sundays and feast days. Unceasing prayer and labour filled up their time. Tilled by their hands, the howling wilderness was made fertile; hallowed by their devotion, its solitariness was made to resound with the praises of the living God. Their fare consisted but of the coarsest bread, and boiled herbs; beneath their monastic habit, they wore hair shirts; they bound themselves to perpetual silence; and, of their whole manner of life, mortification of the flesh,

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and elevation of the soul to heaven, were the exclusive features. St. Bruno was not permitted long to indulge his eager yearnings for holy retirement. The fame of his great attainments and eminent sanctity, was too rife in the world he had quitted, and Pope Urban II peremptorily required his presence at Rome. The grief of the disciples whom he then found himself compelled to abandon, was indescribably poignant, and others amongst them followed their master to the eternal city, and vainly endeavoured, in the midst of its din and distraction, to practise in common the contemplative exercises of piety, to which they had addicted themselves, with such love and fervour, among the rocks and forests of Chartreuse. Thither, after a time, they returned; but St. Bruno was not restored to them. He had become of indispensable utility to the councils of the Pontiff; and, not till he had peremptorily refused to accept the archbishopric of Reggio, was he at length allowed to retire to the south of Italy, and resume, with other followers, the ascetic pursuits of eremetical life.

Meanwhile, the community of Chartreuse flourished and ramified. In 1228, Guy, fifth prior, drew up in writing the rules of the order, which were modified and augmented by subsequent chapters, and finally completed in 1581. In England, as in every other country where the establishments of the Carthusians existed, the learning and exalted piety of those venerable men, had thrown around their institution a halo of general veneration; but universal respect and reverence sufficed not to shield them from the rapacious cruelties of King Henry VIII, whose sweeping measures of monastic spoliation, of course involved them in the general ruin. The blood of eighteen English monks, of the Carthusian order, martyred during that remorseless epoch, still cries to heaven for vengeance upon the apostates of the pretended reformation!

The Church has ever regarded with peculiar favour, and pre-eminently distinguished, the disciples of St. Bruno from those of every other religious institution, permitting members of different monastic professions to exchange them, as a matter of course, for the rule and habit of the Carthusians, as an acknowledged state of greater austerity and perfection.

The testimony of Voltaire to their excellence, may be received without much suspicion of partiality:—

"The Carthusians," says that infidel author, "entirely consecrate their time to fasting, to silence, to solitude, and prayer; remaining perfectly

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at rest in the midst of a tumultuous world, the noise of which scarcely ever reaches their ears, and knowing their respective sovereigns no otherwise than by the prayers in which their names are inserted."

At the period of the first French revolution, the famous monastery of "La Grande Chartreuse" was shorn of all its endowments and possessions, and the inhabitants of St. Laurent du Pont, and other adjacent villages, which had belonged to the monks, found themselves deprived of kind and liberal landlords, under whom they had enjoyed a long course of competence and prosperity. It is worthy here of passing remark, that the results which followed in France, upon the avowed and utter prostration of Christianity, were, as regarded the suppression of religious houses, precisely analogous to those which in England marked its supposed reformation!

In its fallen estate, however, "La Grande Chartreuse" still offers to the lover of natural sublimity and devotional inspiration, a spectacle that takes every feeling captive.

On the subject of that famous monastery, the author of "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," thus expresses himself: "There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a place for his retirement."

If such were the impressions produced by the solitude of Chartreuse on the mind of a Protestant, whose whole educational system has indisposed him to sympathize with monastic establishments, how doubly vivid should be the emotions of a Catholic, when visiting scenes hallowed by the memories of long lines of saints!

From the town of Grenoble, principally remarkable for the bold precipitous rock, bristling with fortification, that overlooks the valley in which it stands, and which has been called the Ehrenbreitstein of the Isère; an excursion to La Grande Chartreuse may be accomplished with ease within the limits of a summer's day.

At the village of St. Laurent du Pont, the traveller leaves the carriage road, and must perform the remainder of his journey on horseback. The first part of his route lies through a verdant and wooded valley, which gradually contracts into a rugged gorge, of Alpine character and grandeur. At Fourvoirie, near a deserted iron forge, the mountains close in, the river Guiers Mort, hemmed in by perpendicular precipices of enormous altitude, alone rending, as it were, its deep and rapid course through a seemingly insurmountable barrier of rock. A bridge of one arch crosses the narrow ravine,

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through which the deep green waters force their way, and a Gothic gateway marks the limit of the domain formerly known as "the desert of St. Bruno." The combination of picturesque objects at this juncture of the traveller's progress, forms such an assemblage of romantic beauties as he will not readily forget. Within the arch, the rough mule-path he must pursue winds along the side of the defile, having on one side of it a yawning precipice, on the other cliffs of perpendicular height, of which the gray and rugged altitudes are softened and beautified by dense and most luxuriant foliage. The noise of rushing waters, awfully breaks the stillness of the general scene, and, at every turn of the rugged road, new combinations of natural beauty break upon the sight. A dizzy bridge, without parapet, again spans the yawning gorge and watery abyss, after crossing which, a second gateway is reached, absolutely embedded in stupendous rocks, beyond which, according to the original rule of St. Bruno, no woman was allowed to pass. The mountain summits are now reached, and the traveller looks down upon a vast expanse of forest and vale. Buried in dark woods, out of which pieces of meadow have here and there been partially cleared, surrounded on every side by overhanging and umbrageous heights, and at an elevation of 4,268 feet above the level of the sea, stands the time-honoured, once prosperous, and now neglected monastery of "La Grande Chartreuse."

The desolateness of its aspect harmonizes with the feeling of its fallen grandeur; but he who has sought that mountain fastness only to indulge sentiments of meditative devotion, will not turn away unedified or uninterested from the contemplation of a now reduced community of humble brethren, leading, among the wilds which their founder loved eight centuries ago, a life of prayer and penitence, fashioned upon the practices of which his example had transmitted to them the memory.

Various conflagrations, by some unaccountable fatality, occurring at different stages of its history, have so injured the monastery of "La Grande Chartreuse," that, in an architectural point of view, it has little in the way of grandeur or antiquity to recommend it;—long low piles of building, covered with huge slate roofs, forming its prevailing feature. Its cold corridors are mournful and chilly indeed! One of them, 660 feet in length, includes a portion of a Gothic cloister, the most interesting remnant now extant at Chartreuse of its ancient splendours. A bare enclosure, unadorned by any funeral

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monuments, constitutes the burial-ground of the Carthusians. Stone crosses formerly marked the graves of the Superiors of the order; but were destroyed during the frenzy of the French Revolution; now, an humble and fragile cross of wood alone marks the last resting-place of each departed monk. The chapel, a large unadorned edifice, resounds night and day with the services of the Church; and in the chapter-house a marble statue of St. Bruno, and a few pictures of some of his eminent successors, serve but to make the barrenness of the general desolation more apparent. The professed monks, now thirty-three in number, have separate habitations and gardens, and in each cell a crucifix and skull betoken the ordinary meditations of its occupant. Their white habit and mortified demeanour impart to these votaries of the wilderness a dreamy and vaporous aspect, which seems to blend all that is most elevating in religion with the captivations of romance. The servitors of the monastery, eighteen in number, are clad in brown. Hospitality to strangers continues to be, as heretofore, the law of these good Carthusians; but, stript by the rapacity of man of their lawful possessions, they can but scantily exercise that virtue, and gratefully acknowledge any slight offering, which the charity of strangers so naturally makes to the convent poor-box, in return for the humble fare cheerfully proffered to their acceptance. About a mile-and-a-half from the monastery, is "the chapel of St. Bruno," close to the cavernous cell, which was once the identical retreat selected for himself by the great founder of the Carthusians. The original habitations of his companions were swept away by an avalanche. To this holy chapel, the monks of "La Grande Chartreuse" processionally repair on the feast of St. Bruno, and other great solemnities, and afterwards dine together in the refectory: on all other occasions their meals are taken in silence and solitude. A crucifix crowns the loftiest peak that overlooks the wilderness of Chartreuse, called "Le grand Som," marking, as it were, the whole of that sublime and desolate region, as a meet scene for grave meditation on the mournful mystery of human redemption! The spirits of the just seem to hover around and hallow those solitary sites. Downcast, indeed, are the eyes of those humble men of GOD, but their pure souls are soaring to heaven. Inured to every mortification of sense, and regarding their bodies only as the vile tenements in which their immortal spirits are doomed to pass a transitory hour, they regard

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the world they have quitted as a phantom, and that alone as reality which lies beyond the tomb!

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The rule of St. Bruno very strictly enforced the exclusion of women from his domains: even now they are received in a building apart from the main body of the monastery, which they are not permitted to enter. The fair sex may construe the saint's rigidity in their regard, into an involuntary compliment to fascinations, which were supposed capable of abstracting even hermits from their devotions.

Such an apprehension is pretty clearly shadowed forth in the following rule, extracted from the regulations of the order, committed to writing by Guignet, fifth prior of "La grande Chartreuse," in 1137:—

"Nous ne permettons jamais aux femmes d'entrer dans notre enceinte; car nous savons que ni le sage, ni le prophète, ni le juge, ni l'hôte de Dieu, ni ses enfans, ni même le premier modèle sorti de ses mains, n'ont pu échapper aux caresses ou aux tromperies des femmes. Qu'on se rappelle Salomon, David, Samson, Loth, et ceux qui ont pris les femmes qu'ils avaient choisies, et Adam lui-même; et qu'on sache bien que l'homme ne peut cacher du feu dans son sein sans que ses vêtemens soient embrâsés, ni marcher sur des charbons ardens sans se bruler la plante des pieds."

A passage of which, for the benefit of the solitary individual in every thousand of our readers who may need it, we subjoin the following translation:—"We never permit women to enter our precincts; for we know that neither the wise man, nor the prophet, nor the judge, nor the host of GOD, nor his children, nor even the first man whom GOD made, could remain proof against the allurements and deceptions of women. Let the examples of Solomon, David, Samson, Lot, and of others, who took to themselves wives of their choice, and of Adam himself, be borne in mind; and let it be well known that man cannot conceal fire in his bosom without consuming his garments, nor tread on red-hot coals without burning the soles of his feet."

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A CHAPTER OF DEATH.

(Concluded from our last.)

Louis the Sixteenth, on leaving his prison the morning of his execution, asked pardon of one of his gaolers for some hasty words he had addressed to him a day or two before, prompted, no doubt by some brutal insult or another. On the scaffold, the martyred king thus addressed the people: "Je meurs innocent de tous les crimes qu'on m'impute, je pardonne aux auteurs de ma mort, et je prie Dieu que ce sang que vous allez répandre, ne retombe jamais sur la France."—"I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge, I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray to GOD that the blood you are about to shed, may never fall back upon France!"..... He would have proceeded, but a roll of drums silenced him, and the guillotine fell upon one of the most virtuous of the kings of France!

Fenelon, during intervals of intense agony, expressed delight in becoming so assimilated to his suffering Redeemer. "Christo confixus sum cruci" he many times repeated, and when his torture was most severe, continued to ejaculate, "Yes, Lord! thy will be done, and not mine." To his family and many friends, clustering around the bedside of their beloved archbishop, he bade an affectionate farewell, and bestowed on them a solemn benediction, after which, listening to the prayers for the departing, recited by the Superior of the seminary of Cambrai, he gently breathed his last.

When one of the friends who surrounded the death-bed of Bossuet, promised to keep guard over his posthumous glory, the dying prelate made an effort to exclaim "Qui parle ici de gloire? demandez pour moi pardon à Dieu de mes péchés!" "Who is it speaks to me of glory? beg rather of GOD to forgive me my sins."

Madame Louise Marie, the youngest daughter of Lewis XV, who to the splendours of birth, and the luxuries of the most magnificent court in Europe, had preferred the habit of a Carmelite nun, in one of the poorest convents of France, died in the very odour of sanctity of an illness accelerated by the austerities of that severe order operating upon her naturally delicate constitution.

During the last illness of Blaise Pascal, he directed that a poor sick man should be laid by his bedside, and that every attention and comfort lavished upon himself, should be shared in equal degree by his humble brother in Christ.

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Of St. Thomas Aquinas, it is recorded, that conscious of the approaches of death, he "begged to be taken off his bed, and laid upon ashes spread upon the floor. Thus lying on the ground, weak in body but vigorous in mind, he waited for the priest with tears of the most tender devotion. When he saw the host in the priest's hand, he said, I firmly believe that JESUS CHRIST, true GOD and true man, is present in this august Sacrament. I adore thee, my GOD, and my Redeemer."

When in his dying moments, the medical attendants were vainly essaying the application of hot irons to the neck, and caustic to the bared scalp, of St. Francis of Sales, he is reported to have shed tears under excess of pain, and many times repeated "Wash me, O Lord, from my iniquities, and cleanse me from my sins."

The philanthropic St. Vincent of Paul, on the very night of his death, thus apostrophised a young priest that stood at the bed foot, who had evinced some astonishment at the composure with which the holy man seemed to contemplate his approaching end: "Mon frère, ne soyez pas scandalisé si vous ne me voyez pas préparer par la crainte et le tremblement à ce passage: il y a vingt ans que Dieu me fait la grâce de m'endormir chaque soir avec cette pensée que je ne me réveillerai plus." "Be not scandalised, brother, if I do not seem to prepare with fear and trembling for this passage: for twenty years past GOD has given me grace to fall asleep every night under the impression that I may never wake again."

We cannot better conclude this chapter of mortuary records, than by extracting the glowing description of the last moments of our glorious Saint, Francis Xavier. The passage derives additional interest from the fact of its being the tribute of a Protestant pen, to the memory of one of the illustrious Apostles of the Catholic Church.

"His earthly toils and projects were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital powers. It was a solitude, and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society, and

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the purest of all the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance, and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith, and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum," he bowed his head and died.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA,

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, IN 1058, TILL THE CAPTURE OF RHODES, IN 1315.

THE death of Guy of Lusignan, and the murder of Conrad, having left the throne of Jerusalem, and the lordships of Jaffa and Ascalon, vacant, the invitation of the people induced Henry, Count of Champagne, to accept of the titular sceptre. The truce of Richard was expired, and the weakness of the Moslem, the calls of the Latins, and of the master of St. John's, as well as the voice of Celestine III, arose, inviting a new crusade, with prospect of good success. The Germans, under the Duke of Saxony, were the first to obey the call; and if fortune frowned on their first arrival in Syria, for a short while, the decisive victory gained over Saphadine, between Tyre and Sidon, turned the scale, and promised future success. All the sea-coast of Palestine was in the hands of the Christians; the Saracens were defeated, and all that was wanted apparently for complete success, was an instant march to Jerusalem. But the crusaders unfortunately stopped at the small port of Thoron; and, after a month's preparation, the mines were wrought beneath the walls that were already tottering. The Saracens wished to capitulate, but with con-

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fidence of their superiority, plans of revenge seem to have entered into the thoughts of the Christians, and while they hesitated, the enemy took courage and resolved to fight their way through the hosts of the besiegers. Dissensions then, or news of the concentration of the Egyptian with the Syrian force, struck a sudden and unaccountable panic into the Germans; in the moment of success they abandened their camp, and fled, with no enemy behind, in such precipitation, that the road between Thoron and Tyre was strewed with the baggage, the arms even, of the Christians. It is true that when they recovered from their panic, they again met the enemy and were successful; but they did not follow up their victory by active measures; but tired of constant engagements, and worn by the climate, they returned to Europe, leaving a few, who fortified themselves in Jaffa, and were afterwards all massacred by a sudden irruption of the Mahomedans, in June 1197.

About this time the King of Jerusalem died, and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers did not find it a difficult task to engage Isabella to take for her fourth husband, Almeric, the brother of Guy, and unite the kingdom of Cyprus with the titular throne of Jerusalem. But he, fearing the feuds and troubled state of the times, bequeathed the government of the island to the Knights of St. John.

In 1202, the grand mastership was held by Alfonso of Portugal; who, shortly after his election, summoned a general chapter of his order, to take into consideration its reformation, as many and grievous relaxations of the original institute had crept in during the troublous and unsettled state, that must necessarily have attended the destruction of the Latin throne. Some of these regulations were wise and just, and continued to support the high character of the brethren in a later period of their history; but, unfortunately, the mind of Alfonso looked to too great perfection, and in straining too much, he overreached his aim. He himself showed the example of moderation in his dress, his attendants, his personal state; but when he wished to make the whole conform to his model, when he reproached the order with their luxury and effeminacy, and wished to bring them back to the simplicity and austerity of the original institute of Raymond du Puys, he heard the murmurs of the chapter, which rose to vindication, as they repelled the charge of luxury, and of breaking their vows, and argued for the incompatibility of other than their present mode of life, with the continued wars they were engaged in. He took too high a tone. "I must be obeyed, and

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that without reply," he said; but the insubmissive chapter calmly expressed their sentiments by the voice of one of its members, "that they were not accustomed to hear their superiors assume the tone of an absolute sovereign." The firmness of the chapter, and of the order in general, withstood the well-meant obstinacy of Alphonso, and they had reached a state of open and avowed disobedience to his statutes, when the anarchy was ended by the abdication of his dignity, the same year; when he retired to Portugal, and was succeeded by Geoffroy le Rat, of whose reign we may only remark, that the popular histories antidate nearly ten years his accession to the dignity, and make him the head of the order during the quarrel of the Templars, which we have already described; that the fifth crusade failed in its purpose, and fell not on the infidel, but on the unfortunate Greek Emperor and on Constantinople, which was plundered by the Latin troops, and gave a Latin prince to the failing empire; that the success of the Latin adventurers at Constantinople induced Saphadin to conclude a treaty of peace for six years with the Christians; and that after so many years Geoffroy le Rat was succeeded by Guerin de Montagne.

Though the purpose of the Hospitallers was to wage war against the infidels of Palestine, they used their arms also against the infidels of other countries. The prior of the order in Spain, Guterro de Ermigildo, had signalized himself by the boldness with which he repelled the invasion of Mohammed Mira-Molin, the Emperor of Barbary, when he was called over by his kinsmen Moors, to assist them against the power of Alfonso of Castile; and brother Guerin in France, no less distinguished himself by the defence of the Church in the crusade against the Albigenses. As the real and abominable doctrines of that sect are but little known, or glozed over by a false standard, which sees in them only opposers of the power and spiritual supremacy of Rome, it were not out of place to pause a short while and consider the origin and cause of their suppression, especially as our order was instrumental in putting down the rebellious heresy. The south of France had long been infected with the doctrines of the Manichees, but it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century that they began to be distinguished by the name of Albigenses, so called from the district about Beyiers and Castres, which from the fifth age had received the name of Albigensis, and the inhabitants of the province, Albigenses. Almeric, a clerk of the diocese of Chartres, engrafted on the original errors of the Mani-

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chees, others of his own, which were speedily embroced by many. Though purity was his apparent motive, he soon lost himself in a hopeless sea, and affirmed, as they believed, a series of dogmas, which, far from tending to promote correctness of life, led to sap the root of all morality. In addition to their protesting against the clergy of Rome, against the doctrine, and sacraments, and ceremonies of the Church, so far and no farther have they any band of affinity to the Protestant of later times. They condemned all sacraments, rejected baptism as useless, abominated the Eucharist, and branded marriage as unlawful. They owned two principles, or Creators, the one the JEHOVAH of the Old Testament, the other the LORD of the New. They admitted two Christs, the one bad, the other good; that the former had visited earth, the Holy had never lived in this world. They denied the resurrection of the flesh, and believed that the soul was a demon, tied to the body in punishment of sins committed in a pre-existent state. They affirmed that Paradise existed not; that hell was the fiction of priests and beldames. Brother Guerin, who had the confidence of Philip, and his son Louis VIII,—his prudence was great, his valour unimpeached,—was the first to interpose and check by vigorous means the further propagation of such dangerous doctrines. The sequel is well known,—a crusade was published against them, headed by Simon de Monfort; avarice, ambition, revenge, and other base passions, cloaked by religion, influenced too many in the prosecution of the enterprise against the rebellious heretics. In vain does the mask of zeal or religion conceal the workings of mean passion, for the cruelties and injustice that were used against them disgraced the better cause, and gave a lustre to the cause of the Albigenses which time has not worn away, and raised them to the fictitious eminence of martyrs for the truth. They were put down, and their errors have been forgotten in the memory of the bloody cruelty that laid them low; but history is constrained to confess, that their errors were those of fundamental importance, which would have ruined all government, all order, all morality, all religion.*

* The cause of the Crusade was the murdering of the Pope's legate, Peter of Castelnau, and numerous excesses. See Butler, p. 73, August. Simon de Montfort was a good man; the Crusaders, some good, some bad. They wore the cross on the breast; those who fought in Palestine, on the shoulder. St. Dominic had no share in urging the Crusade; his arms to repulse injuries were those of meekness only, and patience.—Page 73.

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The history of the Hospitallers is that of the crusades, and the Latin throne of Jerusalem. The death of Almeric and Isabel, left the crown of Cyprus to Hugh de Lusignan, Almeric's son by a former marriage, and that of Jerusalem to Mary the daughter of Isabel, by her former husband, Conrad.* The guardianship of the young queen had been jointly bequeathed by Isabel to the two orders, and as Hugh was already married, they looked to Philip of France, to provide a suitable husband for their ward; one that should be wise in peace and in war, with experience to head the armies of the Latins, for that was all the power and state that remained to the kings of Jerusalem. He was fortunate in his choice of John de Brienne; one already known for his superior qualities, and of approved wisdom and valour; who reached Acre in September 1208, and received the hand of Mary, the anointing of king, and the oaths of allegiance from his barons on the day after his arrival. The six years truce, now near its expiring, Saphadin offered to renew; but party spirit broke out afresh; the Knights of St. John and the Teutonic order cordially sought to accept the offer, but the Templars and the regular clergy spoke for war, and were successful in gaining their point. The Saracens marched in arms into the country of Tripoli, and though the new king checked their impetuosity, it soon became too apparent, that without European succour the cause of the Latins was hopeless. Innocent III entered warmly into the views of John. A general council, the fourth of Lateran, was convoked. The presence of three patriarchs (the Patriarch of Antioch appeared by his representative), seventy-four metropolitical prelates, three hundred and forty bishops, and the representatives of all the crowned heads of Christendom, gave weight and dignity to the council, which met in November 1215. The usual privileges were granted to those who assumed the Cross; tournaments were forbidden during the three years of their service; civil discord was quenched; and peace in Christendom proclaimed; and hearts beat high in hope, with the certainty now of triumph, when it was proclaimed that the successor of St. Peter should himself be their leader against the hosts of the infidel. "The land that was bedewed with the blood of our Saviour is profaned, and the place where the only Son of GOD was adored, has become the temple of the devil. The son of Agar holds the mother of all the faithful in iron bondage, but we must break the

* Pantaleo, de Ord. Joannitarum, lib. iii. p. 68.

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shameful and disgraceful fetters. I am ready, even now, my beloved brethren, to put myself at your head. For you I devote myself! I am ready, if you judge it meet, to go in person to the kings, and princes, and people of Christendom; to try if I can, by the power of my cries, to excite them to take arms to avenge the injuries done to the Saviour of men, who is now driven from the land which he acquired by his blood, and where he has accomplished the work of our redemption." *

The zeal of the holy father met a warm response in the breast of priest and layman. The princes and nobles who attended the Œcumenic Council, unanimously resolved to take the Cross, and when it was dismissed, the flame that was kindled at the Vatican, flared from the ambones and altarsteps of every diocese in Christendom, as they urged their flocks on to the mighty work that was to do, and entreated their pity for the suffering state of the land where the Redeemer of the world was cradled. Messina and Brindisium were the places appointed by the council for the meeting of the crusaders, and the time was fixed for the 1st of June 1217.

But the unextinguished flames of rebellion, that broke out anew in Languedoc, detained the King of France; the troubles in Apulia and Sicily prevented the emperor Frederic at this time from joining the holy war (perhaps a worse motive, a disinclination to the service and the Holy See, deterred him); and the death of Innocent III, the zealous promoter of the sixth crusade, before the departure of any part of the expedition, deprived the soldiers of the Cross from being led against the infidel by the head of the faithful in person. The Hungarians, under the conduct of their pious king Andrew; the dukes of Austria and Bavaria; the princes and barons of Lower Germany; and some from the farthest north, led the way to Palestine; and uniting their forces at Epalatro, were transported in the ships of Venice to Cyprus and Acre. Marseilles, Messina, Genoa, and other ports of the Mediterranean, sent ships with warriors from the rest of Europe, to join the hosts of the Christians; and once more a formidable army thirsted for conquest on the shores of Palestine.

The forces of the Saracens were at first too feeble to repress the numbers of the crusaders that continued to pour in. The infidel

* Vertot, pp. 389, 390, vol. i. But compare with the original in Conc. Lat. 4.

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was defeated in every engagement; while the Bishop of Acre followed the victorious army, to administer the sacrament of baptism to the young prisoners, who were then committed to the charge of the religious women, to be instructed in the faith of Christ. Holy processions were made by the armies of the faithful. It is to be ever regretted that conduct ill-becoming the soldiers of Christ disgraced numbers, and the virtues of the few were cancelled by the disgraceful sins of too many. The severity of the weather had disordered a processional pilgrimage, that went in solemn array to Tyre and Sidon, and the infidels made vengeance tell fearfully on the divided parties of the Christians. But the resolution of Andrew of Hungary, to return, after a few months residence in Palestine, was the most severe blow to the prospect of success; nor does his after-conduct, when he joined our order, exculpate or explain his unaccountable defection. The most of the soldiers and stores which accompanied him, returned to Hungary. For winter quarters, John of Brienne, the Duke of Austria, and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, fixed themselves in a strong post on the plains of Cesarea, and the Templars and Teutonic knights defended the pass of Mount Carmel, awaiting the arrival of new supplies, which, in 1218, came, many from the north and west, to join the needy soldiers of the Cross.

On the arrival of this reinforcement, a council of the chiefs was assembled, and it was resolved to remove the seat of war from Syria, and by carrying it into the centre of the enemy's country, induce him to withdraw his forces from Palestine; when success in Egypt would leave the unsupported Syrian an easy prey on their return to the Holy Land. Damietta, situate on the most eastern of the seven mouths of the Nile, about a mile from the sea, and some distance north of the modern town of that name, was with justice regarded as the key of Egypt and Syria, and more than once the Latins had felt to their cost the importance of this city of the Delta. But it was strongly fortified; a triple wall defended the land side, two walls and the Nile were regarded as not sufficient defence on the side of the river, a fortress rose in the middle of the stream opposite the city, of more than usual strength, and a strong chain drawn across the mouth of the river served to check nay attack that might be made on it from the sea. In the spring of 1218,* the Latin forces

* "Sub veris initio anni 1217," says Pantaleo, p. 69.

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were called from winter quarters to meet John of Brienne, at the Stranger's Castle, a place situate betwixt Cesarea and Caipha. As it was the opinion of all that Egypt should be sought, the necessary preparations were made, and a few days' sail brought the Christian navy within sight of the shores of Damietta. Bravery and art soon forced the chain that defended the passage of the river, and put the suburbs of Pharca in the possession of the crusaders. The ample booty and provisions that they found there, gave them good spirits to push on the siege with vigour, though the inundation of the Nile hindered, and the strength of the works and the numbers of the garrison protracted the capture of the city to an unwonted length. Meleden, too, the soldan of Egypt, had come to the assistance or rescue of the besieged, and pitched his camp opposite the tents of the Latins. But the strong tower, that stood in the middle of the river, for long withstood every effort, and thither the principal attack of the besiegers was directed, as its capture must greatly facilitate that of the city itself. The Knights of St. John suffered greatly before it; a raft was floated under its walls, but the ladders which were fixed to the ramparts broke while they were in the act of scaling, and the stout soldiers of St. John fell down, as Matthew of Paris says, like as an apple falls, and sunk in the Nile.* Though withstood often, they were at last successful. A priest of Cologne contrived to build a vast engine, by lashing two vessels together; which being consecrated by fasting, prayer, and solemn litany, a forlorn hope of three hundred was chosen for the service of danger, from the different nations, and by lot, where all were willing to devote themselves to the gallant enterprise. For twenty-four hours the issue was uncertain; the hopes and fears of the Latins and Damiettans alternately prevailed. On the second day the shouts of the Latins told their success; and "Te Deum laudamus" was sung with joy and thankfulness of heart, as for the fall of Damietta itself, which it commanded. The object of the Latins was now turned against the Egyptian encampment; but their valour (some attribute their cowardice to internal rebellion) could not withstand the threatened attack, and trusting to what their spies had told them, deserted their camp, without waiting an assault, leaving their provisions and equipage to be appropriated by the Latins at their leisure. A bridge

* Matth. Paris, ad annum 1218. Tom. ii. p. 301. (Vertot, i. p. 405.)

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was speedily thrown across the Nile,* and both sides of the river being gained, allowed the Latins to press the siege more closely, or turn it into a blockade, if their attack were unsuccessful.

(To be continued.)

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"IN CONSPECTU ANGELORUM PSALLAM TIBI, DEUS MEUS."

HAIL, Holy Angel, heavenly Guard!
By GOD's command, who watchest o'er me still;
Hail! thou who keepest watch and ward,
To guide my heart and soul from thoughts of ill.

Let not my heart, to sin inclined,
Fall to the lightest trial an easy prey,
And cast unheeded to the wind,
Thy sweet restraint, in levity away.

Ah! could mine eyes but see thy gaze,
And anxious tears, while I irresolute stand,
Well might I pause in mute amaze,
And bow obedient to thy meek command.

Thy heart so pure of heavenly mould,
Fathoms my sinful will, albeit unseen,
When sun-like on a barren wold,
Thy rays none impress make on me unclean.

Yet, still in sweet forbearance, thou
Turn'st not away in just, though sad disdain,
But loving, lingering, waitest now,
To list my first low sigh and welcome tears again!

Then take them now, and all awake,
Let me, with thee, keep watch and ward;
Help me to greater zeal, and make
My Soul more like to thine, MY HEAVENLY GUARD!

Feast of St. Laurence Guistiniani, 1843.

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* Injectoque ponte. Pantaleo, p. 69.

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"QUAM DILECTA TABERNACULA TUA DOMINE VIRTUTUM."

How lovely are thy Tabernacles, Lord;
How solemn, and how calm, with peace bedewed;
How sweet to come where incense prayer is poured
From glowing hearts, continual renewed.

From early morn, when freshly in the vault
Of Heaven the orb of day in glory flies,
When the first lips of matin praise exalt
In hum of joy the early sacrifice,

Till when descending to the dewy west,
The Benediction crowns the setting day,
That mid a cloud of incense, guerdons rest;—
How lovely are thy courts, my GOD, alway!

Yet would we enter in, not over bold,
As all unworthy of a rest so sweet,
We must approach with watchful prayer, and hold
Our heart still ready, and our purpose meet.

Dear are thy Courts;—yet, would we dwell with fruit,
Within their precincts, we must watch and ward,
Keep mindful lest our cowering foes unroot
The stem of virtue, lost through careless guard.

Against the Spirit lusting to prevail,
Unceasing war, flesh, and the pride of life,
Their band unholy press with rude assail,
With ready hate prepared, or open strife!

If we bring forth the unholy fruits of death,
Debarred thy courts, despair shall be our lot;
Mourning through endless years, the callow Faith
That blossomed in the sun, but ripened not.

We cannot serve our GOD, and give our heart
With love of mammon drugged, to dwell on earth;
Drain deep the syren chalice, and impart
The dregs to GOD, in weak unmeaning dearth.

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To *one*, to GOD alone, there must be given
The homage of the heart, with single eye,*
If we would enter to the Courts of Heaven,
And dwell with HIM for evermore on high.

Let us remember that around our road
Angels encamp to guide us and protect;
And that 'tis better far to trust in GOD,
Than man's vain might, and darkling intellect.

Oh! taste and see how sweet it is to dwell,
In wondrous union with our loving Lord,
From whom the quickening streams of cleansing well,
From whom the sanctifying gifts are poured.

Yet so as we the while, Him, best and first,
With ardour seek, and glow of Heavenly fire,
Slake, at His mysteries, our lowly thirst,
And cleanse our heart therein with new desire.

For HE alone the troubled heart can move,
The heart that lost in sorrow feebly faints,
And suddenly, with gushing springs of love,
Impart that grace he gave to all His Saints.

Sweet HALLOWS ALL!—who in the Courts of Heaven,
Rejoicing now, once wept like us on earth,
Pour forth thy censers, that the like be given,
To us who weep below in humble dearth!

Thy kindred prayers upraise, that after death,
When life's short day is o'er, we to the word
Like ye, may say, in *then* perfected Faith,
"HOW LOVELY ARE THY TABERNACLES, LORD!"

Octave of Nat. B.V.M. 1843.

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* "Non potest simplicem habere oculum et uni Domino DEO servire; nisi quæcunque cætera si sunt necessaria, propter hoc unum assumat, id est, propter regnum DEI."—Sti. Ambrosii Hom. "No one can have a single eye to GOD's service, unless, how necessary soever other things may be, he set out with this one aim, to do all for the kingdom of GOD."

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THE MONK'S LITTLE ALPHABET, IN THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

From the Original of B. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE DISCIPLE. Shew me, O Lord, thy ways, and teach me thy paths, I beseech thee; teach me, O my GOD, the ways of a good life, that I may walk therein to the salvation of my soul.

THE LORD.

LESSON I.

AIM at being unknown, and counted as nothing; for this is more salutary and profitable to thee, than to be praised by men.

LESSON II.

BE kind to all, both good and evil, and be burthensome to no one.

LESSON III.

CONTAIN thy heart from wandering; thy mouth from idle conversation, and keep all thy other senses under the restraint of discipline.

LESSON IV.

DESIRE solitude and silence; and thou shalt find rest and a good conscience; for where there is a crowd, there is often great noise and much distraction of heart.

LESSON V.

ELECT poverty and simplicity as thy bosom friends; be content with few things, and give not way to murmuring.

LESSON VI.

FLY from men, and the tumult of this world; for thou canst not well be with GOD and with men; with eternal things, and such as pass away.

LESSON VII.

GIVE thanks to GOD, both with heart and mouth, continually; whatsoever may happen; in trouble or in sorrow; for GOD, in His Holy Providence, dispenseth all things in this world, with a true and certain judgment.

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LESSON VIII.

HUMBLE thyself in all things, and beneath all; and thou shalt have thanks from all. Thou shalt thus be pleasing both to GOD and man: and the devil will flee away from thee, the more quickly, because of the virtue of humility, which is so opposite to himself.

LESSON IX.

IN every good work let thine intention be pure; that so thou mayest please GOD, who seeth the heart, and loveth the just and the pure.

LESSON X.

KALENDAR as thy most dear friends and patrons, those that oppress thee and speak evil against thee: for if thou art wise and consider it a right, thou shalt acquire great gain thereby: for these do thee good, who stand against thee wickedly.

LESSON XI.

LABOUR and sorrow, sighs and tears, obtain possession of the kingdom of GOD: but pleasures and honours lose Paradise.

LESSON XII.

MIGHTY is that gift of GOD, that induces one to be poor in this world for Christ's sake, and to take the lowest place. It is great pride to seek a higher step. The devil is ever persuading men to aim higher; to long after honours; to fly from despite; to the end that they may fall backwards into his power, when they have attained a brief lordship over the poor. But do thou hold the least gift as a great one; and so thou shalt be worthy to receive such as are greater.

LESSON XIII.

NEVER despise any one; hurt no one; weep with the afflicted; help the needy; and never magnify thyself.

LESSON XIV.

ORDER all thy time profitably as in the sight of, and for God: for nothing is so precious as time, wherein thou mayest merit the kingdom of GOD for ever. Be gentle, kind, and affable to all, in simplicity of heart: Refer all good to GOD's praise, and do nothing without counsel and deliberation.

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LESSON XV.

PLEASING, or displeasing to GOD, in all things let this be thy first inquiry: and neither for fear nor love do anything against thy conscience. In doubtful matters have recourse to Holy Scripture, and obedience to thy Superior;—and trust not overmuch in thyself: learn to be silent rather than to speak; desire to be taught, rather than to teach; for it is safer to lie hid, than to appear before men.

LESSON XVI.

QUESTION not about the affairs of others which concern thee not; neither busy thyself therein, that thou mayest be always in peace. He that goeth with his community, yet liveth apart, shall be loved, and come the sooner to a good end. He that doeth in season what he ought to do, shall meet with greater joy hereafter.

LESSON XVII.

RETURN to the interior of thy heart, and shut the doors of thy lips. Check in the beginning all wandering abroad after various worldly desires, which come from the instigation of the devil. Wicked things, when listened to, hurt; fair things, tempt; bad words disturb the soul. Withdraw then from the angry man, from the unlearned, from the dissolute, and dwell in silence with GOD.

LESSON XVIII.

SOBER be thou in thy food; modest in thy clothing; forethoughtful in thy words; honest in thy conduct; stout-hearted in adversity; humble in prosperity; grateful for all benefits; cheerful under despite; patient in sorrow; and discreet in all thine actions.

LESSON XIX.

TREMBLE lest thou offend GOD, by the least negligence or defect; be not puffed up in prosperity; neither be cast down in adversity. The fear of GOD will keep thee back from sin; teach thee to be solicitous after all good works, so that thou mayest become very good. Commit thy soul entirely to GOD, and what is now burthensome, shall speedily become light. Thy peace lieth in much patience, and all tribulation is light, when borne for the sake of eternal life.

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LESSON XX.

VALUE not, but sell all thy goods for GOD, and HE will give thee a better comfort, even His grace coming down on thee in an hour. No one is richer, or more free than he that has given himself and all to GOD, that he might purchase CHRIST, by loving HIM who redeemed the world from the CROSS.

LESSON XXI.

XRIST must be thy light; thy reading; thy meditation, thy conversation. Let Him be all thy desire; thy gain; thy whole hope, and thy reward. If thou seekest any thing but GOD only, thou wilt suffer loss. Thou wilt labour, but find no rest.

LESSON XXII.

YOUTHFUL Cleric, and venerable Monk, the work of both is to sing hymns and psalms, wherein with them the choirs of angels rejoice, praising GOD continually in the kingdom of heaven. To serve the flesh, is the death of the soul; the food of worms; the nest of devils; the life of beasts; the cherisher of disease; the corruption of bodies; the defilement of morals; the loss of good; the breeder of many ills and woes. To serve GOD is the beatitude of the soul; the health of the body; the prudence of the spirit, and life. He singeth sweet hymns to GOD, who, in his affliction, ever praiseth GOD. The beginning and end of every good Religious, is, to love GOD in his heart, to praise Him with his mouth; and to edify his brother by his example.

LESSON XXIII.

ZACHÆUS, Brother Zachæus, come down from the heights of secular knowledge; come and learn in the school of GOD, the way of humility; meekness, and patience; by which thou mayest, by Christ's teaching, securely attain unto the glory of Eternal Beatitude. AMEN!

THE CONCLUSION.

Write, young Monk, this Alphabet in thy heart, as in a living book: every day look at thy tables, and accustom thyself betimes to good usages: the words are few, but they contain many mysteries, and works to make thee perfect; even such works as adorn

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the outward, and quiet the inward man. Wherein is shewn that the life of a good monk is begun in contempt and self-denial; and going on in the same till it be made perfect in the contemplation of GOD.

THE BENEDICTION.

Blessed is that disciple who followeth CHRIST by the rough way: giving up to Him both his own will and his own disinclination; who daily carries his cross for CHRIST'S sake; that he may have great glory with HIM, and life everlasting. AMEN!

END OF THE MONK'S LITTLE ALPHABET.

ON THE EFFICACY OF THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS! Redeemer of the world,
Thy praise shall pierce the sky,
Thy glorious banner is unfurl'd
Triumphantly on high.

Thy mercies how shall we recount,
For time would fail to tell
Thy wondrous love, the rich amount,
Beyond our notes to swell.

When on the bed of sickness prest,
With pain and anguish sore,
How was the NAME of JESUS, blest,
All powerful to restore.

Then let us prize this precious NAME
Beyond remedial aid,
JESUS! who raised the dead the same,
Hath pain and sickness stayed.

To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT still,
United praise be given,
By those who strive to do His will
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

M. S.

Feast of the HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

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LIFE AND VIRTUES OF MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"Oh Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Although our blessed Saviour did so much good among the Jews, they were such a very ungrateful people, that they hated him, and even envied the reputation he had acquired, by the wonderful miracles performed among them. The inhabitants of Nazareth, where he had lived so many years, were still more wicked; for they actually seized him, and tried to put him to death. But the period which God had appointed for the passion of His Divine Son, had not yet arrived; and no human malice could harm him, except at the time, and in the manner, which he had chosen for himself: so he easily slipped out of their hands, and walked away, without their being able to prevent it. Immediately after his leaving Nazareth, he heard of the death of St. John the Baptist. I do not think I have as yet told you, that John had been cast into prison, by command of King Herod, whose wickedness he had sharply reproved. Now, although Herod was angry with John, he still felt a great reverence for him; but his wife, who was called Herodias, hated the holy prophet, and frequently entreated Herod to put him to death, which he had always hitherto refused to do. Unfortunately, however, one day the daughter of Herodias was desired to dance before the king, and she succeeded in pleasing him so much, that he promised to give her anything she wished, even if she asked for half his kingdom. The girl went to consult with her mother, and this wicked woman made her ask for the head of St. John the Baptist. When Herod heard this unnatural request, he was very sorry for the rash promise he had made; but still, he was weak and wicked enough to grant it to the girl, and a man being sent to the prison of John the Baptist, his head was cut off, and brought to her, and she gave it to her mother on a dish.

When our blessed Saviour heard of the death of St. John, he went with his apostles into the desert. There he found a great multitude of people, who were waiting for him, to hear him preach. No doubt our dear Lord complied with their wishes, for the sun had begun to decline before they thought of leaving him. The apostles came to Jesus, and begged him to send away the people, in order

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that they might provide themselves with something to eat; for they were still fasting, having brought no provisions with them, and it would be some time before they could procure any, as the place was a desert, and no town was near. JESUS asked the apostles what provisions they had brought for themselves; and, when he found that their store consisted of five barley loaves and two fishes, he bade them take and divide it among the people. By a miracle of Divine power, this slender stock of food, which would barely have sufficed for the apostles themselves, was so wonderfully increased, in the act of distribution, that it became sufficient to satisfy the hunger of five thousand persons, for such, we are told, was the number of people assembled that day in the desert.

In this part of the life of Christ, we meet with two little stories, which I shall tell you; because they so clearly shew his love for children, that I hope they will greatly increase your tender affection for this dear JESUS, who once deigned for our sakes to be born a helpless infant, subject to the commands and wishes of all among whom he lived while upon earth. We are told, then, in the Gospel, that the disciples once came to JESUS, and asked him which of them he thought would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. In order to rebuke their pride, JESUS called a little child to him, and, placing it in the midst of the disciples, he told them that, unless they became humble, and simple, like that little child, they should never enter his heavenly kingdom; and that he among them should be the greatest there, who, whilst upon earth, made himself most like a little child, by true humility of heart. After saying many other things to the disciples, he ended by telling them never to dispise little children, for they had guardian angels given to them, who always saw the face of his Father in heaven.

I beg of you, my dear children, to read this carefully, and to attend to me, while I remind you that, if our blessed Saviour thought the humility of children so necessary to his chosen disciples, who were to preach the gospel to all the world, how much more will he require it from little children themselves, who have, indeed, no other way of making themselves pleasing to him, than by the constant practice of this virtue which he loves so much. You are placed in a situation in which you are inferior to all, even as Christ declares, to the lowest servant in your father's house; your tender age, and your want of understanding, make the exercise of almost every other virtue impossible to you; but this one you may practise every

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hour of the day, either by obedience to your parents, or by gentleness to your companions. The good JESUS requires nothing more than this from you; for this alone, he most expressly declares, will make you pleasing to your Heavenly Father, and a subject of joy to your angels, who always enjoy His presence in heaven. I hope you will think upon this story whenever you are inclined to be disobedient or impatient, and that the hope of pleasing GOD, and your good angels, will be sufficient to induce you to correct your own evil inclination, and to submit to the wishes of those to whom GOD has given you in charge. I have no doubt the story I am now going to tell you, will make you still more anxious to do this, whenever the opportunity presents itself. One day some poor people brought their children to JESUS, that he might pray over them, and bless them. The disciples, fancying they were troublesome to JESUS, wished to send them away, but he prevented them doing so, by saying, with more than his usual sweetness, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He then blessed them, and sent them and their parents away, rich in the prayers and blessings of so Divine a Master. I am sure, I need not add another word, to induce you to try and please this good JESUS, who loves so much to be with little children, and trust me, if you are good, he will be with you always, in this world, where you cannot see him, as well as in the world to come, where you will have the great joy of beholding him through all eternity.

About this time, a great feast of the Jewish nation drawing near, the disciples urged JESUS to go up to Jerusalem for it; therefore, he sent them on before him, and then, unattended by any of his followers, set out by the same road. He was about to enter a certain town, when ten men, who were afflicted with the leprosy (a very common complaint in those days), saw him coming, and besought him to have mercy on them! JESUS, pitying their condition, cured them on the spot. One of them immediately threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and returned thanks for the blessing he had just received; but the other nine went on their way, without shewing the slightest signs of gratitude for this wonderful cure. JESUS asked if there had not been ten men who had been cured, and what had, then, become of the other nine? for, of them all, this one alone was found to give glory to GOD. Our Divine Saviour bade him rise, and, having commended his faith, he sent him away.

I have told you this story, that you may see how wicked a thing it is to be ungrateful to GOD, for the favours He daily confers upon

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us. And now I will tell you another, about a poor blind man, whose conduct was very different from that of these ungrateful lepers; for his gratitude made him confess the miracle which Christ had wrought in his favour, although this confession brought disgrace and suffering upon himself. This man was a beggar, and had been blind from his very birth. JESUS cured him, by putting dust, moistened with his spittle, upon his eyes, and then making him wash them in a certain pool. Now, many of the Jews hated JESUS, and envied him for the great works he had wrought among them. They were unwilling to believe this miracle, because it redounded so much to his honour; they sought, therefore, to throw a doubt upon it, and tried to make the beggar confess that JESUS was a sinner, and that it was not to him he was indebted for his sight. But the poor man persisted in his account, and declared, moreover, that if JESUS had been a sinner, GOD would not have given him power to perform such wonders; so the Jews were very angry with him, and drove him out from among them. JESUS, hearing what had happened, went to the poor man, and asked him whether he believed in the Son of GOD? and he answered, "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him?" JESUS said, "Thou hast seen him; and it is he that is talking with thee." And the man said, "I believe, Lord;" and, falling down, he adored JESUS.

Our blessed Saviour now preached publicly in Jerusalem; and he was employed in this manner one day when a doctor of the law came up to him, and asked him what was the great commandment of the law? JESUS answered, that it was to love GOD above all things, and his neighbour as himself. "Who is my neighbour?" asked the doctor. JESUS answered by the following little story:— "A certain traveller fell into the hands of thieves, who robbed and wounded him, and left him on the ground as if he were dead. A priest, who was passing that way, saw him lying there, but made no offer to assist him. Soon after another man passed by, and showed as little feeling as the priest. At last another man came, and being touched with compassion, went to his relief, dressed his wounds, brought him to an inn, and begging the man who kept it to take care of him, gave him money, that he might buy everything needful for his recovery. Now, which of these three," asked our Blessed Saviour, "do you think was a neighbour to that wounded man?" "The one who came to his assistance, no doubt," replied the doctor." "Go then," said JESUS, "and do thou likewise."

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In this little story, JESUS showed the Jews how right it is to be charitable to our neighbours, and to assist them as far as it is in our power to do so. He afterwards told them another, in order to prove the willingness of Almighty GOD to pardon all the sins of which we have been guilty, whenever we seek forgiveness by a sincere repentance and resolution to sin no more:—"There was a certain man," he said, "who had two sons. The youngest of them was very eager to be his own master, and asked his father to give him the fortune that fell to his share. This request being granted, he immediately went into a foreign country, where he fell into bad company and spent his money in wickedness and prodigality. When it was all gone, he was reduced to the greatest poverty, and to save himself from starving, he was obliged to hire himself to a man who sent him to take care of the swine on his farm; here nobody gave him any food, and he was forced by hunger to eat the husks that were thrown to the swine. The wretchedness of his situation made him reflect deeply upon his sins, and he cried out in the anguish of his heart, 'alas! how many servants are there in my father's house, who have plenty to eat while I am perishing with hunger: I will arise and return to my father; I will confess my sins to him; I will own myself unworthy to be called his son, and will ask to be received as the meanest of his servants.'" With these feelings of humble sorrow, he rose up and returned to his father's house. His father, who had certainly grieved very much during his absence, saw him while he was yet a great way off, and, moved to tears of joy and compassion, ran out to meet and embrace him. Covered with confusion, and full of shame at having left so good a father, the son cried out, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee, and I am not worthy to be called thy son!" The good father was moved by his son's sorrow, not only to forgive, but even to receive him into his former favour. His clothes were worn and dirty; so the servants were ordered to bring forth a rich robe, to put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet; the fatted calf was killed, and great rejoicings were made upon the occasion. The eldest son, returning from the fields, heard the sound of music and of dancing, and finding out what it meant, he refused to enter the house. The father went out to invite him in, but the young man's jealousy was roused, so he said to his father,—"I have never offended you, and you have not even given me a kid to make merry with my friends; and this your profligate son, who has spent all his money in wicked

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pursuits, no sooner appears, than the fatted calf is killed for his entertainment." "Son," replied the father, "Thou art always with me, and all that I have is thine; but it was fitting we should thus rejoice for thy brother, since he was lost and is found, he was dead, and is come to life again."

One of the last miracles which JESUS performed among the Jews, was the raising of Lazarus from the dead. I must first tell you that Lazarus was a man who lived in Bethania with his two sisters, Martha and Mary, which Mary is supposed to have been that Mary Magdalen whose story I have already related to you. JESUS often lodged in their house, where he was always received with the most affectionate respect. When Lazarus, therefore, was first taken ill, the two sisters gave notice of it to JESUS, for they hoped he would come and cure him. JESUS, however, made no haste to go, and in the meantime Lazarus died. He then told his disciples that Lazarus was asleep, and he must go and wake him; by which he meant to say, that Lazarus was dead, and he must go and bring him to life again. At first the disciples tried to dissuade JESUS from going to that part of the country where his life had before been in danger from the malice of the Jews; but at last, with a noble courage, which showed his love for his divine Redeemer, St. Thomas said,—"Let us all go and die with him." When they arrived at Bethania, they found that Lazarus had been four days dead in the grave. Martha no sooner heard that Jesus was come, than she went out to meet him. "Lord," she said, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." JESUS answered, "Thy brother shall rise again." "I know," replied Martha, "that he will rise at the last day; and now I also know, that whatever thou dost ask of GOD, He will give it unto thee." "I am the resurrection and the life," said JESUS: "he that believeth in me, though he be dead, shall live; and he who liveth and believeth in me shall not die for ever. Believest thou this?" "Yea, Lord," replied Martha; "I believe that thou art Christ the Son of the living GOD." And having said this, she went out to Mary and whispered to her that JESUS was come. Mary, therefore, quickly rose and went forth to meet him. She had a great many friends sitting with her at the time, and as they did not hear what Martha said to her, they thought she was going to weep upon her brother's grave, and they got up and followed her. When Mary saw JESUS she threw herself at his feet, and weeping bitterly, she said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Her friends then

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melted into tears, and JESUS also wept and was much troubled. He asked where they had laid him, and when they invited him to come and see, he went, groaning in spirit, to the sepulchre, which was a vault with the stone laid over it. This, JESUS ordered to be taken off. "Lord," said Martha, "by this time he stinketh, for he hath been four days dead." "Did I not tell thee," answered JESUS, "that if thou believest, thou shalt see the glory of GOD?" They then took off the stone; JESUS lifted his eyes to heaven in a short but fervent prayer, and then cried out in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and instantly Lazarus came forth, bound as he was in his winding sheet. "Loose his hands," said JESUS, "and let him go."

Many of the Jews who beheld this miracle were compelled by it to believe in the divine mission of JESUS; but it only increased the envious hatred of the chief priests and Pharisees, who immediately held a council, in which it was resolved that Christ should be put to death. In consequence of this resolution, JESUS went no longer openly among the Jews, but going into a country near the desert, he lived for some time with his disciples in a city called Ephrem.

PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A LITTLE child, at Mary's door,
Pity and pardon would implore:
Sweet Mother teach me how to pray—
To know my wants, and what to say.
What am I but a helpless child,
To evil prone, by sin defiled;
And thou art pure, and wise, and high,
Happy and loved beyond the sky:
To speak to Thee I should not dare,
But that I know Thou lov'st my prayer,
And blessings meet Thou hast in store,
For babes that knock at Mary's door.
Mother of mercies, please to see
A helpless child look up to Thee;
Be pleased to hear the prayer I make,
Plead for my sins for JESU'S sake;
Lead me to seek Thy glorious rest,
Plant heav'nly tempers in my breast.
And may Thy Son to grace restore
A little child, at Mary's door.

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JESUS, DULCIS MEMORIA.

1.

JESUS, 'tis sweet in memory
And thought to meditate on Thee;
But sweeter to the thirsting heart,
Whene'er Thou dost Thyself impart.

2.

No softer note was ever heard,
Nor sweeter breath of music stirr'd,
Nor thought more glad by fancy spun,
Than JESUS Christ, GOD's only Son.

3.

Thou, JESUS, art the soul's firm stay,
When bitter thoughts of sin dismay;
Most gracious to the searching mind,—
Then what to those, who search and find?

4.

Sweet JESUS Christ, the soul's delight,
And living fount of inward light;
Our heart of hearts, shaming all joy,
And only sweet without alloy.

5.

Of that no tongue can fitly speak,
Sweet JESUS, words are all too weak;
He that hath tried alone can think
What 'tis, Lord, of Thy love to drink.

6.

Then, JESUS I will seek apart,
Close in the chamber of the heart;
JESUS I'll seek with constant love
In public haunts, or secret grove.

7.

With Mary in the morning's womb,
JESUS I'll seek for at His tomb;
Seek Him with memory's wistful eye,
With sorrowing heart and bitter cry.

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8.

My tears shall wash the dull cold stone:
The place around shall hear my moan:
While to Thy feet I cling, bent low,
Into that close embrace I'll grow.

9.

My mind shall be to traverse o'er,
The way Thy footsteps went before.
Ne'er shall my soul lamentings cease,
Till joy in Thee hath full increase.

10.

JESUS, Thou king of glory, Lord,
Conquered with Thy mighty sword,
Sweet'ner of hearts, and very core,
Of all delight for evermore.

THE ORDER OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

THE glorious vitality of the Catholic religion, as contrasted with the feebleness and inefficiency of every sect that has severed itself from our communion, is by no fact better tested and proved than by the flourishing institutions which from time to time the philanthropy and devotion of distinguished individuals add to the long catalogue of religious fraternities already existing in the bosom of the "immortal and unchanged" church. There is not a single Christian virtue, for the active practice of which we do not find some one of the many monastic or charitable establishments of the Catholic Church especially adapted. Contemplative piety, active zeal and the triumphs of science and intelligence, alike find their account in the retreats of the cloistered monk, the arduous labours of foreign missions, and the colleges of St. Ignatius Loyola.

It is the design of this article to make the Catholics of England better acquainted with one of the most admirable orders to which

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our Church has given birth since the eventful epoch of the great Lutheran leprosy. For while on the one hand, the brothers of the Christian schools are rapidly extending themselves, and acquiring the most deserved celebrity, all over the neighbouriug country of France, their very name and existence are comparatively unknown even among our own body in this kingdom. The sound of the words "religious education" is, heaven knows, rife enough within the pale of the Anglican establishment, however sadly the substance of it may be neglected: in what manner that great object is successfully carried out under the benign influence of true religio n, the following pages are intended to shew.

We shall commence our remarks upon the order of "the brothers of the Christian schools," by a biographical notice of their pious and philanthropic founder. Jean Batiste De la Salle was born at Rheims, on the 13th of April, 1651. He was the son of a French gentleman of good family, who held a distinguished situation in the Presidential Court of Rheims. From his very childhood he manifested dispositions of peculiar sanctity, keeping aloof from the ordinary recreations of youth, and devoting his mind to devotional exercises and study. At the early age of seventeen, he was appointed to a canonry in the cathedral church of Rheims, and by his assiduity to choral duties, holiness of demeanour, and humility, attracted alike the observation and admiration of old and young. In the prosecution of his theological studies, he became an inmate of the celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris, and there astonished his cotemporaries by the zeal and success with which he entered upon their course. A heavy domestic affliction,—the heaviest indeed which befalls man throughout the entire course of life,—here interrupted the hitherto happy tenour of the young divine's career,—the death of his mother. In earnest prayer he poured forth the anguish of his soul, and alone found consolation upon the occasion of that irreparable loss.

"Thou knowest, O Lord, how dearly I loved the parent I have lost. If of thy grace I have ever had the happiness to merit any mercy, have pity I implore thee on her soul, and admit her to thy eternal rest." In these terms he repeatedly gave vent to his filial feelings, and resignation at length succeeded to profound affliction.

Not long after, a second calamity, the loss of his father, renewed the grief of Jean Batiste De la Salle, and obliged him to return to Rheims, to superintend the domestic concerns of his family. Left

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in possession of considerable wealth, and in the guardianship of his younger brothers, he opposed, by the simplicity and piety of his life, a successful barrier to the temptations of opulence, and introduced into the bosom of his home the regularity and edification of a religious establishment. In 1678, being then twenty-seven years of age, he received with the utmost diffidence and humility priest's orders, at the hands of M. Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, but had been no sooner admitted to the high privileges of the sacred ministry, than he devoted himself with the most unremitting fervour to its duties. Deeming the sphere of a large country parish more congenial to his zeal for active employment, than the preferment he held in the cathedral of Rheims, he would have exchanged his rich canonry for the cure of souls in a rural district, but so high was the estimation in which M. De la Salle was held by the clergy and inhabitants of his paternal city, that the archbishop refused to sanction his departure. Submitting without a murmur to the will of his ecclesiastical superiors, he continued for some time to edify his fellow-townsmen by the sanctity of his deportment; and with admirable assiduity and ability, directed the education of his young brothers and sisters, and superintended the management of their temporal concerns. But the virtues of private life furnished not confined a field for the apostolic zeal of Jean Batiste De la Salle. He was destined by providence to become the founder of an order, having for its sublime object the instruction and regeneration of the poor. The first impulse communicated to his mind on the subject, was in consequence of having been induced to espouse very warmly the cause of a religious sisterhood, entitled, "Les Filles de l'Enfant Jésus," established for the purpose of educating female orphans, and which from some informality attendant upon its constitution, had become obnoxious to the persecution of the municipal authorities of Rheims. De la Salle's active interference in their behalf procured for them from the parliament of Paris, the letters patent, of which the want had rendered their position precarious, and thus gave permanency to their institution.

Successful interference in this matter suggested to De la Salle the idea of establishing a school for the gratuitous instruction of boys, in the furtherance of which design he was mainly assisted by Madame de Maillefer, an opulent lady, who, from a dissipated woman of the world, had become a most austere penitent. After encountering much opposition and many difficulties, the philan-

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thropic design was first carried into effect in 1679. The number of teachers required for the free schools rapidly increasing, it became a matter of expediency to assemble them under the same roof, the consequence of which association was the gradual formation of a community to which M. De la Salle gave rules. Regardless of the scorn and remonstrances of his family, he allotted his private residence to the accommodation of his spiritual children, and introduced a system of order and discipline among them, which mainly contributed to the harmony and efficiency of the new institute. One of the main features of De la Salle's character was an ardent love of mortification and self-denial. It is related of him, that to vanquish his naturally soporific tendencies, he gave orders to an attendant to rouse him every morning at four, and not to leave him until he had seen his master up and dressed for the day. But finding that during the prayers with which he commenced his course of diurnal duty, sleep at times overtook him, he adopted the rough expedient of kneeling with bare knees on sharp flints. The practice of the most trying austerities, and willing submission to the most degrading self-humiliations and mortifications, were the everyday incidents of De la Salle's life; and in emulous imitation of, rather than with the assent of their founder, his disciples at times addicted themselves to such rigours of penitential discipline, as brought upon him the unjust imputation of imposing upon them acts of superhuman hardship.

Perhaps the most remarkable action of M. De la Salle's, and which gave rise to the most comment and misconstruction, was his literal compliance with the precept addressed by our Saviour to the ruler that sought eternal life, "Sell all thou hast, and distribute it to the poor." According to ordinary and not unreasonable notions, it had been a wise and proper course, in the founder of a philanthropic charity, to have endowed, and so secured its permanency, with all his worldly wealth. Such a mode of proceeding accorded not, however, with the single-minded heroism of De la Salle: in his estimation, to have appropriated any portion of his temporal riches to the advancement of the new order, would have been to compromise the implicit reliance he reposed in Divine Providence; and despite of the solicitations and importunities of well-meaning friends, the objurgations of the world, and the murmurs of many even among his disciples, he actually carried into effect the process of utter self-spoliation in the year 1684, applying the whole of his possessions to the relief of the poor. He had previously given up the

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canonry he held in the cathedral establishment, and with a spirit that strikingly contrasts with that of the clerical nepotism that infects the high places of the Anglican Church, had peremptorily refused to cede that preferment to his brother, although the Archbishop had importuned him to do so, assigning as a sufficient reason for non-compliance with that prelate's wish, that the candidate, although in all other respects deserving, was his brother.

Finding himself at length destitute of every thing, De la Salle rejoiced in the necessity under which he was now placed of begging for the commonest means of existence. To the complaints of his followers, who openly blamed what they deemed his reckless waste of their legitimate resources, he opposed the most fervent exhortations in praise of evangelical poverty, and humble submission to the will of God. The mode of life, indeed, which penury compelled De la Salle and his brethren to lead, was, to one brought up like himself in the bosom of affluence, fraught with difficulty and disgust. The coarsest and most revolting fare alone appeared upon the common table of the good brothers; and the only mode in which their superior contrived to overcome his antipathy for such repulsive food, was by determining to abstain from all nutriment whatever until hunger should have become voracious enough to satiate itself upon even the most nauseous viands. Meanwhile the great business of the gratuitous Christian schools steadily and prosperously advanced, and the fame of their successful establishment in the city of Rheims brought applications to M. De la Salle from the incumbents of many rural districts for brethren to introduce the new system of instruction among their parishioners. His disciples not being numerous enough to be spared from the parent community, subsidiary schools were established under his direction for the express instruction of young men in the art of tuition, to which the clergymen desirous of making their flocks participators in the benefit of M. De la Salle's institution, sent pupils selected for their aptness and good dispositions from their respective parishes. To this excellent scheme, thereafter more extensively followed out, the benefit of the establishment of the brothers of the Christian schools, originally confined to a solitary city, became in time extended to the whole of France. Among other regulations enforced by the founder for the government of his rising order, was their peculiar dress, which continues unaltered to this day. It consists of a long cloak of coarse black cloth, thrown over a cassock of similar mate-

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rial, a broad white collar alone relieving the lugubrious aspect of such a costume. Hats with unusual ampleness of brim completed the guise devised by De la Salle for his followers; and it will not be wondered at that its adoption exposed them to the ridicule and contumely of the populace, the first time they ventured abroad in their new attire. But the scorn and insults of the world were ever courted by those holy men, who found, in the consciousness of the good they went forth to achieve, more than an equivalent for all the harships and persecutions to which they became subjected in its performance.

The next remarkable act of De la Salle's life was carrying into effect a project he had long entertained of surrendering his position of superior of the brethren, and assuming a subordinate one. Such a scheme met from them with the greatest opposition, for they loved and reverenced him as a father; but De la Salle was bent upon a measure in which his humility found such matter of account, and compelled a worthy brother of the name of L'Heureux to become his successor in the office of superior. Finding himself now in an inferior situation, all the desires of his humble heart were fully gratified; and the scrupulousness with which, in the spirit of holy obedience, he solicited permission for the performance of every action, however insignificant, was at once a source of edification and confusion to those who had been accustomed to defer to his authority. During the time he thus dwelt a subordinate in the establishment he had himself organized, he took delight in undertaking the very lowliest offices, such as sweeping the house, cleaning the kitchen ware, and becoming, as it were, the household drudge of the community. This new state of things coming accidentally to the knowledge of the ecclesiastical authorities, they deemed it necessary to interfere, and peremptorily insisted upon M. De la Salle's resumption of the post he had vacated. To do so, cost him many a pang; but he obeyed without remonstrance, to the infinite delight of brother L'Heureux, who had with the utmost reluctance found himself placed in command over his natural superior. De la Salle was the only member of the order of the Christian schools who had taken holy orders; and for reasons of which the expediency was to him doubtless apparent, he introduced a regulation to the effect that none of the brethren should ever be admitted to the priesthood.

In 1688, at the instigation of M. De la Barmondière, curé of St. Sulpice, M. De la Salle, with two brethren, came to Paris; and

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there, in the teeth of difficulties, opposition, and persecution of every kind, succeeded in establishing a school, which became a nursery for the formation of other similar institutions in all parts of the country. The truly apostolic and untiring zeal with which M. De la Salle laboured in his arduous vocation, more than once endangered his health, and brought him to the brink of the grave. Upon one occasion, having received the last sacraments of the Church with saint-like fervour, he disposed himself for death, with extreme difficulty uttering these words to the weeping brethren that surrounded his bed-side: "I recommend to you great union and great obedience." His recovery from that state of deadly extremity was by many deemed miraculous. Another time, the strangeness and novelty of a remedy for violent and tedious rheumatic pains, which M. De la Salle was induced to essay, illustrates his utter disregard of physical pain, and love of penitential austerity. He lay extended at full length upon chairs, beneath which were placed braziers of burning coal. Spirits were then poured upon the fire, and the flaming vapours so produced ascended into contact with the affected parts of the patient's person. In such an attitude, not unlike that of St. Lawrence on his gridiron, M. De la Salle patiently awaited the effect of the experiment; and the only words that escaped from him in the extremity of his anguish were, "My GOD! praised be thy name!" It is recorded, that during the course of the same severe and painful illness, he earnestly implored GOD to grant him such intermissions of ease as should enable him to celebrate the divine mysteries, and that Heaven granted his prayer.

Among the many and various hardships which assailed De la Salle and his disciples during the first period of their establishment in Paris, were the positive privations of the necessaries of life, caused in the first instance by their self-imposed destitution of all worldly wealth, and enhanced by a fearful scarcity, which exposed for a season the poorer classes of the capital to all the miseries of famine. Housed in a large abandoned tenement, dependent upon the precarious charity of strangers, destitute of furniture and comfort, with insufficient food and clothing, exposed to the obloquy of the wicked, and the jealousy even of the good,—insulted, unappreciated, and misconstrued,—De la Salle and his companions persevered in their heroic course, regardless of every obstacle, and bent only on prosecuting the great work of bestowing Christian and gratuitous education on their needy fellow-creatures. Providence could not fail to

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shower in the end a blessing upon such praiseworthy labours, and De la Salle lived to see the institution of which he had been the founder, taking root in every part of the country.

It would be at once tedious and difficult to comprise within a moderate compass the various persecutions and opposition which from all quarters waylaid the man of God in the carrying out of his great enterprise. At one time the directors of schools already existing in Paris, obtained a judgment against him, under cover of which they caused a general seizure of all the poor chattels appertaining to him and his community; at another the misbehaviour of some recreant brethren brought the whole order into disrepute. Compelled to leave the capital, De la Salle took refuge at Rouen, and there laid the foundation of one of his schools. He subsequently sojourned in various parts of France, superintending and carrying into effect the foundation of new establishments, and inspecting the progress of those already in existence. In the course of one of his peregrinations he visited the celebrated monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, the monks of which, unaware of their visitant's identity with the celebrated M. de la Salle, were so struck with the humility of his demeanour, that having at first shewn him but the civilities due to an ordinary stranger, they afterwards paid him the veneration due to a saint, and vainly endeavoured to retain him among them. The great St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians, had, like M. de la Salle, been in early life a canon of Rheims.

In 1716, M. de la Salle, believing his death to be not far distant, and with an humble dread of departing this life, invested with the government of the order which he had called into existence, once again determined upon resigning the post of Superior into other hands, and Le frère Barthelemi was appointed his worthy successor. Two years later, harassments from all quarters, the most undeserved and unexpected, and a complication of painful infirmities, so crowded in upon the holy man, that nature at length gave way. The manner of his end was as edifying as had been the whole tenor of his life. Although overwhelmed with sufferings, he entered upon the season of Lent with a resolution not to abate one of the severe austerities which he was accustomed to practise during that penitential time, and it was only from the spirit of obedience to the peremptory injunctions of his new superior, that he was induced to allow of some relaxation of his rigid dietary. In reply to the brethren who implored of him to moderate his exercises of austerity, he would meekly

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rejoin "The victim is ready for sacrifice; it should first be purified." Upon another occasion, being informed of his imminent danger, he exclaimed, "I hope to be soon delivered out of Egypt, and admitted into that land which God hath promised to the elect." The feast of St. Joseph being at hand, M. de la Salle conceived an ardent desire to solemnize mass on a day dedicated to a saint for whom he had always entertained peculiar veneration. Singular to relate, the wish was gratified, and from an apparently dying state, he was enabled to leave his bed and celebrate the divine mysteries once more, to the utter astonishment of the brethren, who regarded such an effort on the part of their expiring father in a miraculous light. From the momentary alleviation which had thus enabled him to fulfil the desire of his soul, he speedily relapsed into a state of mortal anguish and extremity. On Wednesday in Holy week, the viaticum was brought to M. de la Salle, who had caused himself to be placed in a sitting posture, and clothed in his surplice and stole, to receive with greater reverence the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist. No sooner, however, had the administering clergyman entered the sick chamber, than, elevated with holy fervour, De la Salle rose from his chair, and falling on his knees, in that posture partook for the last time on earth of the body and blood of his Redeemer. At intervals, he continued to discourse with the disciples that surrounded his bedside, addressing to them the most affectionate and practically useful exhortations. On the evening of Maunday Thursday, recovering for a few minutes from a swoon which the attendants had deemed that of death, he with painful effort uttered the following words :—

"If you would live and die in your vocation, never hold commerce with men of the world; for you will by degrees fall into their ways, and insensibly learn to approve their discourse, which will cause you to fall into infidelity, and, neglecting the rules of your order, you will tire of its restraints, and end by throwing them off altogether." A few minutes after, to a brother who asked whether he did not cheerfully submit to all the sufferings to which it pleased heaven to subject him, De la Salle replied, "I implicitly adore God's will in my regard." These were his last words, and at four o'clock in the morning of Good Friday 1719,—an auspicious anniversary to mark the death of the just!—he composedly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator.

No sooner had the intelligence of De la Salle's decease become known in Rouen, where it occurred, than crowds flocked to behold

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the corpse of one who was universally regarded as a saint, and all were solicitous to obtain some relic of him, were it but a shred of his garments. The brethren had, however, eagerly possessed themselves of every thing that had pertained to their father; nor will it be disputed that love and devotion, not cupidity, dictated the appropriation, when we mention that besides the rude garb of his order, all the worldly riches left behind him by De la Salle, consisted of a crucifix, a New Testament, a "Following of Christ," a rosary, and a Breviary.

Brother Barthélemi, who, during the life-time of the founder, had become the new superior of the brothers of the Christian schools, continued, after his death, to govern the now flourishing order with great sagacity and discretion, but died himself, fourteen months subsequently to M. De la Salle. His loss was severely felt, but, by the blessing of Providence, was supplied by able successors, who obtained from the government of the day, guarantees for the consolidation of the parent establishment of St. Yon, at Rouen, from which brethren progressively diffused themselves over every part of France. In 1725, the institution of the Christian brothers was solemnly recognised by a bull of Pope Benedict XIII, and enrolled in the catalogue of religious orders. It flourished till the sanguinary epoch of the first French revolution, when it, of course, shared the disasters of a period unequalled in the annals of anarchy and infidelity. There were, however, brethren who kept alive amongst themselves the spirit of their order, which was again re-established in 1800, by Napoleon. Its progress has ever since been that of uninterrupted success; and it is to be presumed that in the course of time, the labours of the brothers of the Christian schools will operate the entire moral and spiritual regeneration of a great people. If, indeed, the churches of France be now filled, as they are, with worshippers from among the lowest classes of society, the praise of such a result is due to the admirable brothers of the Christian schools, who train the children of destitution in the knowledge of saving truth. In God's good time, taking example from their humbler fellow creatures, the sceptical and indifferent of the nation may be reclaimed likewise! We have seen no spectacle more edifying than that which is presented on Sundays by the brothers of the Christian schools, marshalling hundreds of children to church, superintending their demeanour there, and offering in their own meek and anassuming deportment, models of religious gravity and

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decorum. As they walk the streets, the homely and uncouth garb devised for the good brethren, by M. De la Salle, attracts the stranger's attention and curiosity. He observes the humility of their demeanour, the gentleness of their manner to the children under their charge, and the repectfulness with which the most otherwise graceless urchins offer them a passing salutation, or receive from them a few words of friendly admonition or reproof, and at once conceives esteem for such holy and benevolent men.

The rules laid down for the government of his communities by the founder, are still maintained with great exactness and regularity. The brethren make vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, extending the first time through a period of three years, at the end of which term, if so inclined, they renew them for life. They rise at four, A.M. and having devoted the first very early hours of the morning to exercises of private devotion and study, they are prepared by eight o'clock to enter upon their long diurnal course of duty, which consists in instructing the whole of the youthful population of the lowest classes, in the rudiments of useful knowledge and Christian doctrine. Their rule obliges them to confine their ordinary fare to such coarse and common food as is in use among the poor, prohibiting every kind of dainty. During hours of recreation they may not make any individual the subject of conversation, unless it be to speak well of him; they cannot take holy orders, and thus the barrier to ecclesiastical preferment is closed against them, leaving the brethren at fuller liberty to follow the pursuits to which they have dedicated their lives. Blind obedience to their superiors is the chief law of their institute, their admirable compliance with the spirit of which, forms the very best example for the numerous community, of whom they are the self-chosen and nobly disinterested instructors.

It cannot be a matter of wonder that heaven should look down with a propitious eye upon so vast an enterpise of philanthropy as the order instituted by M. De la Salle. Its rise and progress since the restoration of the peace of Europe, has been commensurate with the excellence and universality of its objects. By a printed census of the brothers of the Christian schools, now lying before us, it appears that in the year 1835, they possessed establishments in a hundred and twelve cities and towns of France; the number of professed brethren was, at that time, fourteen hundred and forty, of novices, two hundred and twenty-one, and of children subjected

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to the educational discipline of the Christian free schools, one hundred and one thousand one hundred and sixty-three.

Of the spread of so admirable a system, the happiest results are already apparent, and will be more so, as more extensive notoriety shall make the virtues and influence of the children of M. De la Salle, still more generally beneficial to mankind. For a century they have reverenced their founder as a saint, and fulfilment will shortly wait on the dearest wishes of their hearts. The Church is about to affix her authority to their estimate of the holy man; and before the expiration of the present year, it is probable that Jean Batiste De la Salle will have been enrolled in the glorious calendar of canonized Saints.

We shall conclude this article upon "the brothers of the Christian schools" with one observation. Should a day ever arrive when from the bosom of any one of the many modifications of heresy, there shall spring forth an institution of which the members, throwing aside all the riches and vanities of the world, regardless of all but the glory of GOD and the salvation of their souls, renouncing all the prospects and comforts of life, and without fee or reward, devoting themselves to a never-ceasing round of the most wearisome and ungrateful duty, shall be found daily rescuing more than a hundred thousand indigent children from vice, ignorance, and irreligion; then, and not till then, shall we be willing to regard with less mistrust and contempt, the new-fangled doctrines introduced to the notice of the world by the apostate of Wittenberg, and the murderer of Servetus.

AGGREGATE MEETING OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS.—EXCLUSION OF CATHOLICS FROM JURIES.

ONE of the greatest and most important meetings of Catholics ever held in England, took place in Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on Wednesday, the 7th ult., on the subject of the exclusion of Catholics from the jury in the late State Trials in Dublin. Although full reports of the meeting have appeared in

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some newspapers, we think it may not be amiss, considering the great interests invoved, to transfer one of these reports to our pages.

Long before the hour appointed (one o'clock) the hall was crowded in every part. The platform was occupied by some of the most eminent Catholic gentlemen in this country. Among those present whom we more particularly noticed, were, Lord Camoys, Lord Stourton, Hon. Charles Langdale, Hon. Sir Edward Vavasour, Bart., P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P.; John Towneley, Esq., M.P.; P. C. Maxwell, Charles Eyston, Joseph Tempest, William Witham, J. A. Cooke, Aston Blount, Charles Blount, Edmund Jerningham, R. Berkeley, Jun. of Spetchley; —Weld, James Eyre, John Selby, George Morgan, F. Lucas, and George Basil Eyston, Esqrs.; Rev. Dr. Magee, Rev. Messrs. Sisk, Moore, Harrington, Price, Cotter, Toursel, Coyle, Telford, Browne, Rymer, Hunt, Hearsnep, O'Neal, Evison, Kelly, Telford, E. Hearne, &e.

On the motion of Lord Stourton, seconded by the Hon. Charles Langdale, the Right Hon. Lord Camoys was called by acclamation to the chair; on taking which, his lordship called upon Mr. Smith, the secretary, to read the requisition and advertisement calling the meeting. The requisition is as follows:—

"We, undersigned, professing the Roman Catholic religion, deeply impressed with the important principle established at the passing of the Emancipation Act, that differences in religion were no longer to be considered grounds of civil disqualifications, cannot but view with the greatest alarm the proceedings lately adopted by the law-officers of the crown, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Ireland. The odious, and, as we had fondly hoped, for ever abandoned charge, that the Catholic does not consider himself bound by his oath, would seem to be revived, even in the court of justice itself; and we thereby, as Catholics, feel ourselves branded by the officers of the crown with unfitness for the enjoyment of the most important privilege of the British subject—trial by jury, We, therefore, at this crisis, when our rights as citizens, and our principles as Christians, are impugned in so high a quarter, call on our fellow-subjects, professing our common religion, to record our solemn protest, and with one accord throughout the empire to address our revered sovereign."

After reading the requisition, the secretary stated that there were 104 names attached to it, including those of eight peers; and that by the adhesion of the Earl of Traquair, from whom he had just received a letter, the number had been increased to nine.

Lord Camoys then rose and spoke as follows:—"Before opening the business of the day, I shall read a letter which I have received from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who it was wished would have taken the chair on this occasion. I have, at the same time, great gratification in saying, that the noble earl cordially joins with us in the objects of the present meeting." The noble lord then read the following letter:—

"Alton Towers, Feb. 6, 1844.

"My dear Lord,—I regret extremely that circumstances will not allow me to attend the meeting over which you are to preside to-morrow, as I was anxious for an opportunity of expressing my indignation, in common with yourself and many others, at the fresh insult offered to the whole Catholic population of these kingdoms, by the conduct of the law officers of the Crown, in the preliminary proceedings on the interesting and important trials now taking place in Dublin. The Catholics appear to have

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been struck off the panel *en masse*, upon the ground that they were all repealers; but while this fact is asserted on the one side, it is as stoutly denied on the other. In the absence of any positive evidence on the point, we are, I think, fully justified in the inference that whether repealers or not, no Catholic would have been allowed to sit upon that jury, seeing that such determination would have been in perfect keeping with what has hitherto been the fixed policy of the present government in Ireland, to exclude Catholics from all share in the administration of public affairs, and while professing to do equal justice to all, refusing them every grace and right enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-subjects. The exceptions are too trifling even to form the shadow of an argument.

"But even presuming that the facts are upon their side, does it evince a spirit of justice in the government to discard every man who was known to be favourable to repeal, and at the same time to leave upon the panel many who were notoriously anti-repealers, and who are now actually sitting in judgment upon the traversers? In either case, then, the first principles of justice have been violated, and a gross insult offered to the people of Ireland; and I am sorry that I have only been able to mark my reprobation of such conduct by signing the requisition for a meeting to express our common feelings upon the subject. I remain, my dear Lord,

"To the Lord Camoys. "Very truly and faithfully yours, SHREWSBURY."

I cannot help alluding to another personage who, if he had been in this country, would unquestionably have given us his countenance and support to-day. He was a person most popular to the Catholics of England. I have never attended any Catholic meeting, either for the purpose of charity or of advocating the civil and religious rights of the Catholics, but what I found the Hon. Edward Petre on my side. No person feels more regret than I do at the necessity of calling this meeting. That after fifteen years have elapsed since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, it should be necessary for us to assemble again in our political capacity, is a matter of deep regret, and at the same time a severe censure upon those whose conduct has created that necessity. Ireland has already spoken out from north to south, from east to west. A report of a committee on this subject states that the aggregate number of meetings which have taken place on this subject in Ireland, up to the 23rd of January, amounts to 324. The Scotch Catholics have also spoken out, with Bishop Murdoch at their head, and now the Catholics of England are called upon to do the same. Bishop Murdoch said, "that in the unison of expression with their Irish and Scotch brethren, this one single act of the government has already arrayed against itself one-third of the population of the united empire." This, gentlemen, is no meeting of the Catholic Institute—it is no meeting for the purpose of discussing the repeal of the union; but it is a meeting for the purpose of expressing our condemnation of the conduct of the government in striking off every Catholic whose name was on the jury list, and who might have been called upon to try the traversers, who are now before their country. It is a meeting also for the purpose of sympathising with the Irish Catholics, against whom a violation of the spirit of the act for Catholic Emancipation has been committed. Even if this act had stood alone and by itself, there would have been ample reason for the expression of opinion by the Catholics of England; but when the circumstances are considered which have accompanied this act—when it is remembered that similar circumstances have previously occurred on the part of the present government in Ireland—when the circumstance of the dropped list of 63 names, 35 of which were those of Catholics, is taken into

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consideration, and when, above all, the consequences of this act are taken into consideration—those consequences being, that wherever in Ireland the life, liberty, or property of a Catholic may be in jeopardy, the same course may be adopted, and this very instance taken as a model and as a sanction for such a course;—when all these things are seriously reflected upon, it is impossible the whole body of the Catholics of the empire should not feel it their imperative duty to interpose their protest, and demand a security against the recurrence of such unconstitutional and unjust aggressions. I have alluded to the dropped list. Circumstances of great suspicion attached to that occurrence—a suspicion so strong as to lead my mind to believe that design, and not accident, produced the suppression of that list. And I say so, taking into consideration the animus with which this prosecution was commenced and carried on, and because the government had the opportunity of proving that it was an accident. For if the government had been content to have a fair trial, they would have said, "It being impossible to have such a fair trial with a jury as it is now constituted, we will therefore postpone the trial until we have obtained a fair jury." Had they done so, they would have removed all suspicion; but they acted quite contrary to that open and candid course; the inference, therefore, is irresistible that the dropped list was the result of design, and is not to be attributed to accident. But in their defence they say, "We had a right to strike off the twelve names." I don't, for a moment, deny the legal right to strike off those names, but I utterly deny their moral right so to do. If the exercise of a right entails with it the commission of an act of injustice, the possession of that right is no justification of its exercise. It is all very well between private individuals. If a private individual was prosecuting a party for his own selfish purposes, or for the purpose of gratifying some malicious propensity, then it might be expected (although, even then, there would be no justification for the act) that he would avail himself of his strict legal right; but in the case of a government claiming to be called, and what it really ought to be, a paternal government, resorting to such a course, it thereby immediately fell from the high character of a paternal government down to the low level of a malicious prosecutor. A similar answer might be made if it is asserted that they struck off those names, not because the parties were Catholics, but because they had not that bias against the traversers sufficient to secure a conviction. If they say this, it is at once admitting that their only hope of obtaining a conviction, was by placing men in the jury box, each of whom possessed the treble qualification of being Tories, anti-repealers, and Protestants, and bringing into jeopardy also that wise maxim of the English law, that it is better that ten guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer. It did more. It was doing great injustice to the present jury. This proceeding was not only an insult to the Catholics, but it was an insult to the present jury itself. See the position in which that jury is placed! If they find a verdict of "guilty," it will be universally said that they have been guided, not by the justice of the case, but by their religious prejudices and their own particular opinions; and if they should find a verdict of "not guilty," their own friends will assail them for having sacrificed their political party. At the same time, far be it from me to utter a single word that shall ever appear to arraign those twelve men. It is not their fault. There is not one word, as yet, that can by possibility be justly said against them. It may, perhaps, excite some astonishment in the minds of some English Catholics to observe the present conduct of the government; but I own with me it excites none at all. At the last general election, I

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raised my humble but most ineffectual voice, in the way of advice to those English Catholics who, at that time, thought that there was no sort of difference or concern as to what party happened to be in power; they considered that the Tories, who passed the Emancipation Act, would never violate its provisions; and that, having had before them the examples of their predecessors of a better policy pursued in Ireland, it was utterly impossible to suppose that they would not take warning by it, and act in accordance with it. Besides, the Tories having themselves made such professions of acting towards Ireland with the most perfect equality of fairness and justice, it was thought that it was not a matter of the slightest consequence what party was in power. I ask, do you think so now? I think this last act of the Tories quite sufficient to convince the Catholics that the warning which I gave them at the last general election was a sound one, and that the Tories are as unchanged and as unchangeable as regards the Catholics, as they were in the palmy days of Protestant ascendency. It is very often alleged against us that we are ungrateful to the Tories. It is said that the Tories passed the Emancipation Act, and that the Catholics are ungrateful for it. There was never a more unfounded accusatiou made than that. When the Emancipation Act was passed, the gratitude of the Catholics was unbounded—unlimited; but the moment the party that passed that act showed that they were coming back to their own principles, and the moment they stated (and that very shortly did they state) that Protestant ascendency was to be the basis of their policy in Ireland, then, and at that instant, our gratitude naturally and properly vanished, and the late act which has been committed by the government not only justifies us, but brings to us the conviction that gratitude is no longer due to the party who would not carry out the principles which they themselves had enacted. Sometimes—to induce us, I suppose, to be grateful—we are told that the oath we took limits us in our civil rights. We are called upon to be grateful in the same breath that we are told that we are limited and mutilated members of political society. A speech which we shall not easily forget was made, last year, by one of her Majesty's ministers, in which, it was said, that "concession had gone to the utmost limits to the Catholics in Ireland." In mentioning this expression I am irresistibly led to refer to the answer which her Majesty gave to the address which was presented to her by the Dublin corporation on the subject of this grievance. Her Majesty said:—"It is at all times my anxious desire that any grievance, of which my people justly complain, should be speedily redressed; and I confide in the wisdom of the Parliament of the United Kingdom for the adoption of such legislative measures as may be necessary for that purpose." I don't know who composed that answer; but, if they are her Majesty's sentiments, which I believe they are, they are in direct contrast with any body of men who will say that "concession has gone to the furthermost limits in Ireland." Yes, we know whom we ought to be grateful to—grateful to those who fought our battles when emancipation was unattainable. We are grateful to those who were gratified with that victory, and who have carried out in practice the theories they ever professed, and have ever been endeavouring to establish. We are also grateful to the Irish people for their conduct during that great struggle; but before all, and above all, we are grateful to O'Connell [tremendous applause and waving of hats for several minutes.] Gentlemen, I will take the liberty of reading to you a passage that I find in the last number of the *Dublin Review*. The reviewer is answering a work which calls Mr. O'Connell "a gross, clumsy, open im-

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pudent deceiver". Just listen to this answer:—" For forty years has this 'gross, clumsy, open, impudent deceiver,' been living amongst them, mingling in their festivities, presiding at their assemblies, kneeling at their altars; instructing, advising, guiding, impelling, restraining; standing upon an eminence, with the searching gaze of a mighty empire fixed for ever upon him; every word and every gesture, every action and every omission recorded and canvassed; in the high courts of law, in the high court of Parliament, in the high court of public opinion, in the high court of the press—the most powerful press in the world; by eloquent men, by learned men, by acute men; by the lower orders of society, by the middle orders, by the upper orders; by artizans, by merchants, by lawyers, by parsons, by proud barons, by mighty kings;—in all these, by all these has this being, without a name, been accused and tried. For forty years has this trial been going on, and the first generation of accusers, and witnesses and judges has passed away, and left room for another and another, and after all this the conviction is yet to come. His bitterest enemies have borne testimony in his favour, and they who would grind him as wheat, or burn him in a furnace, have admitted and maintained that he is a sincere man, an honest man, and all—all proclaim that he is a great man. They who know him best, whose interests are chiefly identified with his incorruptible virtue—one of the purest hierarchies in the world—one of the most laborious, virtuous, simple-minded priesthoods in the world, and seven millions of the Irish people, have placed in his hands, without a shadow of misgiving, their dearest earthly hopes. Nor have they done so precipitately, blindly. They have tried him long, they have trusted him long, and he has never once betrayed them, and, therefore, they trust him again. He has the blessing of the church, he has the prayers of the people, he has the confidence of both. Profane history has no example of this kind". There is a passage, as true as it is just, and as eloquent as either. I know not who composed that passage, but he will forgive me for saying that I envy him the happiness of having composed it. I am happy also in reading this passage to the meeting, as I hope the press will send it forth to every part of the country where the accusation it so triumphantly answers may have reached. There is one other subject that I am tempted to mention. Upon the mere rumour that the state meant to propose an allowance to the Catholic priesthood, the Irish Catholic clergy met and passed a resolution in the most emphatic terms, resolving on no account to accept a state provision. I know not what your opinions are upon that subject; but in the wisdom and propriety of that decision I must cordially concur. And if ever the proposition should be made, no matter from what party, I shall feel it my duty to make as strenuous an opposition to it as I can; and it will be materially assisting me if I shall be able to state upon that occasion, that at a large meeting of the Catholics of London, representing the Catholics of England and Scotland also, that the sentiments I now express were received with a general sanction and approbation. In the beginning of my address, I said it was a meeting of sympathy with the Irish Catholics. I am quite sure that on all occasions the English Catholics will not be found wanting, but will always readily come forward when the interests of the Irish Catholics were concerned. As to myself, if my services in the position I occupy can be of any avail to them, I hereby tender them those serviees, happy if, by the exercise of them, I can be in the slightest degree of any use to them.

Lord Stourton then came forward to move the first resolution, and was received with great cheering. He declared himself to be almost a Jubil-

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arian, and worn out in the service of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. When he cast his eyes around him he found few indeed whom he had seen in his earlier days. They were gone, and he trusted they had received the reward of services rendered in the cause. He felt himself that he enjoyed one advantage in having lived to this period, namely, that in his own person he was a living refutation of the charge that a Roman Catholic was not to be bound by his oath. Year after year, the first peer of the land—his most lamented friend the late Duke of Norfolk, threw his marshal's staff to the winds, and who unseated himself (for the seat was not taken from him) rather than pass the fragile rail that separated him from the House of Lords, where he was traditionally a member, and where he would, of course, as the premier Duke of all England, have been seated next, in his temporal capacity, to the blood royal of this empire. And why was that fragile rail to that noble duke, as well as to himself (Lord Stourton) a rail of adamant? It was because from that rail arose to the heavens above an oath, which they neither of them dared to touch. Was he, then, after this to be told that a Catholic was not bound by his oath, and that, too, at the very moment when the minister of the Crown had declared that the rail which had been put in his way had been removed, and that he had substituted an oath to which no Catholic could have any valid or conscientious objection? It was not an oath merely imposed upon him, but one equally taken by every man who sought to be admitted to the privileges of the constitution, and it was taken alike by priest and layman. And was he to be told, that because that oath said that he was not to weaken the Protestant religion as by law established, it thereby limited his functions and duties to an extent that in fact went to disgrace, degrade, and annihilate the House of Peers itself? Yes, annihilate the House of Peers; for if the fact should be admitted that there was one member in the House of Peers to whom it could be said by any other member of that house, "You are not my equal," that which had ever been the pride and boast of the peerage would immediately be destroyed. The man who would dare to alter that principle of equality would deserve impeachment, as a violator of the constitution. It would be degrading the House of Lords, and depriving it of one of its proudest privileges, which consisted in recognising the lowest baron, like himself, as standing equal in that house to any prince of the blood. For the words were that they were 'peers.' Was he then to be told, that he could not as a peer vote upon this or that measure, because it might weaken the established religion? Why, he would venture to say, that not a single measure could be passed, in that house in which he had the honour to sit, which might not be said to bear upon the religion of the establishment. He said the 'honour to sit;' but if the construction attempted to be put upon that oath were maintained, he should consider his having a seat amongst them a dishonour. The principle that a Roman Catholic was not to be believed on his oath, was one fraught with the most destructive and devastating consequences. It was not merely the construction of the oath of a nobleman, of a member of Parliament, or of even the coronation oath. All these sunk into insignificance when compared with the taking away the integrity of a Roman Catholic's oath, for in so doing you took away the sanction of the sacred volume itself, and destroyed the very foundation upon which Christianity was based. Whence should this doctrine have proceeded? From the temples of justice? From the functionaries of government? From any of the institutions of the country? No; because they were all said to be based upon Christianity, which was part and parcel of the law of the

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land. There was once a temple that disgraced other generations—a temple that existed when he was young—a temple from which the tenet sprung, not of the immortality, but the mortality of the soul, and where it was taught that death was but an eternal sleep; the temple of the Goddess of Reason—of perverted reason. From that temple he could conceive might have proceeded the pernicious and destructive principle that the Roman Catholic was not to be considered bound by his oath. There, indeed, it would have been in keeping, because it agreed with their object, which was crying down Christianity, and it would have suited them well to have told the Catholics that they were as great atheists as themselves. The noble lord concluded by referring to the words of Mr. Frederick Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin, who, in addressing a Protestant meeting some years ago, said, "Let them (the Parliament) but touch the sacred volume, and then, 'to your tents, O Israel!'" But they (said the noble lord) have touched the sacred volume, when they touched my oath, and I say also, "to your tents, O Israel!" He did not wish to say anything that should be painful, but the Attorney-General for Ireland had reflected upon the oath of Roman Catholics; and if the Attorney-General did think that they were not bound by their oath, he did well to challenge every Roman Catholic on the list. But let the Attorney-General enter that temple to which he (Lord Stourton) had before adverted, and say to the priest of that temple, "These men are not Catholics; but we are Catholics;" and the priest would laugh him to scorn, and say to him, "It may be very well for you, in your little island, to circulate your light gold, or your heavy gold, your depreciated paper which you call a pound sterling, but the language of Christendom is otherwise. We know no such distinctions." Pass over the world, not only in Christendom, but in Africa or Asia, and if it were asked where was the Roman Catholic Church, the people would show you the place of worship under one great synonymous appellation of Catholic and Roman Catholic. What he would say was this, and he said it with kindness, he hoped in fairness, and certainly in all solemnity, to his Protestant brethren, to the whole body of the Christian community—let us divide as we like, let us even quarrel or unite as we please, but let us not dig up the very stones of our common churches in order to pelt each other with the fragments. In the language of Saul, let us not lay sacrilegious hands upon the sacred volume, and invalidate the testimony of those writings, which have been in the hands of the men whom we now say are not to be believed upon their oath. The Catholics had a duty to perform—to go to their Majesty—to their religious Sovereign, and ask her, by the common reverence she and they entertained for the sacred volume, and for the character of Christendom, not merely to protect them and their interests, but to protect that which was a nobler and more exalted interest—that which they mutually believed to be the revelation of Christianity. The noble lord then concluded, amid loud cheers, by proposing the following resolution: "That the abolition of civil distinctions on account of religion, was the avowed object of those who introduced it, and the understood principles of the act for the emancipation of Roman Catholics."

The Rev. Mr. HARRINGTON seconded the resolution; and in so doing, paid an eloquent tribute to the merits and high character of the noble lord who had just sat down, and his long and earnest labours in the cause of Catholicity. The reverend gentleman proceeded to express his gratification at seeing so great a part of the flower and chivalry of the Catholic aristocracy, so many of his own *confrères*, and such a vast number of Catholics assembled together to express their deep feeling and keen sense of

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the injury which had been done to their principles; and through those principles, it might almost be said, to their persons. There had been a time, he said, when "Hope told a flattering tale" to the ears of the Catholics,—when they looked forward eagerly and anxiously to the passing of the Emancipation Act. That measure was heralded in by all that was resplendent in talent, all that was lucid in reason and oratory: it was adorned by the rich eloquence of a Grattan, it was urged by the master-mind of a Plunket. Long had the Catholics been sitting in darkness and sorrow, but in the hope that the day-star would at length dawn which should see them free, and walking in the clear light and air of the British constitution. They were like the countryman seated by the river side, waiting for the waters to flow away and the channel to be dry, ere he could pass to the other side; and it had been even said to them that the waters would indeed flow past, and the channel be dry, before Catholics should obtain the end for which they awaited. At last, however, the day came, the wand was stretched forth,—the waters of the penal code passed away,—and they were landed in safety on the other side, upon the shore of liberty. That to the Catholics was a day of gratitude and jubilee; and they felt that, the principle being admitted, they were eligible to all offices, save one or two, in the state of which they were members. They watched, and saw the gradual development of the principle into practice. The House of Lords was thrown open, and a portion of the British aristocracy walked in—an honour and an ornament to the order to which they belonged. The House of Commons also was thrown open; but the fact could not be doubted that there was one man who, with powerful arm, broke open the portals of that house, which had been closed against those of his creed for long years, and that man was Daniel O'Connell [tremendous cheering, in the midst of which some one called for "Three cheers for Daniel O'Connell," which were most heartily given]. It gave the general body of the Catholics great pleasure to see those of their religion enter the Houses of Lords and Commons; to see them even admitted to be privy councillors and sheriffs of cities. The Catholics were trusted, and they acted with honour and integrity in the situation in which they were placed. It was then with feelings of pride that Catholics watched the progress of emancipation. But how stood the matter at present with regard to the exclusion of Catholics from juries? It was true their noble chairman might enter the House of Lords, but he could not serve us a juryman. Another Catholic might enter the House of Commons, but must not serve as a juryman. A third might serve in the exalted and honourable capacity of a privy councillor, but he must not sit as a juryman. Would it not, he asked, have been a great pleasure to have found some Catholic upon the jury now sitting in Dublin, if only that he might have been able to describe the impression made upon him by Mr. Attorney-General Smith, when he was teaching the rising lawyers how trial by jury was to be set aside, and trial by battle substituted? when he was "Teaching the young (counsel) how to—shoot?" Now, it had lately been thought necessary, for the safety and good government of Ireland, that a bill for the registration of arms should be passed, and he (Mr. Harrington) thought it would not have been altogether out of place to have inquired of the court whether Mr. Smith's pistols were registered. But, leaving these points, he would say that the Catholics deeply felt, as, indeed, they ought to feel, that a great injustice had been done to them, by their exclusion from the jury; and they felt it the more, because they thought upon those by whom the great charter of English liberties was secured—the bold barons of

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Runnymede; men of strong loyalty, but strong determination; men with pride in their port and defiance in their eyes,—who wrung Magna Charta from the hands of John. In that charter, of one of the chief bulwarks of English liberty, was the provision that no man should be injured in person or property, unless by judgment of twelve peers. Should we be unmindful of the great example set by those brave barons? No. He would say, let us stand by that which they had bequeathed to us—Trial by Jury. He asked, would it not have been wrong on the part of the English Catholics at this crisis, when Ireland and Scotland had spoken out, to stand by tamely and hear their principles maligned? It was said that they were not worthy to be believed on their oaths. If that were true, why put a Catholic in the witness-box? Why present to him an oath, if he was not to be believed when he had sworn? They had met that day to express the deep feeling they entertained of the injury done to the Catholic body by their exclusion from the jury; and had they not a right to do so? Were they not men moved by the same feelings, actuated by the same motives as others; and were they to sit down tamely under such disgrace; No! they owed to themselves—they owed it to their fellow-citizens, and to their Protestant brethren—to speak out like men, and say that the accusation was unjust.

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

The Hon. Mr. LANGDALE then came forward to propose the second resolution. After a few prefatory sentences, by way of apology for having so often obtruded himself upon the notice of his fellow Catholics, the hon. gentleman spoke to the following effect: A resolution, my lord, has been put into my hands, and I shall premise the few observations I may have to make upon that resolution, by endeavouring, in the first place, to prevent even the possibility of being misunderstood. Gentlemen, you have been told by our noble chairman that this meeting is, as it ought to be, strictly limited to the special object for which the requisitionists have called us here to-day; and in alluding to the just complaint we have to make as to the exclusion of Catholic jurymen, I trust that nothing which drops from me may be considered as throwing, or intended to carry, the slightest reflection whatsoever upon those gentlemen who may be now sitting as jurors in the city of Dublin. I know nothing whatsoever of those gentlemen, of their politics, or of their principles. This one thing only I do know—that they are not Roman Catholics; and could I for one moment bring myself to suppose that on that account they would not as fairly, and honestly, and conscientiously discharge their duty as I should myself, or as would any other Catholic under similar circumstances, I should myself be guilty of that very injustice of which I now accuse others. What is the subject of complaint which has brought us together this day? That question will, perhaps, be best answered by reading the resolution I hold in my hands, and which I shall have the honour to move. The hon. gentlemen then read the resolution as follows: "That the officers of the Crown, in striking off every Catholic from the panel in a trial pending in the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, have raised, even in the court of justice itself, a well-grounded suspicion of a violation of this principle of the Emancipation Act, and have thereby insulted our religion, and endangered our rights, by an implied imputation on the integrity of our oaths." That is the charge we bring against the officers of the Crown in regard to the trials now pending in Dublin. I now propose, as it is desirable in all meetings of this kind that the subject in hand should be understood in all its bearings, to explain to every one present the exact mode in which the insult of which we complain took place. The list from which the jury is

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selected in Dublin consists of from 700 to 800 names of persons possessing certain requisite qualifications. But I must, in the first place, here refer to that which has been already alluded to, namely, that it is somewhat extraordinary—that it bears upon the face of it grave ground for suspicion, that some unfairness was practised in the very preliminary steps, or process in the formation of the list. I am justified in so saying, because it was opened declared by one of her Majesty's judges, from the bench itself, that there were grounds of great suspicion attending that transaction. And I must say, when we see what subsequently took place, to strengthen as it were the foundation of that suspicion, that there is cause for that assertion, and for our complaint. It so happened that a paper containing from 60 to 70 names was mislaid or withdrawn. Among these 60 or 70 names, it also so happened that there were 35 Catholics. However, without charging, which distinctly I do not, the Attorney General for Ireland or the officers of the Crown with being party or parties to the mistake or withdrawal—call it what you please—I do say that in some quarter or another, it has been declared by one of her Majesty's judges on the bench, that there are great grounds for suspicion. Purged, then, as this list was of these 35 Catholics, the next step is to select forty-eight names from the list, which, I believe, are chosen by ballot. Out of these forty-eight names each party, the prosecutor and traversers, strike off twenty-four. From the remaining twenty-four the jury consists, as you know, of twelve men, chosen to try the issue. What is the course taken in this case by the prosecuting party? Out of the forty-eight names on the list eleven were Catholics. One by one, as the turn came for the solicitor for the Crown to strike out a name, he chose to strike at the name of a Catholic, until every Catholic was out of the panel. Now arrives the question—why was this done? I know it has been subsequently—mark, "subsequently"—rumoured that these Catholics were repealers; and because they had a strong political bias, they were struck off. Let us sift this allegation thoroughly, for it is a most material point. I say the act itself was of great importance. Upon the face of it, it was an insult to seven-eighths of the population of Ireland. Was it not desirable, was it not the bounden duty of the officers of the Crown, to avoid, if possible, any imputation of that kind? Would they not have avoided it, if it were possible for them to do so? Would they not have assigned some cause other than that of Catholicity, if they were prepared at the time—mark, at that time—to do so? There can be no doubt if another reason had existed it would have been assigned. But what was the cause at that time? The Crown solicitor was challenged, as he struck off each name, with striking it off because it belonged to a Catholic. What would have been the course of the officer of the Crown under those circumstances, eager and anxious, as he ought to have been, for the preservation of quiet and the reputation for the justice of his proceedings? If he was striking off the names of persons simply because of their political conduct, would he not have directly said so when challenged? When he struck off the name A B or C D, and the opposite solicitor objected that the name was so struck off because its owner was a Catholic, would not the Crown solicitor instantly have replied, "No, you are mistaken; it is not so. I strike off the name of this man, not because he is a Catholic, but because he is a Repealer"? If the solicitor for the Crown had been then—mark again, "then"—if he had been *then* prepared with this excuse, would he not have advanced it—would he have allowed himself to be, as he was, in open court, in the face of day, challenged with striking off the names of those persons merely and

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solely because they were Catholics? I say that this excuse about repealers comes too late. It was when all Ireland was in a blaze that it at last occurred to them that some such paltry excuse might serve their turn. But how stands the fact? Simply that those persons were not at all repealers. When I signed the requisition for this meeting, I determined to ascertain the truth, as far as lay in my power; and accordingly I wrote to Dublin, to an individual most likely to be able to give me authentic information, and I will state the particulars I received in reply. My correspondent states, with respect to these eleven jurors, that "it is certainly not true that all of them were repealers. Some of them were, but none of them ever took an active part in the repeal agitation, nor did any one of them act as a repealer, except, perhaps, by contributing his shilling or his pound. There are three whose names are not upon the books at all." Now I ask you whether, before the Crown solicitor struck off those names, it was not his bounden duty to ascertain if the parties were or were not repealers. Upon a trial of this importance—a trial, I might almost say, upon which the fate of the empire might be supposed to depend—it was most material, if possible, to have only one Catholic left upon the jury. Would it not, indeed, have changed the whole character of the proceedings? The hon. gentleman here proceeded to read a further extract from the letter of his Irish correspondent, to the effect, that of the three persons whose names had been struck off, two had never expressed any opinions favourable to repeal, or had attended any meetings, and one of them entertained opinions adverse to repeal. What was the reason, then, that these men were struck off? Because they were Roman Catholics; and it is in vain to endeavour to get over this view of the course pursued. The insult was to them as Catholics, and it is impossible but that all Catholics, be they where they may, must feel it as an insult offered to themselves. What then is the course we were bound to follow? I know it has been said, and so much was expressed to myself, not, indeed by a Catholic, but a Protestant friend, "why should you meddle with this affair? These people are Irish Catholics. It is an Irish proceeding altogether, and you English have nothing to do with it." Now I cannot take that view of the case. There was, it is true, a difference of opinion among Catholics upon the real matter of fact, whether these persons were struck off the list because they were Catholics, but I cannot suppose that there is any Catholic who believes it to be true that these persons really were struck off the jury list as Catholics, and because they were Catholics, but who must feel the same indignation that I do. But, forsooth, they were Catholics in Ireland. I should like to know whether Catholics in England thought they had nothing to do with Catholics in Ireland some years ago, when we in common with them were suffering under a penal code of laws and exclusion from our political rights. I should like to know where would be our political rights now, and in what state our religion would now be in England, if it had not been for the Catholics in Ireland? I wish I could bring myself to believe that it was purely to a sense of justice in England we are indebted for our freedom from the trammels which then bound us. But I have, unfortunately, the declaration of the minister of the day that no such grounds as these existed, but that it was absolute necessity—that it was the strong voice of millions—that it was above all things, although not expressed or openly acknowledged, to the voice of those millions who were guided and tutored especially by one individual—which forced the government to grant Catholic Emancipation. I hope and trust, then, that every Catholic who believes that those eleven jurymen were struck off the list be-

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cause they were Catholics, does feel and resent it as an injury and insult offered to himself. What it the amount of this injury? In what position does it place the Catholics? Let me ask you what is the real disqualification for sitting as a juryman? Why, a conviction for felony. Yes a convicted felon, as one unworthy of that trust, is rendered incapable of sitting as a juror. What is the natural deduction? That we Catholics are no more worthy of credence on our oaths than is a convicted felon? What! And are we tamely to sit down and submit to an imputation of this kind? I rejoice that the Catholics of England, at the meeting of this day, will express sentiments of a different description. This is, believe me, an affair of no small moment. It is not a mere whisper among a few persons. So far as the press can carry the news of these trials, so far also the news of this insult to the name of Catholic will reach. The press has, in many instances considered this matter in its true light, and has not hesitated to charge against the Catholics that which those in power are perhaps afraid openly to charge. One of the morning papers, of great circulation, the *Morning Herald* [groans, and oh, oh], justifies the conduct of the government, and said they were right (shame shame). And why? Because the writer in the *Herald* says that had a single Catholic been called upon the jury, that Catholic would immediately receive notice from his spiritual superior that he was bound to acquit the traversers. That is no slight imputation; the paper containing it is handed from table to table, from house to house; and it happens that a great number of people are apt to believe what a newspaper tells them. They take assertions upon credit, and they say, "Oh, it must be so; I saw it in print;" and thus they will argue, "Who can believe the Roman Catholics?" Why, if such imputations as these upon us be true, then I say, we are totally unfit for any state of society. Then, not only ought the penal code to be re-enacted against us, but we ought to be driven altogether from the society of man. Whom do we charge with this insult offered to the Catholic body? Is it the poor crown solicitor who struck off those names? No such thing. On the contrary, I feel pity and compassion for the individual who was obliged to adopt such a course of conduct, in obedience to the orders of those above him. I arraign, then, his superior—the legal adviser of the crown, the Attorney-General for Ireland. But do I stop here? No; he also is responsible; and to whom? To the government that appoints him. I say it was the bounden duty of the government, if they do not patronize and back up the conduct of the Attorney-General, at once to have repudiated it. They who profess to have the peace of the empire at heart,—who desire to support the dignity of the crown,—who complain of the state of agitation in which Ireland is or was,—they are to blame for placing such an individual in such a station; for they had no right to expect any other course of conduct would have been pursued by the Attorney- General. He was acting in pursuance of an opinion he had expressed at a large meeting of the Orangemen of the North, that Catholic members of parliament violated their oaths. But whether the government knew this or not, they are responsible for the conduct of the Attorney-General,—responsible for the outrage and insult offered to one-third part of the population of Great Britain and Ireland—for that proportion do the Catholics bear;—and I do trust they will be called in another place to a most rigid account for the conduct they have thought fit to pursue. The honourable gentleman concluded by moving the resolution set forth above.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Catholic Magazine.

SITES OF DEVOTIONAL CELEBRITY.—No. I.

ST. SOPHIA'S, CONSTANTINOPLE.

At the head of an article purporting to commemorate spots hallowed by devotional associations, it seems at first paradoxical to place the name of a mosque, which ranks, perhaps, first among the temples of infidelity. A moment's reflection suffices, however, to recal to our recollections the inherently sacred character of an ancient and magnificent edifice, originally founded by the first Christian emperor, for the worship of the true God, and by that solemn dedication too closely identified with the holiness of eternal truth, for the abominations of Islamism to throw around its sanctuaries any permanent contamination. Sites which once re-echoed the inspired eloquence of St. John Chrysostom, are not amenable to defilement; and, though centuries have elapsed since the basilica of Constantine has been degraded into its present character, the light of its Byzantine and orthodox glories, still gleams through the murkiness of Mohammedism and imposture.

Contemporaneous with the foundation of the imperial city, was the establishment of the illustrious temple of "eternal wisdom," and various the vicissitudes of its eventful history. Under the reign of Arcadius, in 404, the church was burnt down, rebuilt by Theodosius in 415, and became the prey of a second conflagration in the fifth year of the reign of Justinian. Under that emperor, however, the church of St. Sophia rose more resplendent than ever from its own ashes, and was finally restored and completed at Christmas A.D. 538. Anthenius of Tralles, and Isidorus of Miletus, are recorded to have been the architects employed in the reconstruction of the superb edifice, which the piety and ambition of its imperial restorer sought to assimilate, in magnificence and dimension, to the famous temple of Solomon. An immense variety of the rarest and most costly Grecian marbles, Egyptian granite, and porphyry, were

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employed in the decoration of the holy structure, and the historical monuments of Pagan antiquity were ransacked, to contribute to the adornment of the noblest Christian church in the world. Within its gorgeous domes, were to be found the eight pillars of porphyry which Aurelius had taken away from the temple of the Sun at Balbec, the eight green pillars from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and columns which had once decked the temples of Troas, Cyzicus, Athens, and the Cyclades, of Isis and Osiris, of the Sun and Moon, at Heliopolis, of Pallas, of Phœbus, at Delos, and of Cybele. The walls were gorgeous with paintings of the holy Virgin and the apostles and prophets, while to every gilded cross was attached the mystic legend, "In hoc signo vinces,"—the famous words, which, gleaming from mid-heaven, had arrested the great Constantine in his victorious course, and turned him from Paganism to truth. Upon a huge column, which bore the equestrian statue of Justinian, was planted a colossal cross, which fell down in the earthquake of 1371, its prostration resembling a forewarning of that which was to befal the religion of which it was the emblem, in the city of the Byzantine Cæsars. To the building of the basilica of St. Sophia, as many legendary stories are attached, by tradition, as to that of the holy and wonderful house which the wisest of kings had erected to the glory of the GOD of Israel. An angel appeared to the emperor in a dream, with a plan of the fabric in his hand. Ten thousand workmen, under the superintendence of a hundred master masons, were at one and the same time employed upon the structure. The same celestial messenger twice repeated his visit, upon one occasion indicating a subterranean vault, from which vast and timely hoards of gold were drawn forth, to replenish the failing treasury, and prosecute the wondrous work! The emperor, coarsely attired, was in the habit of associating with the workmen during the progress of the building, encouraging their labours by his presence and exhortations. The stones of the foundations were cemented with a mortar composed of peculiarly tenacious ingredients, and the white tiles that inlaid the cupolas were made of the light clay of Rhodes, each of them bearing the inscription, "GOD has founded it, and it will not be overthrown: GOD will support it in the blush of the dawn." Relics were imbedded between the layers of marble that lined every part of the mighty structure; and, at frequent periods of its progress, solemn hymns and prayers for the prosperity of the Church were chaunted by the assembled clergy. A fourth time the angel

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appeared to the emperor, to signify that the light which should fall upon the high altar, must stream from three windows, in honour of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The altar was to be more costly than gold, and was therefore composed of every species of precious material, incrusted with gems. Above the altar towered the tabernacle, surmounted by a cupola, from which sprung a cross of gold, weighing seventy-five pounds. There were twenty-four colossal books of the Evangelists, each of which, with its golden covering, weighed twenty cwts. All the sacred vessels and candelabras were of pure gold; the doors were of ivory, amber, and cedar, and were veneered with planks believed to have been taken from Noah's ark!

When the church was quite completed, an event which took place in 538, sixteen years after the commencement of its restoration, the emperor drove thither in state. A thousand oxen, and as many sheep, six hundred deer, a thousand pigs, and ten thousand cocks and hens, were slaughtered, and, with thirty thousand measures of corn, were distributed among the poor. Accompanied by the patriarch Eutychius, he advanced to the pulpit, and exultingly exclaimed: "GOD be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon! I have surpassed thee!"

Perhaps there was too much of vain-glory and self-sufficiency in the imperial boast, to propitiate the favour of the Almighty power which it invoked. Perhaps the enormous vices of an entire people, plunged, during the latest centuries of an effete empire, in the enervating excesses to which an over-proportion of wealth and civilization too surely leads, had justly provoked the vengeance of an offended GOD. Such presumptions are at least plausible, when, from the magnificent spectacle of the dedication of the church of St. Sophia to Christian worship, we turn to that mournful page in the history of religion, which exhibits the capital of the great Constantine beleaguered by the infidel warrior, the believers in Christ quailing and falling before the followers of the prophet, and the holy sanctuaries of St. Sophia polluted by the impostures of Islamism. With what a mournful feeling one reads of that august temple's violent and bloody desecration! On horseback, and at the head of his infuriated barbarians, maddened with victory and carnage, Mahomed II galloped into the church. Its immense area was densely thronged with trembling fugitives of all classes, clergy, nuns, citizens, women, and children. The conqueror spurred his charger

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through that helpless crowd, and, dashing up to the high altar, sprang from his horse, exclaiming, "There is no GOD but GOD, and Mohammed is His prophet!" The words became a signal for an immediate scene of the most brutal massacre and general spoliation. It is recorded of the wretched Christian inhabitants that survived the desolation of that dreadful day, that to behold the hallowed sanctuaries of St. Sophia invaded by the Imams, Skeiks, and Muezzims, of the Mussulman worship, was to them the most bitter and poignant portion of their degradation and slavery.

The now Turkish mosque still retains all the main features of the temple of Justinian. The four gigantic seraphim in mosaic, which adorned the vault of the principal cupola, are now flanked by the names of the four companions of the impostor of Mecca, and colossal inscriptions from the Koran are graven on the walls,—frequently obscuring the still latent trace of antique fresco paintings of Madonnas and Saints. The crosses which adorned the bronze doors have been rather mutilated than effaced, and to that peculiarity of Moslem superstition, which enjoins "true believers" to turn their faces in the direction of Mecca when performing their devotional observances, may be ascribed the fortunate circumstance, that the spot once occupied by the high altar, and sanctified by the daily consummation of the holiest mysteries, has not been contaminated, by being made the subsequent seat of impure and impious rites.

In conformity, therefore, with the usage just referred to, the present worshippers in St. Sophia's no longer face the east, where, as in all Christian edifices of ancient date, the altar once stood, but the south-east, which being, at Constantinople, in the direction of Mecca, is the point where the Mussulmans have placed the niche called "the Mirab," corresponding in some measure to the Holy of Holies in a Jewish synagogue. The congregation of St. Sophia's kneel or stand in it sideways, representing, as it were, to use the words of a modern author, by so many diagonals, the great transverse stroke which Islam has levelled at Christianity.

Will the day ever arrive, when the cross shall once again glitter from the cupola of St. Sophia's? Wrapt in the womb of coming time, that glorious event may be destined to mark the latest ages of the world! May GOD, in His eternal wisdom, convert such a now seemingly fanciful aspiration, into reality! The ponderous political questions of the present day, have clogged and extinguished all the chivalrous feelings of an older and more believing age. By the

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England of the Reformation, the Mussulman is no longer looked upon as an infidel, the enemy of GOD, and, therefore, natural foe of Christendom, but as an ancient and faithful ally, the ascendancy of whose empire, and permanence of whose false religion, are to be, at all hazards, upheld, for the sake of preserving what is called "the balance of European power." In such merely human calculations, how little credit is given to the all-directing providence of the Creator! how little zeal evinced for the spread and welfare of Christianity! But the Catholic spirit which summoned us of old to Palestine, was a widely different feeling from that weak and adulterated dilution of ancient faith, which, under the name of Protestantism, sneers at popery at home, while it protects and encourages paganism abroad, if to do so be found in any way conducive to the commercial prosperity of Great Britain.

For ourselves, without pretension to any experience in the science and mystery of political economy, we must openly avow our utter inability cordially to sympathize in any system, however enlarged and comprehensive, which regards the permanent establishment of a barbaric power in one of the fairest regions of Europe, as an essential safeguard of national prosperity. With notions, probably so circumscribed as to be deemed well worthy of the darker ages, we candidly declare, that to behold the city of Constantine once again successfully beleaguered by a conquering, and a Christian, host, would fill our soul with unspeakable exultation. Of course it is the Latin cross which we should best love to see once again gleaming from the dome of St. Sophia's; but, rather than the crescent which now soars on high, stamping as a den of imposture, the ancient temple of Justinian, we would willingly there behold even the schismatical cross of the Greek! For such a preference our reason is simple. It is because St. Petersburgh is nearer to Rome than London or Mecca.

THE MONASTERY OF EINSIEDELN.

It was a "holy and a wholesome thought" which, in the days of ancient faith, prompted men of all conditions of life, occasionally to forsake the occupations and pursuits of their temporal callings, to perform some devout pilgrimage to one or other of the many hallowed sites which religion had pointed out to the peculiar reverence of the world. Such peregrinations revived in human breasts

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the flame of piety, which, amidst the distracting cares of ordinary existence, had too often flickered and grown dim; and from them men returned with chastened and humbled minds, less wedded to the things of earth, more intent on those of heaven!

In these our self-boastful times, the pious practices of our forefathers have fallen into disrepute and disuse, although, thanks to GOD, there are even now "faithful men left," who, in those parts of Europe unscathed by heresy, honour the memory, by following the example, of olden days, and still visit, in the character of religious pilgrims, time-honoured scenes of edification.

Perhaps of all the spots which, in our quarter of the world, attract, at the present day, the greatest concourse of devotional visitants, is the famous monastery of Einsiedeln. No particular beauty of situation, nor magnificence of architecture, have contributed to the celebrity of the abbey of Einsiedeln, consisting of a vast mass of building, erected in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and standing on a desolate tract of table land, 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The village of Einsiedeln is reached by ascending Mount Etzel, along a road which is dotted with small chapels, at each of which the representation of some event in the passion of Christ, invites the passing pilgrim to halt and offer prayer. Aloof from its humble dwellings, stands the convent, on a stately site upon the hill side.

The origin of this monastic establishment, dates from the days of Charlemagne, when a holy anchorite named Meinrad, of the noble house of Hohenzollern, is recorded to have sought this remote solitude, and to have cherished with peculiar veneration a black image of the blessed Virgin, which had been given to him by St. Hildegarde, abbess of Zurich. The good hermit was murdered in 861 by two robbers, and their guilt is traditionally alleged to have been brought to light by ravens, which had been reared by Meinrad, who unceasingly pursued his assassins. The reputation of sanctity attaching to the spot where he had resided, so greatly increased after his death, that his cell was restored, and a church built in the wilderness, by a community of Benedictine monks. During the nine centuries that have since elapsed, the monastery of Einsiedeln had progressively flourished. Immense domains became annexed to it, the Church treasury was enriched by the most gorgeous offerings, the most illustrious nobles became its abbots, and had acquired rights of jurisdiction which assimilated their dignity and power to those of sovereign princes.

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The armies of the French revolution,—that universal scourge, which seems to have left unmolested no establishment in Europe, however consecrated by time, and utility, and general reverence!—stripped the abbey of its accumulated treasures, and are said to have carried away the original image of "Our Lady of the Hermits." At the present day, however, the monks of Einsiedeln are still the richest community in Switzerland, and another figure of the blessed Virgin, perpetuates the memory of the former one. Protestants, of course, scoff at the simple-mindedness which extracts matter for devotional feeling from the contemplation of an old wooden image—wilfully confounding with worship of the figure itself, the veneration intended to be manifested for her of whom it is the fancied effigy. Such accusations of idolatrous practice, repeatedly brought against us by our adversaries, have been as constantly and as uselessly refuted; for prejudice is stronger than even the voice of truth. Suffice it to observe, with regard to the original or substituted black figure of our Lady of Einsiedeln, that rude or fantastic as may be its aspect; if by gazing upon it the humble Tyrolese peasant finds his thoughts directed heavenwards, his feelings are as lofty, and as legitimate, and as well entitled to respect, as those of any prouder devotee, who should seek and find the same devotional inspiration before a Madonna of Raphael or Canova.

The tide of pilgrims now, as heretofore, unceasingly sets in the direction of the monastery of Einsiedeln, and the church of the convent is perpetually thronged with devotees from all parts of Central Europe. It is an edifice of no very great architectural pretention, though profusely adorned with paintings, marbles, and gilding. A few paces from the entrance, stands the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln. Within a chapel of black marble, and by the glare of an ever-burning lamp, the pilgrim gazes through an iron grating at the holy and venerated image of the Mother of our Redeemer, and pours forth his prayers to heaven through her gracious intercession. Votive pictures hang around, in number seemingly without limit, simple and touching memorials, as it appears to us, of warm and artless fervour.

The Benedictine community of Einsiedeln was, in 1835, seventy-seven in number, including professed monks, lay brothers, and novices. A library, containing 26,000 volumes, a museum, and extensive accommodation for a large monastic establishment, impress the visitor with exalted notions of its past and present celebrity.

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As many as 32,000 pilgrims have been known to repair to the shrine within a fortnight; and, at stated seasons of the year, their influx is marked by the most pompous processions, and imposing religious solemnities.

Is not the spirit of pilgrimage an inherent peculiarity in human nature? Directed by Catholic devotion, it finds vent in such scenes as the church of Einsiedeln, to which the traditions of centuries impart a character of extraordinary sanctity. Divested, as in England, of all connexion with religion, it becomes closely identified with that morbid curiosity that impels thousands to visit any remote bye lane or lonely outhouse that happens to become the theatre of some murder of most unusual atrocity.

THE SACRO MONTE DI VARALLO.

A truly remarkable spot, very little known to ordinary travellers; yet, for natural beauty of situation, it may compete with many a more celebrated site, and for the accessory attractions held forth to curiosity and devotion, the sanctuary of the Sacro Monte may challenge comparison with the most noted scenes of religious pilgrimage in the world.

The Val Sesia is an exquisitely picturesque valley, within easy distance from the shores of the Lago Maggiore. The little town of Varallo stands within its romantic defiles, and, seen from a lofty bridge, crossing the rocky mountain stream of the Sesia, presents to the eye just such a landscape as limners and poets love. The "Sacro Monte" rises immediately behind it, and is ascended by a paved path, winding round the side of the hill, offering at every turn prospects of the most enchanting variety. This curious mount has fifty oratories upon it, besides the principal church, fountains, and other religious adornments. Each oratory has an architectural façade, and is occasionally decorated with a dome and portico, beneath which the spectator gazes through apertures resembling the peep-holes of a cosmorama, and beholds within them sculptured and habited figures as large as life, so grouped as to represent all the leading events in the history of our Saviour. The eye is at once fascinated and absorbed by the immense diversity of subjects all bearing upon the one great theme of human redemption, and thus to see

> "The life as lively mock'd, as ever
> Still sleep mock'd death:"

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produces upon the imagination a dreamy and most bewildering effect. A perfectly labyrinthine arrangement prevails among the truly curious oratories of the Sacro Monte, impressing the stranger with a notion that they occupy a considerable expanse of ground, whereas they are, in fact, crowded within narrow compass. The models are painted, and many of them clothed in real draperies, and adorned with human hair: so artistically, however, is every subject grouped, that no incongruity of costume or appearance is observable. Fresco paintings, many of them by eminent Italian masters, blending with the subjects of the sculptured figures, greatly assist and heighten the effect of the various representations. All of these are extremely ingenious, some of them marvellously fine. In the group representing the Fall of Man, Adam and Eve are beheld surrounded by animals of every kind, from an elephant to a mouse. The representation of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents contains sixty figures, and the subject of the Transfiguration is represented upon an immense scale. The figure of the demoniac boy is in the foreground. On the summit of a large artificial mountain are the three disciples, gazing in holy transport on their beatified Master, who, with Moses and Elias, are seen soaring above them, while the host of heaven are delineated within the vaulted dome, the height of which, in reality a hundred and sixty feet, by the magical arrangement of light and shade, appears far greater. The "raising of Lazarus from the dead," is another subject which deeply absorbs contemplation, and each stage in the progress of our Saviour's passion, is delineated with a fidelity and truth that rivet attention and devotional sympathy. The representation of "Christ lying in the Sepulchre," is imposing in the highest degree. The spectator passes from daylight into a gloomy vault, and is at first unable clearly to distinguish any object. As, however, his vision becomes accustomed to the darkened medium, there breaks on his sight the lifeless body of Christ, in all the stillness and majesty of sepulchral repose. It is a scene of holy delusion that might convert at once a sinner into a saint!

The church of Sacro Monte is a handsome edifice, and the resident clergy have adjoining habitations of surpassingly beautiful situation. The place was originally founded in 1486, by Bernardino Caimo, a noble Milanese, who established there four chapels, which the piety and munificence of princes and rich devotees successively increased to their present number. The great St. Carlo Borromeo

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twice visited the Monte Sacro di Varallo, and the pallet bedstead on which he died, is there preserved as a relic. Other objects of devotion are exhibited to the many pilgrims that resort to the holy mount of Varallo, such as an exact model of the Scala Santa at Rome, with relics and memorials of saints. It is a spot which, of course, offers many a salient point to the sneers of infidelity, and the sarcasms of heresy; but to the Catholic, who knows how to appreciate the spirit of piety which lends a charm and a grace to such graven commemorations of the mighty events of old, a visit to the Sacro Monte di Varallo, will be fraught with interest and edification.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

The very uttermost malevolence of anti-monastic spirit has never found aught to assail or condemn in the constitution and character of those admirable sons of the mountain and the mist, who, at the daily peril and certain shortening of their lives, devote themselves, amid the cold and cheerless wildernesses of the Alps, to the exercise of that most glorious of all virtues, charity to their fellow-creatures, in its loftiest sense and most disinterested form. For upwards of eight centuries, the lonely monastery of the pass of St. Bernard has been the refuge and the salvation of the bewildered and exhausted traveller. During that long period, of what heroic self-denial, of what superhuman virtue, has that desolate convent been the scene!

If, in the sight of Heaven, the good actions of men ascend like the fragrance of incense, from what spot on the whole earth has a more unceasing stream of sweet savours flowed heavenwards than from those frozen and pathless wilds?

With descriptions of the Alpine region, where, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, the famous hospice of St. Bernard offers to mankind the welcome refuge of its sanctuary,—and with accounts of the piety, the intrepidity, the social attainments, and the exalted virtues of its hardy inmates, the world has been long too rife, for any additional particulars of our own to throw further light upon an institution so universally known and appreciated. We but point with a feeling of indescribable pride to the hospice of St. Bernard, as to one of those wonderful foundations which could have flourished but in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and the very existence of which is an unfailing argument in favour of the truth of

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that religion of which those holy and generous monks are at once the humblest votaries and brightest ornaments.

THE TOMB OF ST. CARLO BORROMEO.

Immediately beneath the dome of that "white wonder" of northern Italy, the gorgeous marble cathedral of the stately city of Milan, is the subterranean chapel which contains the body of this great and good man. A more sumptuous place of sepulchre was never allotted to the relics of human mortality. Basso-relievos of massive silver incrust the roof, plates of gold adorn the front of the shrine, upon removing which a sarcophagus of crystal exhibits the deceased prelate clothed in his archiepiscopal robes, with a crozier begemmed with brilliants lying by his side, and gold and jewels adorning every part of his person. The remains of the Saint are in a state of very remarkable preservation, and his whole body seems to have escaped the ordinary process of decomposition. The fine aquiline nose which so distinctively marked the lineaments of the archbishop, and by which his numerous portraits and statues are so immediately identified, is of the lifeless corse the still characteristic feature; and the discoloration of time, rather than any of the usual ravages of death, seems to have effected change in the aspect of the prelate, whose decease occurred in 1584. Two centuries and a half have embrowned, but not consumed, the fleshly covering of his venerated reliquiæ. The Milanese naturally regard with extraordinary respect the tomb of their patron Saint, whose body they perhaps rightly deem to have been thus miraculously preserved from decay. We would not impugn that presumption, because we are inclined to share it; we will, however, take occasion to remark that Europe affords many instances of human bodies being, from some peculiarity in the soil wherein they happen to be interred, preserved for centuries in a wonderful state of entirety and incorruption. Beneath the church of Kreutsberg, near Bonn, are the undecayed corses of twenty-five monks; and in the vaults of St. Michael's tower at Bordeaux is a truly remarkable assemblage of dead bodies well preserved, though centuries have elapsed since their inhumation.

If ever great man deserved well of his countrymen, it was the philanthropic St. Carlo Borromeo. The austerities and self-denial of his private life were incredibly rigorous, while to all with whom

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his high family and cardinal's rank brought him into daily communication, he was lavish in the exercise of hospitality.

A touching anecdote of his unassuming, self-inflicted penitence, was related of the Saint by the bishop of Asti, who, upon the occasion of a visitation of the diocese, surprised St. Charles, in the middle of a bitterly cold night, studying in a single black and tattered gown. Upon being entreated to put on some warmer garment, the archbishop replied, with a smile, "What will you say if I have no other? The robes which I am obliged to wear in the day belong to the dignity of cardinal, but this garment is my own, and I will have no other, either for winter or summer." The poor had indeed always been the stewards of his worldly wealth! The crowning act, however, of St. Charles's glory, was the indefatigable zeal with which, utterly regardless of personal safety, he laboured for the spiritual wants, and administered to the temporal necessities, of his flock, during the great and fatal pestilence of 1575. During that disastrous time, he melted his plate, sold his furniture, and parted with the very bed he lay upon, to provide relief for the poor,—passing his days with the inmates of pest houses, and his nights on the bare boards. Conduct like this might well entitle a cardinal archbishop to live in the grateful hearts of his fellow-citizens, and the magnificent sepulchre of Milan attests the fond reverence they still entertain for one who loved and served them on earth, and now prays for them in heaven.

THE CHURCH OF LA SAINTE BAUME IN PROVENCE.

The church and convent of "La Sainte Baûme," situate at about an equal distance from Marseilles and Toulon, well deserve a pilgrimage. They occupy a situation most wildly desolate, which the austere spirit of a Trappist community has fittingly selected for the scene of their penitential labours. There, in a sterile and lonesome valley, some thirty monks of that rigid and inflexible order perpetuate the penitential fame of scenes hallowed, according to traditionary and immemorial legend, by the repentant tears of St. Mary Magdalene.

The old church crowns the summit of—or, more properly speaking, is scooped out of—a perpendicular rock, itself overtopped by precipitous eminences. The road to it steeply winds through a gloomy forest, that clothes every part of the mountain but that con-

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secrated crag. Arriving at the entrance of the cavernous place of worship, after a tedious and tiring ascent, the traveller surveys a wide and magnificent prospect of hill and dale, bounded by the snowy Alps of Gap. He then enters that ancient house of GOD, and finds himself in just such a temple as the primitive Christians might have hollowed for themselves out of the living rock, when compelled by the persecutions of men to seek hiding-places for the solemnization of their religious rites. But for a rudely fashioned altar here and there, indicating the purposes to which the place is dedicated, the cavernous church of "La Sainte Baûme" contains little adornment, nature herself lending its chief solemnity to a site which pious legends have for ages invested with a character of awful sanctity. The visitor feels a dread of disturbing the death-like stillness that reigns around by aught of profane thought or remark, and yields a ready credence to the wondrous tale of the sainted Mary's miraculous voyage hither, and subsequent years of rigorous penitence passed among these rocky wilds.

"La Sainte Baûme" gives a name to a peculiar kind of deep green fir that only grows on this mountain. At Whitsuntide, pilgrims from all parts of Provence flock thither, to gather branches of it, which they preserve with religious care till the ensuing anniversary of the same festival.

The Trappist monastery stands on a sterile plain at the foot of the mountain of "La Sainte Baûme." It is a low, straggling, melancholy looking building, which only men whose every thought was Heaven's would consent to inhabit on earth. As we listened to those anchorets chaunting the service of GOD in their cold and unadorned chapel, and afterwards beheld them in perfect silence, and with downcast looks, partaking of their humble meal, literally consisting but of black bread and water, we were filled with admiration and reverence for those poor monks, who to the hope of everlasting happiness in a future world sacrifice all that would seem to render life endurable in this lower one.

CLAIRVAUX.

The famous monastery of Clairvaux, founded by the great St. Bernard in 1115, the scene of his superhuman austerities,—which sent forth to the world such "armies of saints,"—where the temporal and spiritual princes of the earth sent ambassadors to crave the arbi-

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tration of the Saint in matters alike of secular or religious difference,—which boasted, at the time of its founder's death, of seven hundred monks, and was the parent house of eight hundred other abbeys,—is now metamorphosed into a "capacious gaol!" Judging by the effects of revolution in France and reformation in England, the words seem to bear a strikingly synonimous import.

THE ABBEY OF FONTÉVRAULT.

This ancient monastic foundation has likewise been converted into a prison. Here, during a lapse of nine centuries, one hundred and fifty nuns and seventy monks submitted to the rule of an abbess, who was always a lady of the highest distinction. The church is as interesting in an historical, as it is in an antiquarian point of view. Within its walls were interred the remains of two British sovereigns, and two queens. Their graves were ransacked during the French revolution, and the royal dust was scattered to the winds. Their monuments, mutilated indeed, but still highly curious and valuable, as authentic extant likenesses of the personages whom they represent, consist of four recumbent statues of Henry II; Richard, Cœur de Lion; Eleanor of Guienne, the queen of Henry II; and Isabella of Angoulême, the queen of king John.

It was to this once celebrated and opulent monastery that the body of king Henry II of England was brought from the neighbouring castle of Chinon, and deposited in the sanctuary previously to interment, when, according to tradition, upon Richard, his undutiful son, approaching his father's corpse, the dead body "shuddered convulsively and sweated drops of blood."

C.

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THE LAMENT OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"QUEEN OF SORROWS, PRAY FOR US."

"WEEP, daughters of Jerusalem, weep
Your Saviour in sepulchre low;
Steep, daughters of Jerusalem, steep
His sacred wounds in tears of woe!"

Thus spoke Magdalen, while bending
Over Him she loved so well;
Thus she spoke, her accents rending
Every heart on which they fell.

But there was another,—pale,
Closely shrouded in her veil;
Not a murmur on her tongue,
As she there in silence wept,
Told how passion-deep and strong
The tide of sorrow o'er her swept.
Only once a quivering sigh,
In its long drawn agony,
Told, attention towards her waking,
How the mother's heart was breaking.

His head was pillowed on her breast,
The cradle of its infant rest;
The cruel thorns that pierced his brow,
His mother's bosom wounded now;
And her pale cheek was bended down,
To press the cold one of her son;
When John could hear her softly sigh,—
John, who alone had ventured nigh,
And who self-unreproached could share
The woeful mother's sorrows there;
For he of all the twelve alone
No faith had lost, no fear had shown;
Alone her Son had followed still,
Through fear and shame, reproach and ill;
Alone, alone had with her stood,
In that dark hour beneath the Rood,
And claimed, by JESU'S last behest,
A mother's love in Mary's breast.

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"Jerusalem! what hath He done,
That thou hast scorned Him thus, my Son?
Ah, wilt thou yet disdain to mourn
His sacred body, bruised and torn,
And canst thou still refuse to weep
Over His wounds, so sad and deep?
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned, and died for thee.

"What had He done? what had He done?
That thou hast used Him thus, my Son!
He brought thee from the land where thou
In abject slavery bent thy brow;
For thee, He humbled Egypt's pride,
Swept back the waters of the tide;
For thee, rained manna from the skies,
Bade fountains from the rocks arise.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee.

"What had He done? what had He done?
That thou hast used Him thus, my Son!
He bade thy foes before thee fly,
The Yabarnites in bondage sigh;
For thee, He humbled to the ground
Proud Jericho, at trumpet sound;
He gave to thee a chosen land,
That flowed with milk and honey bland.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee.

"Behold the thorns that bind his brow;
Behold the wounds that bleed below;
Behold the nails by hammers beat
Into His sacred hands and feet;
Behold the spear that torrents drew
From that dear heart, so pure and true;
Behold the words of mocking scorn,
By the gibbet cross up-borne,
Where the victim hangs forlorn!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee.

"What had He done? what had He done?
That thou hast used Him thus, my Son!

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He eased the bondage of thy care—
A heavy cross thou'st made Him bear;
He saved thee from thy countless foes—
Thou'st heaped on Him unnumbered woes;
He gave to thee a crown—and thou
A crown of thorns hast given Him now;
A sceptre—and thou'st given instead
Scourges, and sceptre of a reed.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee.

"What had He done?
That thou hast scorned Him thus, my Son!
He bore thee safely through the wild—
Thou'st brought Him hither blood-defiled;
He bade thee drink from springs rock-burst—
Thou'st given Him gall to quench His thirst;
He gave a kingdom unto thee—
Thou'st given to Him the gibbet tree;
He took thee for His chosen bride,
Exalted thee to power and pride—
And thou hast lifted Him on high,
A spectacle and mockery!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee.

"Weep, weep, what thou hast done
To Him, thy Saviour and my Son!
No longer fear with me to mourn
His sacred body, bruised and torn;
No more disdain with me to weep
Over his wounds, so sad and deep;
Repent, Jerusalem, and see
Thou scornest Him who died for thee!"

That mournful plaining ceased, and then
She sat in silent grief again,
Until they led her from that hill
Where she would fondly linger still;
But even in her secret bower,
Where, 'neath her sweetly soothing power,
Magdalen's sorrow grew less wild,
'Till she wept gently as a child,

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And Peter, and the rest who drew
Around her, felt that influence too,
And wept, by softer feelings swayed,
O'er Him deserted and betrayed,—
E'en then the loved one, drawing near,
Could still that soft lamenting hear,
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, see
How He was scorned and died for thee."

M. A.

ON THE LIFE AND VIRTUES OF MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

(*Continued.*)

"OH! MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

JESUS did not remain long at Ephrem; for the approaching festival of Easter called him back to Jerusalem, where his enemies had resolved to take him prisoner as soon as ever he appeared. Therefore, taking his disciples apart, he said to them, "Behold we are going up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shall be betrayed to the chief priests, and delivered to the gentiles, to be mocked, and scourged, and crucified; and on the third day he shall rise again." JESUS then set forth on his journey, and was followed every where by great numbers of people. When he came to a town which was called Jericho, Zacheus, a rich man, belonging to that place, had a great desire to see him, and climbed up a tree for that purpose. As JESUS passed along the road, he looked up, and seeing Zacheus among the branches of this tree, he bade him come down quickly, because he intended to rest that day with him. Zacheus came down instantly, and received the Son of GOD into his house with great joy and reverence. The people were angry at seeing JESUS enter the house of a man who had long been reputed among them as a sinner, but Zacheus was now most truly sorry for his past offences, and standing humbly before our Lord, he promised to give one-half of his riches to the poor, and the other half to those whom he had had

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the misfortune to wrong. JESUS was pleased at this proof of his real repentance, and he declared Zacheus to be in the true path to salvation. After parting with this man at Jericho, our divine Lord journeyed to Bethania, where he was received with the most affectionate joy by Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha, and Mary Magdalene, who had been called the sinner. A supper was prepared for JESUS at the house of a man called Simeon, and while he sat there Mary anointed his feet, and poured a pound of precious ointment on his sacred head. She had done this once before (as you may remember, from contrition), and she now did it out of devotion, for she loved JESUS above all things, and was never weary of doing him honour and service. But Judas, who afterwards betrayed his Master, was angry at this action of Mary's; for his avarice made him fancy there was waste in the generosity with which she lavished her precious ointment upon JESUS; he therefore murmured at it, under the pretence that she would have done better to sell it, and give the price to the poor. But JESUS himself defended Mary from his unjust remarks, and indeed they were caused, not by any tenderness for the poor, but by that wicked love for money, which afterwards prompted Judas to sell his divine Master to the Jews. Our divine Lord remained for the next few days at Bethania, living chiefly at the house of Lazarus, where he ate during the day, and reposed at night with his disciples. St. Bonaventure tells us, that probably our blessed Lady was here at the same time, and was attended, honored, and reverenced with the utmost constancy and affection by the whole of this devout family, but particularly by Magdalene, who no doubt felt she could best show her love for JESUS by her affectionate solicitude for the Mother whom he held so dear. Although Mary was very happy at this time in the company of her divine Son, she must still have been filled with great fear and anxiety about him; and when, in defending Magdalene from the murmurings of Judas, she heard him say, "Pouring this ointment on my body, she has done it for my funeral," she must have felt these words pierce her heart with grief, since they seemed to foretel his approaching death. I entreat you then to feel great compassion for this dear Mother, who was enjoying the presence of her divine Son for the last time upon earth, and who knew too well that when next she should see him at Jerusalem, it would be in the hands of those cruel men, who first heaped torments on him, and then nailed him in a shameful manner to the cross.

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JESUS now resolved to go to Jerusalem, so he sent two of his disciples before him, to prepare for the celebration of the paschal festival; and then, we are told by a very holy person, that he took a most tender leave of his holy Mother. The same holy person adds, that Mary besought him in the most touching manner to allow her to go and die with him. JESUS bade her be calm in her grief. He told her of his future resurrection from the dead, and, tenderly embracing her, thanked her for all the love she had borne him as her son. After this, he set out for Jerusalem, and having gone as far as Mount Olivet, he told two of his disciples to go to a village close at hand, where they would find an ass standing with her colt. "Untie them," he said, "and lead them hither, and if any one try and hinder you, say that the Lord wants them, and forthwith he will let them go."

The disciples went immediately into the village as JESUS had told them to do; they found there an ass standing with her colt, and having untied them, some one who was standing by, asked why they did so. The disciples answered, that the Lord wanted them, and no one then offering to prevent them, they brought the colt, spread their garments upon its back, and placed JESUS upon it. At this time there were a great many Jews at Jerusalem, who had come from distant parts of the country to keep the feast of the passover. These people had heard much of the miracles of JESUS, and being told that he was coming into the city, they went out to meet him, and brought him back in triumph, holding branches of olive and palm in their hands, while they walked before them and filled the air with their acclamations. Many cast their garments into the road, and cut down branches of trees for him to pass over as he came along, while all cried out as if with one voice, "Hosannah to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosannah in the highest." It is in memory of this triumphal entrance of JESUS into Jerusalem, than on Palm Sunday we receive from the hands of the priest branches which have been blest by him, and I must also explain to you that Hosannah is a word meaning praise and gladness, and therefore they saluted JESUS with it, because they wished to give him honour and praise for the great miracles he had wrought among them. They also called him the Son of David, because he was of the tribe of Juda, and therefore he was a descendant of that good king. JESUS rode on in triumph, but when he came near to the gates of Jerusalem, the sight of that unhappy city

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drew tears from his eyes. The Jews were probably surprised to see him weep in this manner; for they did not know that his tears were caused by a knowledge of the dreadful crime the people of that city were so soon to commit, and the curse they were going to entail on themselves, and on their children, by putting him to death. He had no sooner entered Jerusalem than he went to the temple, which he found crowded with people, who, instead of saying their prayers, were seated at tables, and employed in buying and selling among themselves. Our dear Lord was angry at seeing this in a place which should have been used for the worship of God alone; and overturning the tables, he drove out the buyers and sellers, saying, "That the house of God was a house of prayer, and ought not to be turned into a den of thieves." I hope, my dear children, you will remember this whenever you enter a church. The house of God is a house of prayer, and whenever we indulge in any idle jest or improper conduct there, we are offering the same sort of insult to Amighty God, which made the meek JESUS so angry with the Jews that he drove them out of the temple in disgrace. From this time our divine Lord spent the day preaching in the temple, and in the evening he always retired to pray in a garden called Gethsemani. The people followed him every where to hear his discourses; and as he was constantly surrounded by them, his enemies did not dare to seize him openly, though they were still resolved to put him to death. In his last sermon to the people, JESUS told them of the last judgement, and of the terrors by which it would be attended. He told them that at the coming of this day, the earth should tremble as if with fear, and that an angel should sound a trumpet, and a voice cry out, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." Instantly the dead shall arise and stand before Christ, who will judge every one according to his works. To the good he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive ye the kingdom which is prepared for you; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat, thirsty and you gave me to drink, a stranger and you took me in, naked and you covered me, in prison and you came to me." Then the just shall reply, "Lord, when did we do these things to thee?" And Christ answering, shall reply, "As long as ye did it to the least of my brethren, ye did it unto me." Then turning to the wicked, he shall say, "Depart, ye cursed, unto everlasting fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was hungry and ye gave me not to eat, thirsty and ye gave me not to drink, a stranger and ye received me not, naked and ye clothed me not, in prison and ye came

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not to me." And the wicked shall say, "Lord, when did we see thee thus?" But Christ shall answer, "Ye did it not to the least of my brethren, neither did ye do it unto me. And they shall go into everlasting fire, while the good shall enter into everlasting life."

This is the account of the last day, which JESUS gave to his disciples and the people; and I beg of you to reflect upon it a little, as you will then perceive how earnestly, to the very last, our dear Saviour declared the necessity of the great virtue of charity. It was charity alone which induced him to die, in order that we might be saved; and you see that he willingly gives heaven to those who have practised this virtue among their neighbours. I hope, therefore, that whenever it is in your power, you will always try to relieve the distresses of the poor and the unhappy; even if you cannot do this by money, you can often do it by kindness, or perhaps by giving instruction to those who are ignorant; at any rate, you can always try and assist them, by praying for them, and consoling them in their sorrows; and if you do this as well as you can, be sure, my dear children, Almighty God will love and reward you for it, even as if it had been done to himself.

This discourse on the last day was, as I have already told you, the last which JESUS preached to the people, and it was made on the Tuesday before his Passion. On the evening of that day, he said privately to his disciples, "Know ye, that after two days, the son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners, to be crucified." This was a very sorrowful speech to his disciples, except, indeed, to the traitor Judas, who went the next morning to the house of Caiphas, where the chief priests were assembled, and offered to give JESUS into their hands, in return for a certain sum of money. They gladly accepted this offer, for, as I have said before, they were afraid of seizing JESUS in public among the people, and they gave Judas thirty pieces of silver, and from this time he watched an opportunity of delivering JESUS into their power. JESUS spent the whole of this day, which was so wickedly employed by the traitor Judas, in prayer and holy conversation with his blessed Mother and the Apostles. He gave them confort, by his holy words, as he had often done before; but he did so now in a yet more earnest manner, in order to give them strength to bear the great sorrows they would have to go through during the time of his Passion. But he tried still more anxiously to console his blessed Mother, since the sufferings she would have to endure in beholding him on the cross, would be far greater than those

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of the apostles, or indeed than any other human being ever felt or could feel; which you may easily believe when you remember that she was his beloved Mother, and loved him with a two-fold love, both as her God and her Son. The time was now come when he resolved to die for the salvation of the people, but he wished first to eat the paschal supper with his disciples. He therefore sent Peter and John to the house of a certain friend, to make the necessary preparations for it, and on Thursday evening he joined them there with the rest of the disciples. When all things were ready, JESUS sat down to table among the apostles, and St. John sat next to him; for though he was the youngest of all the disciples, he was the one whom JESUS loved most tenderly on account of his great purity and innocence. I beg of you, my dear children, to think often upon this holy friendship of JESUS and of John, for it will fill you with the most affectionate delight. They were nearly of the same age, and had probably been companions from their earliest years; but it was the purity of St. John which made him the beloved disciple of JESUS. It was his purity which gave him courage to remain with his divine master when all the rest had fled from him in dismay; it was his purity which obtained grace from him to be present at his death upon the cross; and it was by his purity he deserved that JESUS should bequeath him as a son to Mary, and supply in some degree the place of him whom she was losing at that sorrowful moment. And you, my dear children, may also become the beloved ones of JESUS, and the children of his holy mother, for if you preserve the innocence you received at your baptism, you will be as dear as John was to JESUS and to Mary. I advise you then every day to beg of God the favor that you may never lose your baptismal innocence; and, indeed, if you ask this grace with humble simplicity, Jesus will not refuse it to you, for he died on a cross to save you from sin, and, therefore, you cannot please him more than by feeling a great anxiety to avoid falling into it.

It was the custom among the Jewish nation, during the feast of the passover, to have a lamb brought to table which had been roasted whole, and which they ate standing. This was called eating the paschal supper, and it was to eat the pasch that JESUS had now assembled his disciples around him. When, therefore, the lamb was placed before them, JESUS took it into his blessed hands and divided it among them, bidding them eat joyfully. But though they ate as he bade them, they could not be very joyful, for they were filled with

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fear on his account, and whilst they were eating, he began to tell them of the great things he was about to suffer, saying, "I have desired to eat this paschal lamb with you before I suffer; for verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." At these words, the hearts of the disciples were pierced with sorrow; they left off eating, and looked sadly at each other, asking, "Is it I, Lord?" St. Bonaventure remarks that only the traitor Judas went on eating, as if this in no way concerned him. The great humility of St. Peter made him fear that he was the person who would betray his divine Master, and, at his earnest request, St. John ventured to ask, "Lord, who is it that shall betray thee?" Our Lord then revealed it to him as to his best beloved and most familiar disciple. St. John was pierced to the soul with grief at this most wicked treachery of Judas, and turning towards JESUS he laid his head upon his sacred bosom. Consider here, my dear children, the great benignity of JESUS in allowing his disciple to rest his head upon his breast. How sweet and tender was the love of JESUS for John, and of John for JESUS. This was a most sweet resting-place for John, and it will be so for you likewise, if you sometimes try and fancy yourselves in his place, and resting with him on the breast of JESUS.

After the supper was over, JESUS rose from table, and pouring water into a basin, he knelt down to wash St. Peter's feet. St. Peter was much astonished, and at first absolutely refused to allow his dear Lord so to humble himself; but JESUS insisting upon it, the apostle submitted humbly to his wishes. Our Lord afterwards washed the feet of the other disciples, and when he came to Judas, we are told by a very holy person, that he performed this humble service for him in the most affectionate and tender manner, at the same time exhorting him in a low voice to repent of his wickedness before it was too late. Judas at first pretended not to hear him, and began talking to the other disciples, but St. Peter said to him, "Judas, the Master speaks to you;" and then he made an evasive answer to JESUS, for he was not to be turned from his wicked project even by the great goodness and forbearance our dear Lord had shown to him during the whole of this evening. When JESUS had finished washing their feet, he returned with his disciples to the supper table, and began to exhort them to imitate the virtues of which he had given them an example during the whole of his life, and in a more especial manner during that very evening. For upon this evening, says St. Bonaventure, he gave them the example of five most sublime virtues. Of

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humility, by washing their feet; of charity, by the sermon he made to them, and by the adorable sacrament of his body and blood, which he gave unto them; of patience, by bearing and treating with great kindness the wicked traitor who had sold him to the Jews, and also in suffering silently many reproaches when he was taken, and led as a thief to judgment; of obedience to the will of his Father, in going to suffer a disgraceful death; and of prayer, by praying, as I shall in a few moments tell you, three several times in the garden of Gethsemani. We must try, as far as we can, to imitate him in all these virtues, in order that at last we may be permitted to partake of the adorable sacrament of his body and blood, which upon this night he gave for the first time to his disciples. For Scripture tells us that taking bread into his sacred and venerable hands, and lifting up his eyes to his Heavenly Father, he blest and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, "Take and eat, for this is my body which shall be delivered for you." And in the same manner, he took the cup or chalice, and pouring wine into it, he gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood which shall be shed for you, and for many, in the remission of sins."

My little children, you are as yet too young fully to understand the nature of this sacrament, in which JESUS gives himself truly and indeed to us under the outward appearance of bread and wine; nor can you as yet comprehend the great honour and happiness which he confers upon the Christian's soul whom he thus comes to visit. You will one day, I hope, both feel and, in some measure, understand all that I cannot now explain to you; and in the meantime you know that nothing is impossible to the power of Almighty GOD, and therefore you must believe, without doubting, whatever the Church teaches on this subject,—not even asking how it can be so; for JESUS CHRIST, who is the truth itself, has told us that it is so, and we are quite sure that he both can and will fulfil his promise of remaining with us in the blessed sacrament of the altar, even unto the end of time. When, therefore, you have the happiness of attending at the divine sacrifice of the mass, and you perceive during the elevation that the priest kneels, and that the people are bowed down in prayer, do you also bend your head and try to thank our dear Saviour for this great goodness in thus coming among us, though in a manner invisible to our eyes.

After Jesus had thus given himself to his disciples in this adorable sacrament, he made them a sermon full of heavenly

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sweetness, and of divine love and charity. First, he gave them his peace, saying, "My peace I leave you, my peace I give you;" and then he recommended to them above all other things to practise the three principal virtues, of faith, hope, and charity. He recommended charity to them, by desiring them to love one another as he had loved them; he strengthened their faith by telling them not to fear, but to believe in him; he gave them hope, by assuring them that so long as they continued faithful to him, whatsoever they asked should be given unto them; and he imparted to them sweet consolation, by saying that the sorrow they now felt at losing him, would soon be changed into joy at his glorious resurrection from the dead, and ascension into heaven. Then lifting up his eyes, JESUS prayed in the most touching manner to his Heavenly Father, beseeching him to take care of his disciples, and of all others who should hereafter believe in the doctrine they would teach to the world. So you see that our dear Lord prayed that evening for us also, since we have the happiness of belonging to that true Church which was founded by his apostles. We cannot be surprised that the disciples, who loved JESUS most tenderly, were melting in grief and sorrow at the prospect of his approaching death, and at the touching words in which he told them of it. St. Bonaventure tells us to consider how sorrowfully they stood to hear him, hanging down their heads and weeping bitterly, being quite bowed down by sorrow and affliction, as JESUS himself observed, for he said, "Because I have spoken these things to you, sorrow has filled your hearts."

This was particularly the case with St. John, who had so long been the friend and companion of JESUS, that he could scarcely bear the thought of parting with him, and hung upon all his words with the most tender anxiety to remember and obey them, as he afterwards proved during the whole course of his life, for the charity so strongly recommended by his dear Master, became his favourite virtue; and even in old age, when he was too weak to make long discourses to the people, he used to cause his disciples to carry him among them, that he might say to them "My dear children, love one another." These were almost the very words which JESUS himself last used on the night before he suffered, and the great love which St. John felt for him, made him never weary of repeating them to his flock, and of urging them to practise the charity which was so strongly recommended by them.

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JESUS having now finished all he had to say to his disciples, concluded by saying, "Arise, let us go." These words filled them again with fear and sorrow, for they were very much afraid that he was now indeed about to leave them. They rose, however, obedient to his wishes, and went out with him. A holy person tells us, and indeed it seems very likely to have been so, that they were met at the gates, by Mary and the other holy women, who earnestly besought him not to go to Mount Olivet, because it was generally supposed in the city that the priests intended to take him prisoner there. JESUS consoled them in a few words, and passed quickly on, followed by his disciples, who crowded round him, each trying to be the nearest to their beloved Master, which he with great patience and benignity suffered them to do. He told them many things as they walked along, some of which they did not as yet quite understand, but when he said that they would fly from him that very evening, and leave him in the hands of his enemies, Peter, being full of zeal and affection, answered fervently, "Lord, though all the rest should fly from thee, I will never leave thee." JESUS then told him that he should deny him three times before the crowing of the cock. Peter knew so little of his own weakness, that this seemed quite impossible to him, and he persisted "that he would die rather than abandon JESUS." And the rest of the disciples said so likewise. Whilst they were still speaking, they crossed the river Cedron, and entered into the garden of Gethsemani; here JESUS left the rest of the disciples, and only taking with him Peter, James, and John, he went on until he came to a place which was called the garden of Olivet. It was now growing dusk, and the sadness of Jesus increased every moment as the hour of his passion drew near, so that at last he said to the three who still followed him, "My soul is sorrowful, even unto death." These touching words give us some idea of the deep sorrow in which he suffered his blessed soul to be plunged during the three hours of agony he was about to suffer. He now told his disciples to watch with him, and going a short distance from them, he remained in prayer, awaiting the approach of Judas, and the rest who were about to take him prisoner.

M. A.

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FOR THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Oh! Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Thou comest with the opening joys of spring,
Thou comest with the bloom of the early flowers,
Thou comest with the first glad birds that sing
In half-leaved woods through the sunny hours.

Glad feast, that telleth of hope and love,
And all that to mortal heart is dear,
Well comest thou when both hill and grove
Are bright in the smiles of the young new year.

For the warm sweet breath of the spring is sweeping
Rapidly over the earth again,
To waken the spirit of nature, sleeping,
Fettered by winter in icy chain.

And it comes in frolicsome mood at first,
And it stays a moment, and flies in haste,
And where it has been, the rich blossoms burst
Of the golden crocus and snowdrop chaste.

And soon it breathes over the mantling plain,
And the fields are green, and the young lambs play,
And the sky-lark soars to the clouds again,
And glad are the voices of children gay.

And then to embowering woods it flies,
And instinct with life is the air serene,
And the swelling buds at his coming rise,
And burst into flowers and to foliage green.

And the rosy bloom of the almond tree
Sheds a blush o'er the wild cherry's paler flowers,
And the fragrant buds of the larch spring free,
Near the delicate green of the birchen bower.

And the blackthorn, leafless and rough, is flinging
The snow-white showers of its bloom away,
And the voice of cuckoo and thrush is ringing
'Mid the ivory buds of the scented May.

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Primroses from thickets of hazel are peeping
With the youngling leaves amid moss and dew,
And the breathings of violets wild are steeping
The gales of the south in their fragrance new.

And the breath and bloom of the spring-time fair
Is mantling over the earth and sky,
And the spirit of hope is on the air,
And lifts the soul to its mission high.

Thus thou comest, sweet festal of hope and love,
In the merry days of the new year's gladness,
And thou comest with all that the heart can move
To most grateful joy from ungrateful sadness.

And thou bringest the words that once did greet
The ear of Mary—that awful morn
When the angel brought her the tidings sweet,
That from her should the Christ of God be born.

Glad feast, that maketh the bosom swell
With a hope and gratitude both so dear,
Well comest thou when all things do tell
Of the holy gladness thou bringest here.

M. A.

2nd Feb. Feast of the Purification.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF OTHO.*

THIS brochure, we are informed, is "a summary (translated) of the Legatine Constitutions made in the Pan-Anglican council, held at London, in the cathedral church of St. Paul, A.D. 1236, and in the 20th year of the reign of King Henry the Third; the Lord Otho, Legate of Pope GREGORY THE NINTH, being president thereof, assisted by St. EDMUND Archbishop of Canterbury, Walter Archbishop of York, and by other English bishops." Mr. White also informs us, that the translation was made more with a view to his own amusement, than to its publicity; but having had, in the progress of his labours, occasion to refer to various authorities of great repute as writers on ecclesiastical law, for an occasional elucidation

* "Ecclesiastical Law. The Constitutions of Otho, with Notes, by John William White, Esq. of Doctor's Commons, Proctor." London: Rivingtons. 1844.

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of the text, and collected many observations thereon, it occurred to him, that were he to bring forth his *work* with notes of his own attached, it might not prove an interesting subject for public investigation. Hence the appearance of the *work* some years ago, piecemeal, in the *British Magazine*, and now in its collected form, extending to sixteen pages octavo, including title, a page dedicatory to Sir Frederick Pollock, and the notes!

Not having the Constitutions of Otho before us, we are unable to say anything as to the accuracy of the translation. A proctor of Doctors' Commons should professionally know the language of the Church better than any other Protestant layman; but some of its ecclesiastical terms cannot be well understood by the mere classical scholar, and can be fully comprehended by those only who have studied their theology through the medium of the Latin language,—viz. the Catholic clergy. But we do not mean by these observations to impugn the accuracy of Mr. White's translation, which, for aught we know, may be, as indeed we suppose it to be, correct in *substance*. We shall, therefore, deal with the Summary as we find it, assuming it to be generally correct.

The "Constitutions" open with the following very suitable preface:

"As nothing is more becoming to the Church and ministers of GOD than holiness, which the cunning of the devil is continually endeavouring to destroy, so it particularly behoveth all good Christians firmly to oppose such his wicked attempts; wherefore we, OTHO, by Divine mercy, legate of the Apostolical See, by the assistance of GOD, and with the concurrence of this present council, have caused the following Constitutions to be framed for the protection and reformation of the Church of England." The Constitutions which follow, show the anxiety of the council to correct the abuses, which it were vain and absurd to deny, existed in the Church of England in the thirteenth century. In fact, we can scarcely look into the acts of any council without discovering abundant proofs of this anxiety.

By the first head of the Constitutions, which relates to the consecration of Churches, it is enacted, that the consecration of cathedrals or the larger churches, instituted in the Old Testament, and particularly observed in the New, although in some parts of England it may have been neglected, is to be so diligently performed by diocesans and their vicarial bishops, that no church shall remain unconsecrated two years after its walls shall have been finished. It

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also enacts that no church shall, under any pretext, be pulled down without the license of the bishop of the diocese; and if such license be granted, that the rebuilding or enlarging of the church shall be finished with all possible celerity.

The second head regards the "administration of the sacraments," and it enacts that "the sacraments of the Church are to be performed gratis and readily, purely and devoutly." We do not suppose that it was intended by this constitution to exclude voluntary offerings. Mr. White informs us that this constitution was in great measure altered by a constitution of Archbishop Langton,—a strange error, seeing that the constitutions of the Cardinal were published at Oxford, fourteen years before the sitting of the council over which Otho presided, viz. in 1222, and the Cardinal died in 1228! The fourth Constitution relates to the sacrament of penance, but the abuse noticed seems to have been confined to only a few of the clergy.

"We have heard with horror that certain priests admit no one to penance, unless a price be paid for that sacrament, which practice is highly detestable; we order, therefore, that the strictest inquiry be made after such priests, and that, when discovered, they be removed from their benefices, if they have any, and that they be suspended for ever from the office which they have abused."

It was from this abuse, on the part of a few mercenary men, that the calumny was raised against the Church, of exacting money as the price of absolution, although the Church has never ceased to condemn such abuse, when and wherever it was found to exist.

It appears that at the period in question, certain Sundays were set apart for the solemnization of baptism; but as certain persons thought it dangerous to baptize children on those days, the third constitution directs, that "that public warning shall be frequently give to all, that they continue not to hold such erroneous opinions;" and that "the form of baptism is to be explained to the people by their parish priests, in order that on emergencies they may themselves be able to administer that sacrament, if need be, and inquiry shall be afterwards made as to whether the proper form has been used."

The remaining constitutions regard confession, examination for holy orders, benefices, the clerical dress and tonsure, archbishops' and bishops' visits and confirmation, &c. &c.

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THE POPE'S SUPREMACY AND THE IRISH CHURCH.*

In the debate which took place on the 19th June, 1843, in the House of Commons, on "The Irish Arms Bill," Lord John Manners is reported to have said, that "if there be one fact in Irish history more clear than another, it is, that the Roman Catholic Church was not the Church of the Irish people originally; that Church was, for hundreds of years, independent of Rome; and it was not till an English king conquered Ireland, that the supremacy of the Pope was acknowledged by it. This, sir, is no curious opinion, tortured out of obscure records, but is a received fact, stated in strong terms, among other historians, by Mr. O'Driscoll, a Roman Catholic himself. I believe Mr. O'Driscoll says, 'There is something very singular in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. The Christian Church of that country was founded by St. Patrick and his predecessors, existed for many ages free and unshackled. It had no connexion with England, and differed upon points of importance with Rome. The first work of Henry II, was to reduce the Church of Ireland into obedience to the Roman Pontiff. Accordingly, he procured a council of the Irish clergy to be held at Cashel in 1172, and the combined influence and intrigues of Henry and the Pope prevailed. This council put an end to the ancient Church of Ireland, and submitted to the yoke of Rome. From the days of St. Patrick to the council of Cashel, was a bright and glorious career for Ireland. From the sitting of this council to our time, the lot of Ireiand has been universal evil, and all her history a tale of woe.'"

We presume that Lord John Manners, before he would have ventured the statement he made, had better authority for it than that of the writer he quoted, who is certainly *not a* "Roman Catholic," whatever may be his pretensions to be considered such. An Irish Catholic, denying the supremacy of the Pope! Impossible. Nay, the very denial would *ipso facto* exclude him from the Church. Lord John, however, gives us no such authority; and we trust he will not consider us discourteous in saying, that, obscure as the early history of Ireland

* "Did the Early Church in Ireland acknowledge the Pope's Supremacy? Answered in a Letter to Lord John Manners from Daniel Rock, D.D." London: Dolman. 1844.

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undoubtedly is, its Christianity has ever shone with unclouded splendour, and that if there be one fact in Irish history more clear than another, it is that the Roman Catholic Church was originally, and has ever been, the Church of the Irish people, and that from its foundation to the present, it has always acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope.

To prove this *fact*, against the unguarded assertion of Lord John Manners, is the object of Dr. Rock's letter, and never was refutation more complete. The array of authorities brought forward by the learned divine, must convince even the most sceptical that there is not the least foundation for O'Driscoll's statement; and the respected young nobleman to whom the letter is addressed, has, we are sure, too much candour to adhere to an opinion which, from misconception, he had been led to adopt.

As stated by Dr. Rock, the words quoted from Lord John Manners' speech, embodies "three very great and very serious mistakes. The first asserts that the earliest Irish believers held a faith different from that professed by the whole Catholic world at present, equally with the seven millions of the people of that island now in communion with the See of Rome; the second asserts, that the Church of Ireland, at its beginning, was independent of Rome; and the third asserts, that the Irish Church never recognized, until the invasion of Henry II, the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff." Dr. Rock exposes these mistakes, and shows, beyond the possibility of doubt, 1st, that the Irish Church was founded by a Pope; 2d, that from its very beginning, through all ages, to the present time, the Irish Church has been closely united with Rome, and while it has acknowledged, has also paid obedience to the papal supremacy; 3d, that this Irish Church has ever held neither more nor less than that very same religious belief taught by the now reigning Pope Gregory XVI, and professed by the millions of Christians throughout the world keeping up communion with him, and willingly yielding him spiritual obedience as successor to St. Peter, and sole head on earth of Christ's Church.

Our limits do not permit us to make even a partial selection from the authorities adduced by Dr. Rock to prove his positions, nor is it necessary that we should do so, as the letter itself will, we doubt not, be perused by such of our readers, as take an interest in the question which it involves.

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THE PRIZE BOOK.*

If we may judge from a cursory glance of the volume before us, it appears well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended,—viz. the moral and religious instruction of young persons in the humbler walks of life. Works like the present deserve every encouragement, as they serve to counteract the pernicious influences of the *vulgar* literature of the day, which, we are afraid, meets with too ready an access into the homes of the Catholic poor. Much of this mischief has been neutralized by the establishment of Catholic libraries, into which no books are admitted without clerical sanction, at least such is the rule in those libraries of which we have any knowledge. The "Prize Book," we have no doubt, will speedily find its way into every Catholic library, the price being very low, not more, we believe, than half the cost of the first edition.

THE OXFORD GHOSTS.

It was St. Mark's Eve: that memorable night when by ancient and immemorial charter, the spirits of departed men are permitted to visit the earth in a visible form. A silver blaze of moonlight streaming down the choir of St. Mary's church, revealed to view its carved stalls, tenanted by a number of grim, misty spectres, whose wanness of aspect was relieved by a certain dignity of demeanour, that revealed a consciousness of bygone consequence. In truth those phantoms had, in their incarnate days, been personages of no mean note and consideration. They were the various founders of those colleges and halls of learning for which Oxford is still famous, together with other worthies who had been connected with that university in times antecedent to the Reformation, and by virtue of

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* "The Prize-Book; or a Series of Instructions on some of the most important Duties of Youth. By Mary Winter, author of "Alton Park." The Second Edition, revised." London: Jones. 1844.

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some superhuman authority, granted to them in that behalf, they were now reassembled for a night's conversation on the vicissitudes of time, amidst the very scenes which, when in the flesh, they had hoped, by their endowments and foundations to render independent of them. The nicety of spectral instinct had, it is presumed, selected the old church of St. Mary's for the scene of that midnight convocation, from an inkling of its being a spot rendered partially congenial to the feelings of those ancient heads of houses, by the recent promulgation from its pulpit, of doctrines more consonant with their own old-fashioned notions, than the opinions which had generally prevailed in the university during the two last centuries and a half.

Foremost in the throng, — he had been called to preside by ghostly acclamation,—sate Archbishop Chichele. The prelate wore a grave and stern expression of countenance, and ever and anon looked towards what, in days of faith had been the altar, with an air of bewilderment, as if at a loss to divine what could have become of the tabernacle, crucifix, and six candlesticks.

Among that shadowy company were to be observed king Alfred, Henry III., Henry VI., Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault, Henry VII, and Henry VIII, William of Waynflete, bishop of Winchester; Robert de Eglesfield; William of Durham, rector of Bishop Wearmouth; William Smith, bishop of Lincoln; Sir Richard Sutton, William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester; Walter de Stapledon, and Edmund Stafford, bishops of Exeter; Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln; Rotherham, archbishop of York; John Baliol and his wife Devorguilla; Cardinal Wolsey; John Frank; John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester; Richard Dudley, chancellor of Salisbury; Adam de Brome; Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester; Walter de Merton, bishop of Rochester; and others.

King Alfred, as the senior sovereign present, was the first to address the meeting. He spoke in so antiquated a dialect, as to be almost unintelligible to modern ears; but was understood, however, to expatiate on the state of ignorance which prevailed throughout Britain when he had mounted its throne, as contrasted with the national enlightenment of which he had become the promoter, by fostering the cultivation of the classical languages, and of general literature. From a higher state of being he had watched for some centuries the progressive rise of the university of Oxford; but when a period had arrived in its history, at which at the beck of a worldly despot, one of his own most worthless successors, he had observed those who

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should have considered themselves to be the bulwarks of the national faith, as well as the guardians of learning, veering over in a body to the most dangerous religious innovations, he had retired in disgust from any further superintendence of the destinies of a place which he had intended for a citadel of the true faith, as well as a cradle of human knowledge. Curiosity had on the present occasion induced him to become a visitant to earth, and it pleased him to find himself surrounded by the spirits of so many old Catholic worthies in the choir of a church which, in ancient days, at least, had so often resounded to the holy chaunts of the old religion.

Henry VIII hastily rose to explain, but in so evidently towering a passion, that his first words consisted but of oaths and imprecations, which seemed to strike terror into his misty audience, and to make the shades shrink aside and dwindle, as it were, into each other. He proceeded to aver with much vehemence, that no change of religious doctrine had been introduced by him into the university of Oxford, as his semi-barbarous Anglo-Saxon predecessor had just now insinuated. His reformation of religion had not consisted in altering its tenets, but simply in substituting his own supremacy for that of the pope, in which newly assumed capacity of head of the Church he had found it quite orthodox and convenient to appropriate to the exigencies of his exchequer the accumulated wealth and endowments of all the monastic orders in the country. His connexion with Oxford had consisted in crippling the ostentatious foundation of the butcher's son,—converting St. Fridiswide's church into a cathedral, and establishing there certain ecclesiastical creatures of his own, who willingly conceded to him all the spiritual authority he chose to claim. The same measure of obedience he had exacted and obtained from all the other collegiate authorities. He understood that at the present day members of the university were required to lend adhesion to 39 articles of religious belief; in his time, one article included every other, namely: blind and implicit concurrence in the sovereign's personal opinion of orthodoxy for the time being. Were he the king to-morrow, the same rule of faith should again prevail, and Oxford heads of houses would believe whatever he ordered them to believe, or answer for it with their own.....His late majesty would have proceeded, but in seeming obedience to some stringent and sudden summons, vanished from the assembly, and a lambent sulphureous flame for some minutes played around the spot which his spirit had seemed to occupy.

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After a few moments' silence, Cardinal Wolsey rose, and observed that although the last speaker had made a very discourteous allusion to himself, his own death-bed repentance, in the abbey of Leicester, had too much humbled his spirit for resentfulness to exist there. Pride and ambition had indeed been the ruling passions, and the bane of his mortal career, ruining at length his earthly fortunes, and nearly proving the destruction of his soul. In too vain a spirit of extravagant ostentation he had devised the original foundation of Christchurch, with its hundred canonries; in forming, however, that magnificent establishment, he had been actuated not only by motives of personal vanity, but by sincere zeal for the Catholic Church. Upon the monarch who had shorn it of its splendours, had devolved that and many a like responsibility. For himself he could only say, that criminal as had been his career in many respects, he thanked GOD it had come to a close in time to spare him the bitter grief of witnessing the spectacle of a great national apostacy.

Henry the Seventh rose. He had observed with more pain than surprise, the apparently sudden and compulsory withdrawal of his son from that ghostly convocation. Awful, indeed, must be the state of that spirit which, when in the flesh, had sown in once Catholic England the fatal germs of resistance to legitimate spiritual authority! The sins of the father were, in his own case, visited indeed most bitterly on his children! His own particular chapel and mausoleum at Westminster, where daily masses were to have been offered for his soul, was now turned into a sort of show-room, exhibited to visitors at sixpence a head! In 1488, he had honoured Magdalen College with a visit, and for many years his memory had been honoured there by the annual celebration of mass for the benefit of his soul, on the top of its beautiful tower. The prostration of religion had of course abrogated this, together with almost every other pious practice that dated from the days of religious orthodoxy.

Henry the Third here remarked, that his spirit would never have acquiesced in the appropriation by Henry the Sixth of the revenues of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, which he had founded, to the additional endowment of Magdalen College, could he have foreseen that the members of that establishment would at a subsequent time become traitors to the faith of their founder and benefactors.

The "holy shade" of Henry the Sixth hoped it was quite unnecessary to assure his illustrious predecessor that he shared the sentiment he had just now heard expressed. It was, indeed, he that had

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licensed the Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist to surrender their hospital, with all its possessions, into the hands of the president and brethren of Magdalen College; and he had done so out of great love and affection for his friend and chancellor, Bishop Waynflete, little dreaming of the direful derelictions of faith and discipline which later days were to bring forth. Elsewhere an especial foundation of his own on the banks of the Thames, had departed alike from olden practice and belief. Some bard of modern times had spoken of "grateful science there still adoring her Henry's holy shade," and the compliment might well be taken in a merely poetical sense,—for the Etonian mode of honouring the memory of their founder, was manifested in the utter proscription of the religious faith in which he had lived and died, and the exclusion from their scholastic walls of any that still ventured to profess it. Such organic changes in the religious impressions of a country, afforded poor inducement to mediæval visitants, and centuries might probably elapse before he should again find it worth his while to take another glance at a nook of earth which he had once ruled and loved.

William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, fully entered into the feelings of his royal master, and deplored at some length the general falling off in faith of the whole country, and of Oxford in particular. To witness heresy rampant in his own college of Magdalen, was indeed most dolorous! He had heard it stated, that in quite recent times one or two instances had occurred, in which members of his college had actually returned to the faith of their founder, and been thereupon compelled to give up the fellowships which they held from his bounty. Such glimmerings of reviving orthodoxy, amidst the widely-spread gloom of error, were not without value and consolation; but it grieved his soul to say that in one of the cases to which he had referred, the very individual who had had the generous courage to embrace the truth, had subsequently relapsed into his former aberrations! To return to the other world, and pray for his recreant children, was his only course.

Edward the Second directed the attention of his brother founders' spirits to a curious sign of the times, namely, that from the bosom of the college which he had established and endowed, and which, like every other foundation in Oxford, had embraced the innovations of the pretended Reformation, there had recently sprung forth a very gifted member, who, while on the one hand persisting in denouncing allegiance to Rome, and in regarding himself as a member

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of the law-established Church, was on the other perpetually busying himself with attempts to revive many of the leading tenets and practices of the old religion, sending forth, from time to time, publications, from the tenour of which, it were almost impossible not to suppose their author an orthodox member of the true and only Church, but for the strange and inexplicable fact of his continuing the avowed adherent of another one. These quasi Catholic doctrines were spreading in the university, and the results to which they might ultimately lead, were known to God alone.

Edward the Third had granted a charter to Queen's College out of regard for his wife, who had interested herself in that establishment, but would never have done so, had he foreseen that in so doing he was planting an institution for the future dissemination of false doctrine.

Queen Philippa of Hainault thought that amidst the general wreck of Catholic foundations, the chivalry of the nation might have respected a college to which she had lent her name and patronage. There at least her memory might have been honoured, by maintaining the faith of its founder and benefactress.

Robert de Eglesfield would frankly disclaim the honour of having been the founder of Queen's College, and cede it to his illustrious penitent, Queen Philippa, whose munificence and royal patronage had enabled him to establish that seminary of learning upon a permanent footing. As the director of that great and good princess, he could render full justice to the sincerity of her religious sentiments, and to the grief with which she must now behold the members of a society bearing her name, lending their adhesion to doctrines which he could only characterize as fraught with the elements of perdition.

William of Durham, rector of Bishop Wearmouth, contended, that if in any one of the establishments of Oxford the old religion had been well entitled to find a refuge, it should have been at University College, the most ancient of them all, and with the foundation of which he had himself the honour of being closely connected. There, however, as elsewhere, the impostures of German renegades had polluted the pure sources of ancient truth.

John Baliol had found the college which he and his wife had established thoroughly contaminated by the seemingly all absorbing heresies of the sixteenth century; nothing, however, in England could surprise him after what he had seen during a recent flitting to the land of his birth. From England, indeed, the substance of the

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old religion seemed to have effectually departed, still the framework of its ancient hierarchy was in existence, but in Scotland not a trace remained of its once illustrious Church. Its cathedrals were in ruins, its bishoprics all abolished, and the only apology for a Christian form of worship now existing in that country, was a certain so-called Presbyterian establishment, consisting of a set of unordained ministers, who, within the bare walls of utterly unadorned meeting-houses, prayed and preached without form, ritual, or ceremony, and were just at this time all wrangling with each other.

Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, and the knightly Sir Richard Sutton, rose simultaneously; but the lay yielded to the clerical founder of Brasennose, who expatiated at some length on his misfortune, in having contributed to the establishment of that college, destined for the cultivation of Catholic faith, but comparatively few years before the eighth Henry commenced the fatal work of its subversion.

Walter de Stapledon and Edmund Stafford, Bishops of Exeter, and founders of the college bearing the name of that see, successively deplored their having endowed an establishment destined to become, in after times, one of the many strongholds of religious innovation, and mentioned as a characteristic anecdote of the temper of the present Anglican clergy, as compared with the spirit of ancient fervour, that, having lately flitted into their old diocese, and looked into their cathedral during the performance of Divine service, they had observed the present Bishop of Exeter fast asleep on his throne.

William of Wykeham, the pious and learned Bishop of Winchester, remarked, that none had greater reason than he to deplore the perversion to other than the objects which he had held in view, the magnificent foundations of which he had been the originator. The school which, in his city of Winchester, he had endowed for the instruction of youth in the humanities of learning, and the mysteries of religion, no longer taught the tenets which he had believed and reverenced; and New College, founded at his sole expense, had equally departed from ancient purity of faith. Could any one name a sacred edifice in Oxford, surpassing in magnificence the chapel attached to his own foundation, and which, in his time, he had taken pride in adorning with all imaginable splendour? How shorn now of all its Catholic glories! How lamentable for a prelate of the infallible Church, to find, after the lapse of centuries, that the institutions, over the infancy of which he had so fondly presided, had

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steeped themselves in error! He should return to that realm of spirits, from which the interest he felt for the land of his birth, could, for a brief interval, have alone withdrawn him, and devote some centuries to ardent and continuous prayer for the religious re-enlightenment of his country.

Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Edward I, founder of Merton College, "followed on the same side," as did also Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, founder of Corpus Christi College, John Franks, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Henry VI, an eminent benefactor of Oriel, John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester in 1476, Adam de Brome, Almoner to King Edward II, and who suggested to that monarch the establishment of Oriel College, of which he became the first provost, and Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, and Rotherham, Archbishop of York, and Lord High Chancellor, founders of Lincoln College. With little or no variation of expression and feeling, these various worthies delivered sundry monodies on the decay of national faith, and aspirations for its revival.

Archbishop Chichele now rose, but spoke in so indistinct a tone, as to be at times inaudible in the organ loft. He was understood to observe, that from his visit to earth this time, he had derived very slender satisfaction. All the old landmarks of faith and orthodoxy were now set aside. He had founded a college to which he had given the name of "All Souls," that his successors in its government, and all those who might thereafter, within its walls, devote themselves to the acquisition of human learning, should temper their ambitious aspirings after the distinctions of science and intelligence, by constantly bearing in mind the brevity of the time during which the brightest triumphs of genius could be enjoyed. His intention had been, that while praying on their individual accounts, the children of his own foundation should never forget to offer supplications also for the souls of those who had preceded them into the realms of eternity. He had stipulated, indeed, that, in return for the dedication of his ample patrimony to the endowment of the college, commemorative masses should be at times offered up for the repose of his own soul. He thanked heaven, that object was accomplished; but, had the release of his spirit from a mean state of penitential probation, been made dependent upon those whose prayers he had the best right to claim, long indeed must he have had to wait for such a consummation; for not

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only were no masses offered for him, as he had desired, but the present occupants of "All Souls," stigmatized the holy sacrifice of the mass, as a "damnable and idolatrous" ceremony.

In the course of his recent wanderings, he had marked the nice attention to personal comfort, and elaborate purveyance of all the luxuries of life, which prevailed in a scholastic establishment, designed by him rather to sever man's affections from the world, than to rivet them to its most sensual allurements. The well-stored buttery and steaming kitchen, now absorbed far more consideration than any thought of higher things. Had he anticipated the possibility of such a result, "All Bodies" would have been a more distinctive appellation than "All Souls," for a college of which the sons troubled themselves so much for the good things of this world, and so little for those of the other. They had a strange method of testifying the reverence they affected to feel for their founder's memory. They had, to be sure, repaired his old tomb in Canterbury cathedral, and a fine painted gewgaw they had made of it! but, beyond that trifling piece of attention, paid to his mouldering bones, he had nothing to thank them for. When bestowing ample possessions upon the endowment of "All Souls," he had not thought it unreasonable to stipulate, that, to the fellowships of the college, those should thereafter be first entitled, who could establish the nearest claim to kindred with himself. Such persons were, however, at the present day, avowedly excluded from the benefit which he had especially reserved for them, for no other reason than that they adhered to the religion which he had so well loved himself, and in which it had been his happiness to live and die! Would that worshipful assemblage of illustrious phantoms have deemed it possible that so monstrous a perversion of a founder's designs could have been tolerated, in a seat of the so-called liberal arts and sciences!

The archbishop concluded his remarks by observing that in the course of his morning's aerial ramble about Oxford, his attention had been attracted by a monument in progress, resembling in shape one of the market crosses of the old days of faith, which he had discovered was intended to honour the memories of certain doughty dignitaries of the newly established law Church. It puzzled him, he said, mightily, to reconcile the posthumous veneration with which it appeared those "Oxford fathers" were now held in the university, with the fact that in that favoured region of the world of spirits to

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which he had been happy enough to find admittance, he had never encountered any worthies of the name of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer.

A dim grey streak of light now peered into the choir of St. Mary's, bearing so suspicious a resemblance to daybreak, that the congregated ghosts simultaneously vanished into thin air. The atmosphere of the old church remained, however, many hours charged with vapours of obsolete orthodoxy, under the influence of which a regius divine was that very morning,—it happened to be Sunday,—delivered of a sermon of such Popish tendencies, that his mouth was closed by authority for two years.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA,

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, IN 1058, TILL THE CAPTURE OF RHODES, IN 1315.

THE death of Saphadin had left his kingdom to be divided amongst his sons. Meledin, or Melei, was the eldest, and Egypt fell to his share of the empire, as the soldancy of Damascus and Jerusalem was assigned to the younger, Coradin. The danger which menaced Damietta made Meledin anxious for peace, and he easily persuaded his brother, Coradin, to join him in suing for the necessary repose, for they both knew that were Damietta free from the Latins, the recovery of Syria could not be far distant. The restitution of the Wood of the Holy Cross, and of those places which either himself or his father, Saphadin, or his uncle, Saladin, had taken, as well as all the prisoners in Syria and Egypt, was offered to the Latins as the price of peace. The French, the English, and the Italians, would gladly have accepted the conditions; but the King, and the Duke of Austria, the Grand Masters of St. John, the Templars, and the Teutonic orders, with the Pope's legate, Pelagio, repelled the offer, declaring that the sole object of the present expedition was against the abominations of the Mohammedan superstition. The rejection of the offer induced Corradin, as a measure of policy, to destroy Jerusalem; lest it should at any time fall into the hands of the Christians, and become a place of defence against himself. Its walls

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were overthrown, and the magnificent edifices and precious monuments, which adorned the beautiful city, were relentlessly destroyed. The tower of David only was spared, and the sepulchre of our Lord,—the intreaties of the Christians of Armenia, Georgia, Ethiopia, and other parts of Asia, who still inhabited Jerusalem, had perhaps prevailed—perhaps a feeling of respect, which the Mohammedan religion inculcates to the tombs of the prophets. Happily for our holy religion, the levelling sect of the Mohabees *was not* in the days of Coradin.

' The siege had now been prolonged for nearly nineteen months, in course of which numerous skirmishes had taken place, and feats of valour, with varying success, were frequent beneath the walls. But the periods of peace were many; and many, tired of the inactive, though constant, service, returned to Europe. The Cardinal Pelagio, moreover, the papal legate, had begun to assume an unwarranted control in the Latin camp, and distracted the councils of the chiefs, who were unwilling to submit to one wrapt in an alb, when there were enough cased in steel, better able to direct their movements. Was it zeal, or ambition, that induced Pelagio to assume so dictatorial a tone? It is certain he had ideas of vast extent; for, by the conquest of Egypt, he meditated to gain quiet possession of Palestine, when he might afterwards direct the whole of the chivalry of Christendom against the infidels of the west, and, by an inundation of the soldiers of the Cross, make the extirpation of the Arabs from the rich plains of Spain, an easy and meritorious task. But his zeal was more than his talents; and the future disasters of the Latins, are, without doubt, to be attributed to his rashness and incompetency. Fresh soldiers having arrived from Italy, and Louis of Bavaria, with some of the princes and barons from Germany, having joined the camp, and replaced the ranks of those who had grown weary of the siege, a day was fixed for a grand assault, early in November 1219. All rushed with impetuosity to the walls, but the Greek fire repulsed them, and we are told that John of Brianne himself was sorely scorched and disfigured by a fiery missile. The third day after, as some soldiers wandered near the walls, an unwonted silence seemed to reign over the city, and they wondered, as they approached, that they saw no sentinels at their posts. Ladders were procured from the camp, and set against the walls, but no resistance was offered; the gates were opened, and the Christian army marched in without resistance into the deserted city.

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It was the plague had passed over the devoted place; but some allowance must be made for what the historian tells us, that of seventy thousand inhabitants, scarcely three thousand remained, to purchase their lives from the triumphant Latins, by the removal of the bodies of their countrymen, that lay in heaps putrifying in the streets.*

The city which had cost them so long a siege, the Latins were obliged immediately to evacuate; and they had to pass three months in their tents, before the air was sufficiently purified from the pestilential vapours, to enable them to return in safety. A solemn function was then performed, to give thanks to GOD for their success, and the mosque was purified from the abominations of Mohammed, and dedicated to the worship of the true GOD, under the invocation of the blessed Virgin Mary. With Damietta, Tanis, a strong fort on the road to Cairo, fell, and abundance of stores and provisions came unexpectedly into their hands. The warlike Pelagio resolved, at all hazards, to push on, and take Cairo itself. In vain did the leaders of the Christian army oppose the expedition; threats of excommunication followed any attempt at dissuasion, and the hosts, with reinforcements from Europe, set out on the ill-starred campaign. Victory seemed to smile on their first attempts, and it was not long before the country as far as Cairo was overrun by the Christian hosts. But the ease with which they occupied the country, was the effect of the policy of the Soldan of Egypt; he feigned fear, that he might make them more confident, and so become the more entangled in the snare he was preparing for them. So confident was Pelagio of success, that humiliating terms were sent to the Soldan, and by him, in his policy, not absolutely rejected, so that a month was lost in the fruitless and delusive negociation. The supplies of the Christians began to fail, the waters of the Nile were on the rise, and the artificial dykes of the Egyptians being broken by them, the flood poured in on the Christian camp, swept away their baggage, and left them, without provisions, surrounded by the waters. In vain did they look for assistance from the garrison of Damietta; they could send them none. Famine told fearfully in the camp; but still they would suffer rather than sue for mercy

* The general historian of the order, Pantaleon, has the following: "Vise enim, vici, domusque cadaveribus erant refertæ; hic labor etiam eos in tres menses exercuit."—p. 70.

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from the hands of the infidel. To his eternal honour be it told, that he pitied while he might have completely destroyed; he was the first to offer peace, though at the price of the evacuation of Egypt. But the Latins, even in their deep distress, wished to make other stipulations,—they wished to treat as with an equal foe. And here we see one instance, among thousands, that occur in every page of the annals of these ages of faith—of the love they shewed for every thing connected with the mysteries of their redemption; for, before they sought for the return of the army in safety, and promised the restoration of Tanis into the hands of the Egyptian sovereign, they stipulated for the recovery of the wood of the true Cross. But the Soldan knew that they were in too humbled a state to treat on such equal terms as their demands implied: the modified conditions of the Christians were rejected, and the restitution of Damietta with its adjacent territory, and the evacuation were imperatively demanded. Necessity obliged them to comply. For a while the garrison of Damietta held out against the Soldan; but, for fear of worse consequences, they were persuaded to submit. A piece of money was taken from each soldier by the proud infidel, that it might not be said that they had occupied any part of his dominions, but as travellers; and, in the month of September 1221, princes and people, with much grief and lamentation, returned disconsolate to Palestine. The knights of Jerusalem and of the Temple, alone gave words of comfort to their Christian brethren, by high-sounding promises of better days, and days of coming restitution, when the Nile should float down the bodies and the possessions of the infidel, as it had already borne to the sea those of their friends and brethren.

Instead of mourning for the sins of the soldiers of the faith with St. Bernard, and attributing to *that* the failure of the present expedition which had begun so prosperously, and had so completely failed, —evil hearts and evil tongues sought excuse for the ill success anywhere but where they might find it due. The military orders did not miss their share of blame, though it fell more severely on the orders of the Hospital and the Temple, as dishonourable motives were imputed to them. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Hospitallers, and the Templars, had been appointed, by the fourth council of Lateran, the administrators of the papal bounty,—and that bounty the two orders were accused of appropriating to their private wants, to the neglect of the great object for which it was intended,

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The scandal spread, and Europe echoed what had been whispered by the conquered discontents of Damietta; insomuch that Honorius III, who succeeded Innocent III in the chair of St. Peter, was himself led away by the foul suspicion. But it was well that he was so; for a strict examination having been ordered, they had an opportunity of repelling the gross calumny, and rising superior to the insinuations which were made against them,—the princes and barons, who had won with them, Damietta, were loud in the praise of the gallantry and conduct of both the orders. Pelagio, the papal legate, the Patriarch, and the Duke of Austria, wrote to the Holy Father, repelling the aspersion; and it was shown that so far from keeping back the money that they were appointed to administer, the knights of St. John had contributed of their own funds more than eight thousand besants towards the expenses of the siege. Honorius was convinced that the charge against them was groundless calumny, and his encyclical letter proclaiming their innocence, was commanded to be read from every pulpit where the scandal had penetrated. "It is our will and command," so runs the enclyclic, "that ye study to honour, love, and cherish those true soldiers of Christ and chief defenders of the Christian faith, declaring their innocence of the calumnies imputed to them, and proclaiming the constancy of their faith and valour."* The junction of the pious Andrew, king of Hungary, in 1222, added lustre to the virtues of our order, less from the rank of the postulant, than from the motives which induced him to demand admission. He had himself been a witness to their virtues, and the constancy with which they adhered to their original institute. "We have ourselves seen, when worthlessly,† with you, the innumerable company of the poor daily fed by you. We have seen how you refreshed the weary limbs of the sick, when stretched upon their beds of pain, and ministered to them by various supplies. We have seen with what pious care ye buried the dead; so often, that we can narrate but generally, what we could not do particularly, so numerous were the instances of each we saw. So that the most sacred object of the Hospital may be said to be the contemplation of Mary with the active virtues of Martha—as now against the adver-

* In archivo Vaticano ex registro Honorii III, tom. ii. fol. 30. Quoted in Vertot, i. p. 415.

† Immerito. He speaks humbly, but truly. He remained in Palestine too short a time to do any good.

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saries of GOD—and the enemies of the cross of CHRIST, and now against the infidel children of Amalec, in warlike strife ye combat every day."*

The obloquy which the failure of the Egyptian campaign had excited, was cast from the innocent orders, with more justice, on the presumption of Pelagio, and the reluctance of the emperor Frederick, which kept him back from fulfilling his promise of joining the holy war. The deplorable state of the Syrian Christians, reduced almost to the walls of Acre, and *that* increased by domestic insurrection, these called loudly for redress. The king, John of Brienne, accordingly, having appeased the tumults which the factious Genoese and Pisans had excited, resolved to appoint the military orders his regents, and to pass to Europe to implore assistance. Honorius III received him with honour, and approved of his desire of abdicating and resigning his kingdom to the emperor Frederic, on the condition of espousing his daughter Iolanta, and assuming the cross with such an armament as would ensure success. The pope and the emperor were both willing to embrace the offer, and the latter pledged his honour to Honorius and his cardinals, and before the grandmasters of St. John and the Teutonic order, to send within two years an army powerful enough to restore the throne of Jerusalem. For five years, disturbances in his Italian dominions, and an insurrection of the Saracens of Sicily, delayed the departure of the promised expedition; and after the union of Frederic and Iolanta, the long debarred crusade was zealously proclaimed in western Christendom.† But the reluctant emperor was ever too ready to grasp at an excuse for delay. The armament had met, and sailed, when the pretence of illness induced him to return. In an evil hour, the successor of Honorius, Gregory II, fulminated against the wavering Cæsar the thunders of excommunication, for his pusillanimous waiving of the combat against the enemies of GOD and his CHRIST; but as he was too proud to obey, so he was too powerful to fear the anathemas of the Church. The scandals which occured so frequently in the wars of the investiture, were again renewed. Instead of warring against the infidel of Syria, the emperor turned his arms against the Father

* Raynaldus 13, No. 16, p. 280. Quoted in Vertot, i. 401.

† By this union, the kings of Naples came into possession of the throne of Jerusalem, which they have ever since retained. The present king of the Two Sicilies is titular king of Jerusalem.

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of the Faithful. The march of Ancona was overrun; the houses of the Hospitallers and Templars, as the friends of the pope, were plundered. His infidel subjects of Apulia and Sicily were ranged under the banners of a Christian emperor, to war against the head of the Church.

Notwithstanding, however, the misunderstanding between the pope and the emperor, the latter resolved to proceed, and in 1228, in spite of the ban of excommunication, which was yet unremoved, he landed at Acre with a considerable force, and by a politic peace with the Soldan of Egypt, reduced the power of his enemies to that of Corradin alone. On his arrival at Acre, he was received with acclamations of joy, but it was of no long duration; for the papal rescript arrived, announcing his excommunication, and the ban having been publicly proclaimed by the Patriarchs against him, the orders of the Temple and the Hospital refused to yield obedience to a rebellious son of the Church. But Frederic was resolved to proceed, and accompanied by the Teutonic order, whom affection, as his native subjects, or fear, perhaps, had induced to co-operate with him, he marched out of Acre to Jaffa, and repaired the fortifications of that important station. The two orders hung on his rear, to render assistance to their brethren, should the infidel be successful, till necessity at length, or policy on their part or that of the emperor, induced them to come to a mutual accommodation, on the condition that orders for action should not be issued in the name of the emperor, but in that of God and Christendom. The wars of the investiture are a constant subject of pain and scandal to the pious Christian; and final success over the infidel of Palestine might now have been accomplished, had not pride and angry passions, once aroused and never quenched, demanded, and induced retributive consequences. The excuses of the imperial troops in Italy, against those who supported the papal side, were repelled by like excuses, and the disturbed state of his Italian dominions imperatively required the instant return of Frederic. His success in Palestine, however, had put him in an attitude to demand, and he received, most favourable conditions. A truce for ten years was agreed on between the Saracens and the emperor; and Jerusalem, Jaffa, Bethlehem, and Nazareth were ceded to the Christians. But the temple of Solomon was to be common to the worshippers of the Cross, and the followers of Mohammed; and it was with an appearance of justice that an excommunicated emperor was upbraided for so disgraceful a treaty,

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with so glaring a departure from orthodoxy. But he was longing for rest, and desirous of a pretence to return to Europe; and we may well suspect and blame his conduct, as worthy of the treatment he received, if it be true that he accused the orders of St. John and the Temple of an attempt to assassinate him, and made that suspicion the ground of putting his favourite wish to return to Europe into effect. That there were any grounds for believing the truth of so vague an accusation, history leaves us in the dark. It is certain that it was forgotten, when the purpose of the emperor was served; though, if there were, fortunately for their honour, the knights of St. John came in for a less share of the dastardly suspicion than their brother order,—"Veruntamen Hospitalarii minorem notam infamiæ super hoc facto contraxerunt,"* says Mattheus Parisiensis concisely, and dismisses the subject.

Many Christians, on the strength of this truce, and on the condition of the walls being renewed, returned to Jerusalem. But Frederick refused to rebuild them, and rejected with contempt the proffered assistance of the Templars and Hospitallers, to put them in such a state of defence as would protect the Christians from the perfidious friendship of the infidels of Syria, who might so easily overwhelm the defenceless Christians. But he was resolved not to leave Syria without the form, at least, of receiving the crown of Godfrey on his head; but no Church services graced with their solemn functions the coronation ceremony. He himself took from the altar the crown of the kings of Jerusalem, and listened to a laudatory oration from his countryman, Herman de Salza, the grand master of the Teutonic order. And as one whose motives and conduct were suspected, the inhabitants saw him depart for Acre, whence he embarked in the month of May 1229 for Sicily, where shortly after he regained the favour of the pope, but too late to repair the unseemly consequences of his former breach, which had already caused the failure of the crusade, more from suspicion of his motives, than from his actual conduct in Palestine. His pardon was not purchased however, without the promise of reimbursement of the expenses incurred by the defence of the patrimony of St. Peter, of the payment of the war in Syria, and of the damages done to the two orders of St. John and the Temple. But if he were sincere with regard to the former stipulations, he was certainly not so

* Matth. Paris. ad annum 1229, p. 357. Quoted in Vertot, vol. i. p. 441.

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with regard to those in favour of the military orders; for under various pretences he continued for long to persecute and molest them by every means in his power.

The abdication of John of Brienne, and the return of his successor Frederic to Europe, left the kingdom of Jerusalem in a weak and unstable state. The military orders were its only support, when the recall of the Teutonic knights to defend Germany from the irruptions of the pagans of Prussia, deprived it of a considerable support, so that the Hospitallers and the Templars were almost left alone. With them necessity obliged the emperor to come to a reconciliation, which he purchased by the restoration of their Sicilian property, and then committed the regency of the state into their keeping. The emperor had promised on his departure to send his son Conrad —(his mother Iolanta had died in giving birth to him)—with a large reinforcement, but, under various pretexts, he found means to evade the promised succour. The knights-regent were left in trying circumstances; for, notwithstanding the truce, various bands of the infidel often attacked the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and on one occasion, it is said that ten thousand pilgrims fell before the Saracen robbers.* In vain did the grand-master of the Hospital go to Europe, to intreat from the emperor the fulfilment of his promise; he was put off with the confirmation of the privileges granted to the order, with the addition of some farther immunities of no great importance. The father of the Church followed the example of Frederic in granting immunities; and Gregory, in an encyclical letter, farther declared all excommunicated who should in any way injure or molest any of the order, either in their persons or their revenues. From the death of the grand-master, Guerin of Montagne, in 1230, to the accession of Peter of Villebride, in 1241, considerable difference of opinion prevails with regard to the succession, both in names and dates. It is enough to say, that the difficulties which harassed the one continued with the other; that the unimportance of the actions, and their frequency, with various bands of the Saracen robbers continued; that Bertrand de Texis succeeded Guerin de Montagne in 1230, and in the following year by another Guerin, or Gerin, of both of whom we know but little, except that the reported death of the latter, with twenty-six knights, at the hand of the Khorasmians, could not be true, since these barbarians did not enter Palestine till 1244;

* Santitus, lib. iii. p. 11, c. xiii.

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and that by a letter from Bertrand du Comps, relative to the equipment of vessels for Palestine, in which he forbade the bringing of jewels, or ornaments of gold and silver, we are certain that the writer of that letter was the grand-master of the Hospitallers in 1236, and most probably continued so till his abdication or death in 1241, since in that year he was succeeded by Peter of Villebride; at the commencement of whose mastership the order possessed, in different parts of Europe, no less than three thousand five hundred chapels.

The mournful state of the Holy Land naturally aroused the attention of the friends of religion; a new crusade was proclaimed, and the zeal of the Franciscan and Dominican orders was pressed into the service of exciting the slumbering inactivity of Christendom, to rescue once more the cradle of our blessed religion from the tyranny and oppression of the unbeliever. Nor was their call unsuccessful. In England, Richard Earl of Cornwall, the brother of our third Henry, made active preparation to obey the summons; and in France, Thibald, the minstrel Count of Champagne, and King of Navarre, the Duke of Burgundy, with the Counts of Bar and Brittany, and many other barons, embarked from Marseilles for the Holy Land. But the news of European preparation had preceded them, and the Soldan of Egypt was glad of so fair a pretence to break the truce that was yet nominally between them. His first measure was to drive the Latins from Jerusalem; and, with weak vengeance, he overthrew the tower of David, which hitherto the followers even of Mohammed had respected. Not long after this capture, Oamel of Egypt died, and at this juncture the crusaders of France advanced. Though partial success accompanied them for a while, defeat succeeded; and the unsettled and anarchical state of Saracenic succession, alone saved them from being completely overpowered. But the contending interests of the enemy required repose, that they might consolidate among themselves their several claims; and the want of union among the crusaders, made them neglect the general interest of the Christians, in negociating treaties of peace with such party of the enemy as caprice or opportunity might dictate. The Templars joined Nayer, emir of Harac, the dependant of the Soldan of Damascus, on the condition of their rendering him assistance in his defence against the rival Soldan of Egypt; and the Hospitallers, the King of Navarre, and others, entered into a treaty with the same Soldan of Egypt. To such a state of disunion were they reduced, by the want of the energy of

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one head to direct the few but discordant subjects of the Latin kingdom.

Such was the disturbed and feverish state in which the kingdom of Jerusalem was left by the French crusaders, and taken up by Richard, Earl of Cornwall. The zeal of England was roused; Theodore, the prior of the Hospitallers, with three hundred knights of St. John, marched out from their commandery at Clerkenwell, and embarked, amid the respect and blessing of the people of London, to join their brethren in the east; and it is said that twenty thousand crusaders from England accompanied Richard, under the guidance of William Longespée, and others of the nobles of England, to the almost hopeless enterprise. They arrived in Palestine shortly after the signing of the discordant treaties of the two parties which divided the Latin ascendancy in Syria; and, as the Soldan of Egypt was still willing to fulfil his part of the treaty, Richard accepted this alternative, on the condition of the renunciation of Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and most of the Holy Land. An exchange of prisoners sealed the union, and his firmness saw that the stipulated agreement was put into speedy execution. Thus was Palestine once more in the hands of the Christians, and Jerusalem delivered. The patriarch and his clergy returned to the holy city; the churches were purified, and consecrated again to the worship of the true faith, by the celebration of the solemn mysteries of redemption; and the grand-master of the Hospital came forward joyfully, to spend the revenues of the order in rebuilding the walls of Sion.

For two years Jerusalem was entirely Christian; and even now it might have been the centre of Christian triumph, as it is of Christian desire, had not the disunion of the Templars and the Hospitallers, to the scandal of Christendom, broken the delusive hope at the hour of its fulfilment, and, by the renewal of their unseemly quarrels and jealousies, proclaimed the solemn truth, that, however great and tending to perfection the institutions were which arose from the piety of those ages of faith, the passions of men, when restraint is despised, are ever alike, and too often, in their history, have we to mourn over the forgetfulness of their institute, in the selfishness of private ends; but though on earth continuance in perfection is rare, if not impossible, the history of all the military orders proclaim, that though they had their ebb from virtue, a short while brought back a full flow of that which had prompted their original institute.

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AGGREGATE MEETING OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS—EXCLUSION OF CATHOLICS FROM JURIES.

(*Concluded from our last Number.*)

The Rev. Mr. Sisk seconded the resolution. It was the duty of the English Catholics to utter their solemn protest against the manner in which things had been carried on in the neighbouring country. The present was no isolated case. Had there been no previous instances in which Roman Catholics had been struck out of a jury list? There was the case of Mr. Barrett, not a Roman Catholic but a Protestant, who had been tried, and all the Catholics had been struck out of the jury list by her Majesty's present Attorney-General for Ireland. There was, therefore, strong ground for saying that on the present occasion a most glaring and grievous injustice had been perpetrated. The circumstance they had that day met to complain of was part of a series of acts of the grossest oppression. Were not all present familiar with the subject of packed Orange juries? Was there not a case in the county Monaghan some time ago of a person tried by three successive juries? Was a man in England ever tried before three juries? Why then should these things happen in Ireland? Should there be one law for England and another law for Ireland? Englishmen were in the habit of looking upon Irishmen as a degraded race. The reverend gentleman here drew a contrast between the relative numbers of Englishmen and Irishmen holding offices under the Crown, stating that of 224 members of the Queen's household only four were Irishmen, and the general proportion in all offices of trust was as 20 Englishmen to one Irishman. Were they to be content with a state of things such as this? All had become familiar with the manner in which the clergy of Ireland had been run down; they had been stigmatized as "surpliced ruffians." But that was only a single instance of the manner in which the respectable, intelligent, and hard-working clergy of Ireland was defamed and insulted. The plain fact was, that Ireland did not exist upon a fair, just, and equal footing with this country. It was professed so to be; but it was a mere imagining—a theory that was not carried into practice. Things existed in Ireland that were unheard of in England. Would any one in England see policemen enter into the very courts of justice, before the judges, with their hats on, and wearing their side-arms? Why, in this country, even soldiers were not permitted to wear their side-arms, while in Ireland the very policemen carried them into the presence of the judges themselves. Then let them observe the tone of exaggeration which prevailed in this country upon everything concerning Ireland. If a murder took place in Tipperary, the whole empire directly rang from one end to the other with an outcry, and Ireland was represented as full of bloodshed and insurrection. He contended that Ireland possessed a population superior to that of this country in morality and intelligence, and that if Mr. O'Connell agitated, he was justified in so doing, because the principle of the British constitution was discussion. Throughout forty years O'Connell had laboured for his country, and was this to be the termination? Could any of them look on calmly and contemplate the bare possibility of his being immured in a dungeon [no, no, and immense cheering]? and yet if the forms of law should be such that such an issue should take place, which all would deplore and pray it might not, their conduct

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ought to be that which he (Mr. O'Connell) himself wished it to be—namely, peace, order, and submission to the laws of whatever country they might be; but one example ought to be shown—that those who were of O'Connell's sentiments were disposed to follow the advice and admonition he gave. Who was to be compared with him? They read in history of conquerors of kingdoms by force of arms, of the establishment of empires by bloodshed, and every species of crime; yet in the course of little less than half a century, the penal laws under which the Catholics were degraded had been swept off, and here they were assembled in the centre of the metropolis, where nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants were of a different persuasion to themselves, quietly and openly expressing their sentiments without let or molestation of any kind. When such men as Lord Brougham and Sir James Graham arraigned the Catholics in distinct terms on their not keeping their oaths, he wished some one had required the oath taken by Privy Councillors to be read, in which they swore that they would not do anything to weaken the established religion, and had then immediately referred to the act, by which no less than ten Protestant bishoprics in Ireland were annihilated, and one-fourth of the income of the Protestant clergy taken away from them [hear, hear]. He congratulated the English Catholics in having come forward to evince their sympathy for their brethren in Ireland [cheers]. The injuries done to the Catholics of Ireland were injuries done to the Catholics of England [hear, hear]. There were Irishmen, and the descendents of Irishmen, among themselves. He was one of them [cheers]. Each of them had stored up in their memory a story of the effects of the penal laws upon their own immediate ancestors, and each of them could tell a tale of sorrow and of woe, which Protestant ascendancy had wrought upon Ireland. But the day was gone by for either Protestant or Catholic ascendancy; and the only principle that was now recognized was perfect equality for all her majesty's subjects. The reverend gentleman concluded by seconding the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

Mr. P. H. Howard, M.P. said he had been entrusted with a resolution, and when he told them that it conveyed the determination of that meeting to address the Crown, it would be believed that no light or trivial ground had justified that step. The Catholics of England, who, under the most trying circumstances, had been noted for the moderation—the intrepid moderation of their conduct—would not have approached the throne, unless they conceived that their civil rights were threatened, and the integrity of their tenets and religious faith slighted. They had the great palladium of English liberty threatened by the exclusion of every Catholic from the jury list. They had seen the efficiency of the institution of trial by jury, which was associated with the revered name of Alfred, put in peril. If such were the course and conduct adopted in the metropolis of Ireland, and within the view of Great Britain, might they not expect that such an example would be speedily followed in the dependencies of the British Crown, where public opinion is much weakened, and where a great part of the population were Catholics? Did it not, then, behove them to protest against this example and precedent which it was sought to establish? During the long winter of persecution, the English and Scotch Catholics have been distinguished by their unshaken loyalty; and he thought they might now come forward with dignity to protest against the injustice that was sought to be inflicted on their fellow-subjects and co-religionists in the sister country. The resolution and address which he had the honour to propose were these: "That the following address,

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founded on those resolutions, be circulated for signatures, and presented to her most gracious Majesty, at an early period, by the noble chairman, and such other Catholic noblemen and gentlemen as may please to attend:

"We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, professing the Roman Catholic religion, strongly impressed with the importance of the principle sanctioned and established on the passing of the Emancipation Act, that our religion should no longer be a bar to our full and free enjoyment of those civil rights and privileges, of which we had so long been deprived under unjust and erroneous imputations on its tenets, cannot but view with extreme jealousy the late act of the legal advisers of your Majesty's government in Ireland, whereby all Roman Catholics were excluded from the jury list. We, therefore, humbly presume, in presenting this our loyal address to your Majesty, to protest against this their act being construed into a precedent for infringing on those rights and privileges, which we consider ourselves equally entitled to and qualified to enjoy with any other class of your Majesty's subjects."

That was the address which he hoped would receive the signature of every member of the Catholic community, and he trusted that it was worded with equal duty and reverence to the Crown, and regard to the principles of the British constitution.

CHARLES EYSTON, Esq. seconded the address. He expressed his devotion to the principle that no civil disqualification should attend upon religious opinions; and this he was ever ready to advocate, not only for Catholics, but for Dissenters, and those of the Jewish persuasion. He had been told by a friend, that in attaching his name to the requisition, he was interfering with the administration of justice. Now, he believed in his conscience that he stood at this meeting to-day solely because the administration of justice had already been interfered with. He did not deny that the officers of the Crown in Ireland had a legal right to strike off the names of the Catholics from the jury list. Undoubtedly they had the legal right to do so; but law was not always justice. And they had the authority of one of the greatest lawyers of antiquity, greater than the Attorney-General for Ireland, that *extremum jus* was often *extrema injuria*. Extreme justice was often attended with great injustice; and this was perfectly true in the present case. There was considerable irregularity respecting the lost page containing the jury list. That alone would have been sufficient to have tainted all these proceedings, and give the idea that substantial justice had not been done in this case. Cæsar's wife should not only be virtuous, but should be above all suspicion. So justice should not only be fairly administered, but it should be even above suspicion. With regard to the other point—the striking off the names of all the Catholics, he really believed that they were struck off as Catholics. There was a great principle at stake, not merely affecting Catholics. If they looked at what was going on in Scotland respecting the Scottish church, might they not possibly have something similar in that country? Under the circumstances of the present case, he felt it his duty to give his cordial support to the address which his honourable friend had submitted to the meeting.

The address was then put from the chair, and carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. P. HOWARD, Lord Camoys vacated the chair, and Lord Stourton assumed it; upon which the honourable SIR EDWARD VAVASOUR proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Camoys, which being seconded by Mr. P. MAXWELL, was carried by acclamation. Lord CAMOYS briefly returned thanks amidst loud applause.

The meeting then separated, after giving three hearty cheers for Daniel O'Connell.

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The Catholic Magazine.

CONVERTS AND APOSTATES.

It is recorded in Boswell's Life of Johnson, that the great scholar and lexicographer once observed:—

"A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere, he parts with nothing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as any thing that he retains; there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

The expression of such a sentiment, from the mouth of so sincere and distinguished a member of the English Church establishment as the learned doctor, strongly marks the difference that exists between the respective renunciation of his religion by a Catholic and a Protestant. In the one case, there is a "laceration of mind;" we cannot improve on the "curious felicity" of that term; in the other, there is always an arduous assumption of grave and onerous duties, and, generally, a sacrifice of very substantial worldly interests. To speak in a merely temporal point of view, there is a premium on apostacy; but conversion is at a discount. A Catholic clergyman that has the misfortune to fall from his high ministry, releases himself at once from all the restraints of celibacy, from the diurnal obligation of passing a couple of hours over his breviary, from the stern rule of his order, which forbids his participation in so many pleasures legitimately accessible to others, from fasting, from abstinence, and from that constant self-watchfulness, obligatory on one whose province it is to celebrate, day by day, the holy mysteries of faith. Now, a Protestant clergyman embracing the creed and ministry of Rome, *ipso facto* subscribes his adhesion to all the restrictions which the other had shaken off; how obvious, then, the inference, that the change which has been operated in his mind, is less obnoxious to the suspicion of insincerity than that which, in the case of the Catholic priest, had been to him so fraught

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with relaxation of duty! Not only does the change from the old to the new religion bring with it, to the individual that adopts that unhappy step, a prodigious diminution of conscientious obligations, but, for nearly three centuries, the laws of the land, and the prejudices of the many, alike favoured such an abandonment of principle as the most effectual method of promoting his temporal interests. The rigours of the penal laws are, in these days, forgotten; but, when we reflect that, for a long period of time, the priest who said mass was likely to be hanged, after having his bowels torn from him and burnt before him; that the layman who harboured him incurred the penalties of præmunire; and that, after the excessive severity of such inhuman enactments had fallen into disuse, the Catholic, however noble, however rich, still continued to linger in a state of serf-like and most degrading bondage, it is more surprising, considering the weakness of our nature, and the power of our adversaries, that we should have survived as a body at all, than that many of our branches should have been lopped off. Volumes might be compiled, and have been so, illustrative of the penal and disabling predicament in which, until a period almost within the memory of man, the Catholics, as such, found themselves placed. The possessor of a landed estate might be ousted by his heir at law, upon the latter's conforming to the religion as by law established: the Catholic rider of a fine horse, was compelled to take five pounds for him, from any Protestant that offered to become a purchaser at that price! and, in every action and relation of life, the individual that courageously clung to the faith of his forefathers, found himself ignominiously fettered and held to scorn. The fact that, under the influence of such a barbarous code, vast numbers of Catholics did secede from the true fold, is a circumstance very degrading to human nature, but only too consistent with its well-known weaknesses. Judas bartered the privileges of an apostle for thirty pieces of silver; and many a renegade has exchanged the true faith, to hold his fleeting possessions on earth in safety. In one of the high Church journals of the day, we not long ag observed an ostentatious record of distinguished Irish families which, in the course of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, have abandoned Catholicity and embraced Protestantism. The result is complacently ascribed to the godly labours of the Anglican missionary clergy. Despicable fallacy! We would stake our lives that such an anomaly as a bona fide conscientious renunciation of the old religion for the new, never once took place in Ireland. The apostacies, so pompously recorded,

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would be all traceable to the "mammon of unrighteousness," to the trepidation of individuals for the security of their estates, to their desire of rising to a level in the social scale with their fellow-beings, to the gratification of personal ambition, against which, until the year 1829, so many avenues were closed, and to the willingness to be emancipated from religious restraints.

The glittering bait of a seat in parliament, has allured many an Irish peer and opulent commoner from his hereditary creed; and, influenced by his example, or swayed by his commands, the junior members of his house have participated in their feudal chief's apostacy. Whole families have thus become lost to Catholicity, because a weak man, of dubious moral principles, may have preferred to the grave convictions of his better judgment, the fleeting pleasures of gratified vanity. Such an instance, coupled, however, with some redeeming features, just now presents itself to our minds. It was the case of the Lord Dunsaney, whether the late, or the last but one, we do not at this time remember, who, having in early life, from motives of worldly expediency, conformed to the Protestant religion, brought up his whole family in it; but, after half a century's abjuration of the Catholic faith, embraced it again as an octogenarian, and died in the most edifying sentiments of contrition for the great fault of his youth. Instances are on record, illustrative of the reckless inconsistency which sometimes marks the Irish character, of Catholic gentlemen, who had some temporal point to gain thereby, hastening from Ireland to London for the purpose of abjuring their faith, and, immediately on their return home, recanting such abjuration. The motives that have respectively led men to become converts or apostates, have been at all times very distinctly marked. If, however, we confine our observations to the changes of religion which may have taken place in men of our own time and country, and within the last very few years, and attentively consider the position of the individuals, and the motives which must have led to the line of conduct they have pursued, we must arrive at the conclusion that, in a temporal point of view, there was on the one side nothing to gain, and much to sacrifice, on the other much to gain, and nothing to sacrifice.

Among those who, descrying the errors of Protestantism, have had the courage to forsake them, we number men distinguished for the most exalted talents,—men who, to attain the official university situations which had been conferred upon them, must have qualified

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for such appointments by long years of study. We reckon clergymen of high birth and acknowledged abilities, who, for the sheer love of truth, have abandoned the brilliant prospects that courted their continuance within the pale of the Anglican establishment, and have sacrificed the lucrative temporalities of rich livings, and all the comforts and privileges of valuable college fellowships, to become hard-working, ill-paid, and comparatively humble ministers of our missionary Church. We have seen young men of birth and fortune run counter to all the ordinary inducements which their families and worldly interests might oppose to their adoption of a faith still under the practical ban of the state; the very latest instance of such generous self-devotion, being one in which bright prospects of parliamentary distinction are probably sacrificed at the shrine of conscientious duty.

Look at the other side of the picture, and candidly contrast with the converts, the apostates of the day. Of these, there are now no laymen among the higher orders, because the days are passed when any great practical temporal advantage accrued to the lay perpetrator of such a "laceration of mind;" but, as the validity of our holy orders is recognized by the Protestant Church, and that prospects of very positive advantage open to the Catholic priest who chooses to desert his post, there are occasionally sad and offensive instances of such conduct, clearly traceable to considerations of worldly interest, and never to sincere convictions. The very men who, with the pen or the tongue, would be ready enough to challenge such a proposition, must inwardly acknowledge its accuracy. What are the most recent cases of clerical apostacies, trumpeted forth, too, by the high Church press, as triumphs of their party, but instances wherein the gratification of human passions has been the main spring of such derelictions? The Maltese priest, of whose conversion (!) the newspapers have furnished flaming accounts, had a mind to marry; of course, then it became matter of great expediency for him to withdraw from a Church of which the discipline forbade such an indulgence. The hand of a rich bride was alike the "primum mobile" of the religious (!) change of sentiment which gave rise, some months ago, to the scandalous ceremony of a Catholic clergyman's abjurgation of his faith in Chichester cathedral; and the case of another unhappy sacerdotal renegade, in the midland counties of England, is, we are now credibly informed, a perfectly analogous one. We envy not the feelings of such men. The best hope that

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can be breathed on their behalf is, that at some future day they may be found expiating, within the walls of a monastery, their fatal deviation from the right path. The cell of the monk or the maniac, is, indeed, not the infrequent alternative that marks the latter career of the apostate priest. We know that amongst the austere penitents of La Trappe, an order especially adapted to become the refuge of enormous sinners, such reclaimed recreants are commonly to be found; and we have in our mind's eye the notable instance of an Irish Catholic apostate priest, who, accepting a curacy in Cornwall from the Bishop of Exeter, was shortly afterwards consigned to a lunatic asylum. Remorse, if it find not solace in stern repentance, leads directly to insanity! Even in this world, visible judgments sometimes follow in the wake of religious apostacy. We could name a family, which, at a comparatively recent period, was numbered amongst those that adhered to the ancient faith, its defection from which has been followed by the premature extinction of all its principal members! There is, to our mind, no degree of guilt more fraught with peril and degradation, than that of deliberate apostacy. Charity permits, and, indeed, enjoins us to hope that, under the plea of invincible ignorance, the sincere belief of many in the errors wherein they had been educated, will be accepted by an all-merciful GOD in the room of a knowledge of His saving faith; but what shall be thought of, what can be hoped for, those miserable creatures of base self-interest, who, having known and walked in the ways of truth, wilfully forsake them? The lot of such persons in this world is unenviable enough; of the responsibility that awaits them in the other, one shudders to think.

To one memorable recent case of conversion and relapse, we are disposed to accord the credit of more sincerity than its *prima facie* statement might have seemed to warrant a belief in. The vacillations of a mind, powerful in so many respects, yet weak in others, may yet, by the mercy of GOD, find an ultimate haven of refuge in a return to the bosom of the only Church. Thus only will the able and amiable, but now doubly erring person to whom we advert, recover that peace of mind of which he admits the present loss. For his sake, may Heaven speed his restoration to our community!

An anecdote of the manner in which the champions of Protestantism sometimes assail the faith of those whom they would proselytize, may not inappropriately conclude this article.

The Countess of * * *, the wife of one of the great Orange lords

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of the north of Ireland, had adopted the following expedient for enticing the poor to a breach of their religious duties: Every Friday an abundant meat dinner was provided, of which it was well understood that all the indigent residents on the estate were entitled to partake. It was, of course, hoped that hunger might act as a premium upon the breach of the Catholic rule, which enjoins abstinence from meat on the Friday. The priest was, however, on this occasion, a little deeper than the lady. It is well known that abstinence is only a part of Church discipline, which may, on occasion, be relaxed. Learning, then, the ingenious device which had been adopted to induce his parishioners to capitulate with their consciences, he adopted the counter expedient of granting them a dispensation to eat flesh meat on a Friday, for so long a time as the gratuitous dinner giving on that day should continue. The "fraus pia" was not discovered for many weeks; nor was it till after vast numbers of Catholic paupers had sinlessly and abundantly partaken of Protestant beef, that the "ruse" was discovered, and a speedy extinguisher placed on the hospitalities.

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SITES OF DEVOTIONAL CELEBRITY.—No. 2.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

No spot on earth can of course awaken such an intensity of reverential feeling, as that which gives a name to this section of our article on "Sites of devotional Celebrity." The works of recent travellers have abounded in descriptions of Palestine, and the other scenes of Scriptural note; but there has been a lack of such accounts transmitted to us by persons of our own communion, to whose impressions and feelings on the subject we could more naturally lend confidence and sympathy. The desideratum has been, however, supplied by the pen of a Catholic gentleman,* from whose able work on Syria and Palestine, we extract the following account of a visit

* George Robinson, Esq.

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to the Holy Sepulchre, in the belief that it will be read with the same interest experienced by ourselves in its perusal:

"In the afternoon the dragoman, or interpreter of the convent,* waited upon us to conduct us to the Church of the Resurrection, commonly called the Holy Sepulchre. We accepted his offer with the more readiness as it happened to be at an hour when the public were not admitted. To them it is only open on certain days of the week, and at certain hours of those days. The crowd of pilgrims who press for entrance on those days (not in the most orderly manner) is, I am told, immense, particularly on the great feast of Easter. On these occasions, the Turks who keep the door treat them in the roughest manner, notwithstanding they pay for admission, squeezing and beating them about like so many cattle. To obtain admission at any other time, it is necessary to have a special order from the governor, with whom, or with whose agents, the keys are deposited.

"On leaving the Casa Nova, we turned down the street to the right, which leads to the gate of Bethlehem. It is called "Harat el Nassara," or the quarter of the Christians. The first street to the left brought us before the Church of the Sepulchre. Though its handsome cupola is distinguishable from most parts of the town, there being no peristyle, the access to the church itself is difficult, being nearly surrounded by buildings, which at various periods have been allowed to be run up against it. It can only be entered from the south. On this side there is an open paved court, presenting to view a large portion of the sacred edifice. A gateway, formed of two pointed arches of Gothic or Saracenic architecture, faces the court, and formed, no doubt, originally a lateral entrance. One of the doors has been walled up. The existing one is formed of massive materials, and has a small aperture in it to communicate with visitors from without. Over the doorway is a narrow frieze, representing the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. To the left is a high tower, anciently the belfry. The church, when open to the public, is guarded by Turks, who sit on a raised divan, spread with mats and cushions, within the walls, and exact a small tribute from all who enter. The presence of such persons, in such a garb, is no doubt calculated to revolt the feelings of the far-travelled

* The Latin convent of St. Salvador, the usual residence of Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem.

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pilgrim, particularly if he is aware of the punishment that awaits the Christian who should venture to pass the threshold of a mosque. He may, however, console himself with the reflexion, that it is mainly owing to the protection thus interestedly afforded, that this, and other places, the objects of his devotion or curiosity, have been preserved from destruction. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture or decorations of the building, either internally or externally, being necessarily irregular in its form, from an attempt to bring under one roof, the various places it comprehends. But once ushered within the walls, the doors shut upon us, and our voices softened down into a whisper, we felt ourselves impressed with the reverential awe due to the sacredness of the place. Our attention was first directed to a slab of polished marble in the floor of the entrance-hall, said to cover the 'Stone of Unction,' on which the body of our Lord was washed, anointed, and prepared for the tomb. It is surrounded by a low rail, and several lamps are suspended over it. Advancing to the left, we came into that part of the church properly denominated the nave. It is an open space, in form a circle, about 35 paces in diameter, and surrounded by sixteen pillars, supporting galleries, and covered in by a dome, not unlike that of the Pantheon at Rome. In the centre of this area, and immediately under the aperture through which the light is admitted, rises a small oblong building of marble, 20 feet in length by 10 in breadth, and about 15 feet in height, surmounted by a small cupola standing upon columns. This covers the supposed site of our Lord's tomb. It is approached by steps leading into an ante-room or chapel. It should be observed that the first founders of the church, in order to reduce the rocky inequalities of Calvary to a plain area, were obliged to cut away several parts of the rock, and to elevate others, taking care that none of those parts of the hill which were reckoned to be more immediately connected with our Lord's passion, should be altered or diminished. Taking off our turbans and shoes, at the desire of the dragoman who attended us, we entered the sacred adytum. In the outer chapel we noticed a block of polished marble, about a foot and a half square. It marks the spot where the angel stood who announced the tidings of the resurrection to the pious women. Stooping down to pass under a low, narrow door, across which a curtain is drawn, we entered the sanctuary or sepulchral chamber. To the right is an altar erected over the "new sepulchre," where, according to ancient tradition, the body of our Redeemer was deposited

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by Nicodemus, after he had taken it down from the cross. Above it a vast quantity of lamps, gold and silver, the gifts of Christian potentates, are suspended and kept constantly burning. The walls are cased in marble of a darkish colour, and the roof much blackened by the smoke of the lamps. The space before the altar is very confined, not admitting of more than three or four visitors at a time. After remaining some minutes on our knees, contemplating the mysteries of the redemption, which were concluded on this hallowed spot, we withdrew, and entered the choir of the church facing the entrance of the sepulchre, and running towards the east. It is in the possession of the Greeks of the Oriental Church. Here it may be well to observe, that although the different sanctuaries and altars, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, may be visited by Christians of all nations for private devotions; none, but the sect to whom it has been particularly assigned by the authorities, is at liberty to exercise there any public office of religion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the several portions of the church, as well as the relics it contains, should have become objects of contention between them. As they are to be purchased from the Turkish authorities, the highest bidder becomes the possessor. Previously to the year 1685, the Catholics, or Latins, as they are here styled, were in undisturbed possession of the church, and enjoyed the exclusive right of performing every act of devotion within its walls. The Greeks of the Oriental Church then invaded their privileges, and violent commotions have at times taken place. On the 12th of March, 1808, a great portion of the then existing edifice was destroyed by fire, but the sepulchre itself was not injured. The ravages of this conflagration having, however, been mainly repaired at the expense of the Greeks and Russians, they were put in possession of what are esteemed the most valuable portions of the edifice. The choir, therefore, now belongs to the Greeks. It is walled in and rounded off at the upper or eastern extremity, where stands the high altar. In the centre of the floor of the choir is a circle, which the Greeks call the "Navel of the world," imagining it to mark the centre of the earth. On the eve of the Greek Easter-day, the ceremony of receiving the holy fire is performed in this chapel. At the western or rounded end of the sepulchre, a small modest chapel has been formed for the devotions of the Copts. It has no communication with the other compartments. The arcades under the surrounding galleries are enclosed, and occupied by the Armenians, Georgians,

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Abyssinians, and other branches of the Christian religion, and fitted up in the style of the sect to which they respectively belong.* From these, we were conducted to the Chapel of the Apparition, which is on the north side, and so called in commemoration of our Saviour appearing to St. Mary Magdalen after his resurrection. It is in the exclusive possession of the Latin friars, the entrance to whose apartments is from a door on the left hand. There is none from without; consequently, though nominally guardians of the sepulchre, they are, in fact, themselves prisoners at the discretion of the real keepers, who are the Turks. Besides the centre altar, on the left hand is a smaller one, dedicated to the holy cross, and to the right, and near the door, another, erected in remembrance of the flagellation of our Saviour. The fragment of a granite column is shown in a recess, as being part of the identical pillar to which he was attached. Going out of the chapel, and passing outside the enclosure of that belonging to the Greeks, already described, we come to the altar of the prison, where Christ was confined whilst the preparations were making for his crucifixion. Immediately behind the choir is another altar, erected over the place where the soldiers drew lots for his garments. A little to the right of this, we descended by a flight of about thirty steps into a subterranean chapel, called after St. Helena. It is without any ornament. From hence, there is a further descent of eleven steps into a rocky humid cavity, where the three crosses are reported to have been found by the above-named empress. Returning up into the church, close to the left, is the chapel called "Impropere," where a block of marble is shown, as the one on which our Saviour sate whilst mocked with the ensigns of royalty and buffeted by the soldiers. From hence we ascended a dark narrow staircase, which brought us out upon the rock of Calvary, otherwise called Golgotha. A part of the steps, nineteen in number, run up the sides of the church wall, and are of wood, the remainder are cut into the solid rock. Its summit is level, and forms a platform 47 feet each way, on which is a chapel, divided into two compartments, separated from each other by arches. In the inside one, a piece of mosaic work marks out the spot where the nailing

* We marvel whether the new joint-stock English and Prussian quasi-bishop recently established at Jerusalem, has yet put in a claim for "an arcade." England would doubtless send a pulpit, and Prussia a deal table, to render the church furniture of such a little den of Anglican orthodoxy complete.

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on the cross took place. In the outer one is an altar or marble slab, perforated so that the ancient recipients of the three crosses, and the rent in the rock, said to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the sufferings of the God of nature, may be seen, but not touched. The sceptical will say, as has been said, that the former were made by the hand of man; but no one ever has contested that the fissure is a natural one. The justification, indeed, of these details is unimportant to the true Christian pilgrim. An uninterrupted chain of evidence has proved, to his entire satisfaction, that this is the site whereon the humiliation, the trials, and the agonies which were to precede the triumphs of a Redeemer, came to a final close."

Bethlehem.

From the work of the same author we extract the following account of the scene of the nativity of our Saviour, now enclosed within the walls of the Latin monastery, founded by the Empress Helena:—

"Being desirous of visiting the monastery in all its details, we assembled this morning in the chapel dedicated to St. Catherine, where service is usually performed. From hence, each pilgrim being provided with a lighted taper, the procession descended a flight of steps leading into subterraneous apartments. At the foot of the staircase is a small chamber, cut out of the rock, with one column in the middle supporting the roof. This is the mausoleum of the innocents that were massacred by the barbarous decree of Herod. Passing along a dark, narrow passage, we came into the subterranean chapel of the nativity, which is the original grot or stable, enlarged for purposes of devotion. It is about twelve paces long, and four broad, and illuminated by lamps kept constantly burning. The roof, which is left in its natural state, only supported by a single pillar, is blackened by the smoke of lamps. The side walls and floor are adorned with marble. In a part of the floor, at the eastern end, and fronting an altar which rests against the side of the rock (here shaped into an arcade), is a circle of agate and jasper, surrounded with a silver glory. Around it are inscribed the words, 'Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est,' a memento conveyed in the language of simplicity, but not the less eloquent on that account, and highly calculated to excite the devotional sentiments of the Christian pilgrim.

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"A few paces from the altar is the manger where the infant JESUS was laid. The original receptacle, which the Italians call Presepio, was removed to Rome under Pope Sixtus Quintus, and is now to be seen in the church of St. Maria Maggiore. That which replaces it now is a low trough of masonry, such as are constructed in this country for cattle to eat out of, particularly oxen used in agriculture. Before it is the altar of the Magi."

NAZARETH.

To the above graphic sketches of sites hallowed by the birth and crucifixion of our blessed Redeemer, we shall annex a few lines descriptive of the present aspect of the place where most of his earthly pilgrimage was passed :—

"The convent at Nazareth, belonging to the missionaries of the Terra Sancta, is situated at the lower part of the village, at its eastern end. It is a substantial stone building, surrounded by high walls. Within the enclosure are a church, cells for the friars, and extensive accommodations for pilgrims and travellers. The church is built on the spot where, according to tradition, the habitation of Joseph and Mary stood previous to its miraculous movement to Loretto. It is called the Church of the Annunciation, in commemoration of the incarnation of our Lord, and has little but its locality to recommend it, being ill-proportioned, and gaudily fitted up. Beneath the principal altar there is a descent to an excavation in the rock. Here are two granite columns; one, the inner one, intended to record the spot where the Virgin Mary was sitting, when the angel Gabriel saluted her as the mother of the Messiah; the other, where the angel stood when he delivered the annunciation.

"At Nazareth, as at Jerusalem, divers localities are pointed out to the pilgrim, as connected with the early life of our Saviour and his parents; viz.: 1. Where Joseph, the spouse of the Virgin, and guardian of the infant Jesus, exercised the profession of a carpenter. 2. The synagogue where Christ explained the text of Isaiah, concerning himself, by which he gave offence to his countrymen. 3. A chamber, enclosing a large mass of rock nine feet by six, and four high, called 'Mensa Christi,' where Christ ate his last supper with his disciples, previous to their departure with him from Nazareth to Jerusalem. They even attempt to show the place where the people endeavoured to cast JESUS headlong down the precipice;

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but it is too far removed from the presumed site of the ancient town to merit much confidence in its identity. Nevertheless, the spot is highly eligible for such a wicked purpose, the rocks beneath it being heaped upon one another in huge masses, and in chaotic confusion."

La Santissima Casa, Loretto.

According to legendary history, La Santissima Casa is the very house in which our Saviour resided at Nazareth, with his virgin mother and St. Joseph. When Palestine fell completely into the power of the infidels, it was transported by angels to Dalmatia, thence to the opposite shore of Italy, close to the sea-side, whence, in consequence of a quarrel between two brothers, the proprietors of the ground, it was removed to its present site. This wonderful event is alleged to have occurred in the year 1294, and is attested by the ocular evidence of some Dalmatian peasants, and the testimony of the two brothers. Some persons had seen it in Dalmatia; others beheld it hovering in the air; and many had found it in the morning on a spot which they knew to have been vacant the evening before.

The learned and reverend author of the classical tour in Italy, observes, on this subject, that "many men of reflection in Italy, conceive this wonderful tale to be a pious dream, conceived by a heated imagination, and circulated among an ignorant race of peasants and fishermen. They suppose the holy house to have been a cottage, or building, long buried in a pathless forest, and unnoticed in a country turned almost into a desert by a succession of civil wars, invasions, and revolutions, during the space of ten or twelve centuries. A dream, an accidental coincidence of circumstances, might have led one or more persons to the discovery of this long-forgotten edifice; and such an incident working on minds heated by solitude and enthusiasm, might easily have produced the conviction, and propagated the belief, of the wonderful tale."

Be the original history of La Santissima Casa what it may, the result of the traditions attaching to it has been that for many centuries, Loretto was the chosen spot to which pilgrims resorted for the purpose of rendering especial honour to the Virgin Mother of our Redeemer. "Princes and prelates, rich and poor, hastened with pious alacrity to venerate the terrestrial abode of the incarnate

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Word. Gifts and votive offerings accumulated, a magnificent church was erected; gold, silver, and diamonds blazed round every altar, and heaps of treasures loaded the shelves of the sacristy: various edifices rose around the new temple, and Loretto became, as it still remains, a large and populous city."

The wealth of the treasury at Loretto was, until the epoch of the French invasion, a source of wonder and admiration to every traveller. The devotion of ages had accumulated at its all-hallowed shrine a marvellous amount of gems and precious metals, which, of course, became the subject-matter of wholesale pillage to the revolutionary army of infidel France. The sanctuary, now shorn of its worldly splendours, is still rich in its establishment of resident clergy, and the inducements it holds out to the devotion of the believing pilgrim. The church is a very noble edifice, in the form of a cross with a central dome, beneath which is the Santa Casa, a building about thirty feet in length, and fourteen in height, vaulted, and of rough and uneven stone. The original colour of the masonry cannot be discovered, from its being blackened by the smoke of the lamps which are continually burning; it is said, however, to be of a reddish grey.

The interior of the "holy house" is divided by a silver rail into two unequal parts. In the largest is an altar, in the less, which has a reputation of peculiar sanctity, is a cedar image of the blessed Virgin placed over the chimneypiece. The exterior of the building is cased in marble, and ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and panels, on which are sculptured various incidents of scriptural history.

Attached to the ecclesiastical establishment of Loretto are twenty residentiary canons, twenty chaplains or minor canons, and twenty penitentiaries, whose province it is to hear the confessions of the pilgrims, and administer to them advice and spiritual consolation. These penitentiaries are chosen from various countries, that every pilgrim may find a director with whom he can commune in his native language.

The reputation of Loretto, as a place of universal devotional resort, has not, however, kept pace with that of other pilgrimages. In olden days, the kings of the earth knelt at its shrine, and proud republics sent votive offerings to adorn its sanctuary. Now, the pilgrims of Loretto are, generally speaking, of the lowest class; and, instead of bringing riches to the church of La Santa Casa, are

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mainly supported during their visit to the town by the charity of its ecclesiastical dignitaries. In the minds of all thinking Catholics, Loretto naturally associates itself with devotion to the mother of GOD, from the beautiful litany in her honour that bears its name.

MONT ST. MICHAEL.

In one of the desultory communications at times contributed by us to the pages of this magazine, we endeavoured to inoculate its readers with some of the reverence and admiration that had been awakened in our minds by the aspect of that "precious stone set in the silver sea," as a poet has designated the castled and rocky islet of St. Michael's Mount, on the coast of Cornwall. To the twin, or, rather, elder brother of that magical site, we would now draw attention: to "St. Michel dans le péril de la mer," as the embattled crag on the coast of Normandy, which gives a title to this section, was anciently designated. If to the tributary monastery of the Cornish seas be yielded the palm of picturesque beauty unsurpassed, in the aspect of the parent establishment on the northern shores of France, there is more vastness, more sublimity, more rude grandeur. In the situation of the two edifices, there is, perhaps, more remarkable similarity than between any other two given spots in the known world,—identical as they are in their rocky insulation, and ancient dedication to the prince of the archangels. The dimensions, however, both of nature and art, are far greater in the Norman than the Cornish mount; and the former is much farther removed from the mainland than its English prototype. At high water, a stormy channel separates Mont St. Michel from terra firma. At low tide, the solitary cone of granite, with quaintly built houses clustering around its base, and the lofty buttresses of the old monastery crowning its ragged apex, and themselves surmounted by the tower and pinnacles of the church, rises from the midst of a vast wilderness of white sand with so magical an effect, as for miles and miles around exclusively to arrest and rivet the eye.

Religious and historical associations alike connect themselves with Mont St. Michel, once a stronghold of Pagan rites, and then by Norman princes converted at once into a most holy sanctuary, and impregnable fortress. Hither from all parts of the world, hosts of pilgrims for centuries repaired to worship at the shrine of St. Michael, and it continued one of the proudest and most glorious

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monuments of Catholic piety, till the all baneful epoch of the first French revolution, when the monastery was abolished, the church desecrated, and a spot which the devotion of ages had hallowed, was converted into a prison, where, by way of initiatory profanation, three hundred aged priests were immured till their deaths. It continues to the present day a gaol for ordinary and political offenders, to the disgrace of a government which, calling itself Christian, does not rescue from such a destination so splendid a memorial of religious antiquity. The entrance to Mont St. Michel is by three gates, one within the other; the second flanked by two of the cannon, with which the forces of Henry the Fifth of England vainly bombarded the mount in 1424, after the battle of Agincourt. There is a portcullis over the third gateway, which admits the traveller into the little town, if a poor and scattered assemblage of dwellings may be so designated. A very steep ascent, consisting of grass-grown flights of stairs hanging to the side of the rock, leads to the uttermost gateway of the castle convent, which is flanked by two turrets. Here, where in other days the hoary convent porter gave a welcome admittance to the passing pilgrim, a gendarme now gruffly demands a passport. In halls where knights fought, and monks prayed, prisoners rattle their fetters, and felons curse! Such are the blissful fruits of revolution.

A series of darksome vaults and passages conducts the visitor to the cloisters, furnishing the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. Towards the court they are supported by a double row of pointed arches, which rest on their pillars of granite, leaving an exquisitely groined narrow vault between the rows. The pillar of one arch alternates with the point of the next, so as to bring into view a graceful carved volute issuing from the capital of every alternate pillar. The spandrils of the arches are richly decorated with florid ornaments, and are deserving of close scrutiny.

The church of the convent, now used as a chapel for the convicts, consists of two parts,—a Norman nave in the massive style of the eleventh century; and a Gothic choir, dated from the fifteenth. Here are to be seen some highly curious scriptural bas-reliefs, not the least remarkable of which is the encounter of St. Michael with the dragon. Various conflagrations have at different times done grievous injury to this church; and the Norman arches of the transept are blocked up by a complex framework of timber, to prevent the roof from falling.

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"La Chambre des Chevaliers" is a magnificent hall, consisting of four vaulted aisles, supported on three rows of pillars, and measures 98 feet by 68. The chapters of the knights of the order of St. Michael, founded by Louis XI. in 1496, were held here. That monarch twice repaired to Mont St. Michel in the garb and character of a pilgrim. "La Salle de Montgomery" is another Gothic apartment of noble dimension.

Beneath the church is a very curious crypt, in which the superincumbent weight is supported by a circle of short thick columns, set very close together, with one in the centre.

From the top of the tower, at an elevation of 400 feet above the sands, a magnificent view is enjoyed of the castellated mount beneath, —a seemingly boundless expanse of sand and sea,—the distant spire of Avranches, and the rocks of Brittany; a prospect of which the vastness and solitariness harmonize with the feelings of the pilgrim who visits that now deserted site of antique fervour.

Tintern Abbey.

For nearly three centuries the light of faith hath burned but dimly in this our once happy and Catholic England; but of its ancient brightness in no country of Europe are there extant more magnificent monuments.

Gorgeous cathedrals, and stately abbey churches, attest the original piety of a nation which had once deserved, and attained, the appellation of "the Isle of Saints," and vast remains of monastic antiquity survive the desolation and rapine of the Reformation!

In pilgrimages to the ruined conventual establishments of our own country, Catholic devotion still finds its account blending itself with fond and saddened feelings. The broken arches, the mouldering walls, so overgrown with ivy, that nature may be said to have won them to herself, speak to our hearts of a religion which error and indifference have for a time banished from our fatherland. When, too, the attractions of matchless scenery enchase, as it were, the venerable ruins of the olden time, to linger amidst them in rumination over the things which have been, is to yield to a dreamy charm that elevates and captivates the softest, holiest, sympathies of our nature.

Who will not, partially at least, participate in such impressions, that on the banks of the all-beautiful Wye, surveys such a memorial

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of the middle ages of faith, as at the venerable remains of Tintern abbey. There, embosomed in a landscape that includes every variety of picturesque embellishment, the ancient abbey of the Cistercians rears its time-honoured walls, more exquisitely beautiful, perhaps, in their decay, than in their best days; for the gradual ravages of time have softened their hard edges, and variegated verdure mellows their grey tint, producing an admirable harmony of solemn colours. Steep and overhanging cliffs, clothed with the richest foliage; the romantic river Wye, rolling its clear waters over ledges of rock; and hills and valleys of a luxuriant verdure, seen only in this our island home, are the natural accompaniments which invest Tintern abbey with a character of real enchantment. Upon entering its roofless area, the spectator is wonder-stricken at the boldness and loftiness of the arches which anciently supported the tower; while the clustered columns and double arches, that still remain intact, rivet his admiration by their delicate moulding and graceful proportion. Fragments of broken pillars and disjointed ornaments lie indiscriminately scattered amidst beds of verdure and flowers. The great west window is a masterpiece of Gothic tracery; and the glories of the surrounding scenery, breaking through the mullioned windows of the nave and transepts, and, peradventure, gilded by a summer's setting sun, combine to form such a spectacle as will for ever haunt memory's brightest dreams.

Tintern abbey was founded, in the year 1131, by Walter de Clare, for monks of the Cistercian order. Upon the destruction and spoliation of the monasteries, under that eminent patron or founder of Protestantism, King Henry VIII, the site and lands of Tintern abbey were granted to Henry Earl of Worcester, from whom they have descended to the present Duke of Beaufort; one out of the countless similar deeds of sacrilegious rapine, for which we should be sorry to exchange, at a venture, even our own poor chance of happiness hereafter, with his majesty of England's present "location" in the eternal world.

St. Winifrid's Well.

All that is traditionally known of St. Winifrid is, that she was the daughter of a distinguished Cambrian prince, and to the allurements of worldly distinction preferred a religious life, and received the veil from the hands of St. Beuno in the seventh century. She be-

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came in time the abbess of a convent in Denbighshire; but so great was her beauty, that not even her monastic profession could save her from the persecution of a native prince of the name of Caradoc, who, after vainly attempting to assail her chastity, pursued her into the sanctuary of a church which had been built by St. Beuno, and there beheaded her. On the very spot where the foul deed was committed, there sprang forth the wonderful well which still bears the name of the martyred virgin. Thus far the widely accredited legend, which assuredly derives countenance from the very remarkable appearance of the spring itself. Whatever be the truth of the circumstances incidental to St. Winifrid's death, her "holy well" certainly bears most strikingly the stamp of supernatural origin. From a rocky hollow, about four feet in depth, a vast volume of perfectly pellucid water bursts forth without any intermission, and first falls into a quadrangular basin, the sides of which are incrusted with a peculiar species of very green and sweet-scented moss, that retains its agreeable odour for months after it has been gathered, and has in all time been held in esteem as a very healing application to many kinds of wounds. From this basin, of which the ample proportions render it a very commodious bath, the water flows into the valley, and, in its progress to the sea, is made subservient to the turning of many a mill. So impetuous is the rush of the water at the fountain head, that twenty-six tons are raised every minute; and so clear and sparkling is the well, that the minutest object may be discerned at the bottom of it.

A very beautiful Gothic chapel covers the sainted spring of St. Winifrid, which was erected by Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother to King Henry VII. The carved ceiling and embossed coats of arms, are richly illustrative of the florid style of that epoch. As in Catholic countries, crutches and other memorials of human debility are seen suspended in votive remembrance of cures effected by those marvellous waters. For many centuries Holywell has been the resort of pious pilgrimage, and able physicians have ascribed to its far-famed stream properties of highly curative efficacy. Many of the remarkable cures, at different periods effected by the use of St. Winifrid's bath, may, however, we sincerely believe, be attributed to the inherent sanctity of the spot, and the humble faith of those who have resorted there.

"Who," says St. Austin, "can explore the holy order of God's

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providence in the dispensation of His gifts, or say why miracles should be done in some places and not in others?"

The most authenticated cases on record of wonderful restorations of bodily health effected by the waters of St. Winifrid's well, are those of Sir Roger Bodenham, in 1606; of Mrs. Jane Wakeman, in 1630; of Mrs. Mary Newman, Roger Whetstone; and within the recollection of many of the existing generation, of Winifrid White, a poor widow, who had been abandoned by the medical faculty as an utterly incurable cripple, who by immersion in St. Winifrid's well, recovered the perfect and permanent use of all her limbs.

The narrative of this most extraordinary case, as set forth by the able pen of the late venerable Bishop Milner, is still green in Catholic memories.

MALMSBURY,

Once the seat of one of the most gorgeous and flourishing monasteries of Catholic England, now a silential and sequestered little town, in which the musings of a mind at variance with the busier scenes of life, may be nourished by the aspect of a noble church, and some truly beautiful ruins, standing in the midst of exquisitely rural scenery. To a situation widely removed from main high roads, Malmsbury is indebted for an appearance of utter retirement and tranquillity, which admirably harmonizes with its venerable remains of monastic antiquity. In the centre of a small market-place is seen the old market-cross, in very perfect preservation, correctly described by an ancient author as "a right faire and costlie piece of workmanship, made all of stone, and curiously vaulted for poore people to stand dry from the rain." The irregular streets cluster round a hill, upon the green brow of which stands the abbey church, fallen indeed from its original grandeur, but still an object of the highest antiquarian and Catholic interest. The massive grandeur of the Norman arches which support the nave is not to be surpassed, and the tomb of King Athelstan still reminds the denizens of Malmsbury of the high favour and privileges conferred upon their town by that monarch. The abbey churchyard might have fittingly furnished the inspiration of Gray's elegy; so picturesque its situation, so solemn the stillness that surrounds its graves. Of the dismantled chancel, one lofty arch, of marvellous lightness and symmetry, still remains, riveting one's gaze by its taper and delicate proportions, and standing on the margin of a little valley which foliage and verdure seem to have marked for

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their own, a clear streamlet murmuring through the dell, adding freshness and fertility to the green solitudes. The eye wanders from grey ruins to verdant pastures: tranquillity is around, the spirit of reverie entrances the mind, and the turmoils of the world are for a brief hour forgotten!

If the pilgrim to Malmsbury's once famous and now deserted abbey be a lover of luxuriant and eminently English scenery, he may absolutely revel in its contemplation, if upon leaving that time-honoured place, he pursues his route through the picturesque little town of Tetbury, the villages of Avening and Nailesworth, and the matchless valley of Rodborough, to Painswick, romantically situated on a hill side, and every house in which might furnish a subject for the artist's pencil. Steep, irregular streets, and white stone gable-ended houses, with mullioned windows, give to Painswick a character of eminently striking antiquity. Its churchyard, like that of Malmsbury, is on the brow of a green eminence, and is celebrated for the aged yew trees which, in seemingly countless rows, lift their trim heads from amidst the white tomb-stones. The church steeple, a lofty and elegant fabric, contains perhaps the most melodious chime of bells in England, and the ringers of Painswick have from time immemorial been famed for proficiency in their tuneful mystery.

There are certain sounds which, like the aspect of holy sites, wrap the mind in devotional feeling. Of such a nature are the solemn and soothing peals of Painswick church bells, as on a calm, bright summer's afternoon, their liquid melody breaks the stillness of one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in England.

LES MONTS-DE-PIETE.

Were we engaged in the compilation of a new English dictionary, our definition of the word "Pawnbroker" would be "a licensed receiver of stolen goods." We never pass any of those dim yet tawdry repositories of second-hand plate and faded finery, where the sign of the three golden balls continually recalls to mind the stale yet too serious joke, of its being two to one against a person's recovering possession of the property he had pledged there, without

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mingled feelings of compassion for the needy unfortunates that resort thither, and indignation against the keepers of those dens of extortion, who fatten upon the necessities of their fellow-creatures.

There is, indeed, an enactment, intituled the "Pawnbrokers' Act," which professes to regulate the rate of interest and other conditions upon which money is advanced upon pledges; but we sincerely believe that in practice its well-meant provisions have become a dead letter. Who is to enforce against the infractors of the law, the penalties to which they render themselves amenable? There are three classes of persons who have recourse to pawnshops, and they may be thus distinguished:—The avowedly indigent, who, pressed by temporary want, or grinding penury, carry there, one after the other, every remnant of clothing or furniture they possess in the world; the thieves, who find there a ready market for all kinds of pilfered valuables; and the shamefaced person of respectability, who, under the temporary pressure of straitened circumstances, is driven to seek pecuniary relief by the deposit of some article of personal property. Now, in dealing fraudulently with any one of the three above-mentioned description of customers, the pawnbroker is equally certain of impunity. The pauper, too happy to get an advance at all upon the poor rag of apparel which he proffers as security, and conscious that he may again and again have occasion to have recourse to similar expedients, in order to get bread for himself and, peradventure, a starving family, dares not cavil at either the low amount of the wretched loan doled out to him, or at the usurious terms upon which it is accorded. The thief is, of course, rejoiced to exchange upon any terms the precarious tenure of stolen goods for the surer possession of cash; and the distressed individual who has known better days, and whose every feeling is harrowed by the necessity of raising money by an expedient so humiliating, stealthily slinks into the pawnbroker's box, and hastily concludes the barter of his plate, or watch, for any sum of money that may be tendered to him. When circumstances shall enable him to redeem those objects, will he be the man to resist any exorbitancy in the demand for interest that may made upon him? No. The dread of self exposure will be far too powerful to admit of his calling in question the justice of the claims, however rapacious, that will be enforced against him. He pays whatever is asked of him, too happy to escape from the fangs of the money-dealer.

The formalities required by the law for the taking of pledges, and

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advancing money thereon, afford but fallacious safeguards to either borrower or lender.

The name and address furnished by the former are in nine cases out of ten fictitious, and therefore utterly nugatory. The thief, of course, withholds his real description to disguise his crime; while the indigent man adopts a similar means of deception to conceal his poverty.

During a regular attendance of three years at the trials of the Central Criminal Court, in the course of which, of those at least relating to larceny, the appearance of a pawnbroker is almost a *sine qua non*, we have not failed to observe that the proceedings of that fraternity, as elicited in evidence, were almost always in strict keeping with the hang-dog look of every member of it that presented himself in the witness box.

We remember that upon the occasion of discharging a female servant for misconduct and dishonesty, she in repentant mood produced a number of duplicates for various articles of plate, at different times severally pledged by herself. We recovered this property from the pawnbroker's shop, where it had been deposited, upon payment of exorbitant interest, but could obtain no satisfactory information in reply to our expressed astonishment that a woman-servant should have been enabled to obtain money without suspicion or enquiry, upon the successive deposit of silver forks and spoons, the engraved crest on which was of itself strong *prima facie* evidence of her having no right so to dispose of them. Yet, in the canting language of the day, the establishment where our plate had been thus feloniously secreted, was one "of the highest respectability." "*Ex uno disce omnes.*" There may be honest pawnbrokers, just as Lot was found incorrupt in the doomed city! But such possible exceptions furnish no ground for gainsaying the glaring fact that the entire system of English pawnbrokering requires a thorough revision. To detect and expose an evil is always easier than to suggest a remedy; if, however, the legislature of this country shall in time, out of feelings of due consideration for the indigent classes of society, determine upon altering and improving the existing laws relative to the loan of money on pledges, the practice of continental nations in that regard will merit much consideration. We propose to give a cursory view of the establishment of the "Monts-de-piété" in France, and of the mode in which, under the protecting management and control of government, they are made subservient to the

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exigencies of the poor, without becoming engines of robbery and extortion in the hands of irresponsible private individuals.

The Catholic Church, which has been the parent of so many institutions of holiness and charity, may lay claim to having originally brought into existence the "Monts-de-piété" as counterpoises to and checks upon the extortions of Jewish usurers. The first establishments of that kind flourished in Italy during the 15th century, under the successive patronage of Popes Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, and Julius II; and derived their name from the circumstance of pious and charitable persons contributing their wealth to form a fund for the relief of their indigent brethren. Five per cent was the rate of interest at which money was advanced by the "Monts-de-piété," and the Council of Lateran having formally approved of such establishments, they gradually extended themselves to the Low Countries, and the northern provinces of France. Lewis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth successively encouraged their further diffusion, but it was only in the reign of Lewis the Sixteenth that the system took permanent root in the country, by virtue of letters patent, issued in 1777, for the formation of a "Mont-de-piété" in Paris. The institution was to be under the management of the lieutenant-general of police, and a competent number of commissioners of hospitals, all of whom were to lend their services gratuitously.

The following were among the main regulations, which, with some modifications, exist at the present day.

All persons, whose names and residences were known, or who came accompanied by some well known resident, were empowered to borrow sums of money upon the deposit of articles of value, of which the amount was thus regulated:—Upon plate and jewellery, four-fifths of their value might be advanced; upon all other property, two-thirds, according to the valuation set upon it by the commissioners employed in the delivery of pledges. The managers of the institution might establish branch-offices in different parts of Paris, for the loan of sums varying from three to fifty francs (*2s. 6d.* to *2l.*)—all pledged articles were to be redeemed at latest within the expiration of a twelvemonth, after which time they were to be sold, the proceeds of such sale to be returned to their owners, after deduction made of principal and interest due. Particular provisions were made for cases in which property proffered as security was known or suspected to have been stolen, and police inspectors were

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stationed to preserve order and fair play in the various offices of the establishment. Every individual employed in them acted under the immediate orders of a director appointed by the general committee of the Mont-de-Piété. To that director alone were to be referred all disputes relative to the valuation of articles. Every month the director submitted to the board of management a statement of his receipt and expenditure, and every year a general account was laid before four state-counsellors, in the presence of the king's attorney-general. Whatever funds remained after defraying the expenses of the various establishments, and the salaries of the officers employed in them, were applied to the benefit of the general hospital.

It is at once apparent that the characteristic features of the French, as opposed to the English system, are, that while in England the profits obtained from the necessities of the poor, serve only to enrich individual tradesmen of at least dubious reputation, in France they return to the poor in the shape of benefactions to those charitable institutions by which the indigent classes are solely benefited. In England, the pawnbroker, with no other check upon him than an act of which his customers are too ignorant or timid to enforce the provisions or penalties, oppresses and extorts with impunity, in France, every person connected with the administration of the Mont-de-Piété and its branches, is a salaried officer of the state, without one inducement of self-interest to deviate from the strict line of fairness and integrity.

During the phrenzy of the first French Revolution, the existence of the Monts-de-Piété was suspended; they were reestablished in 1804, and continue to this day in full operation. It may be here remarked, that all private establishments for the loan of money on deposits of property, are in France peremptorily prohibited by law. The capital necessary for the support of the Monts-de-Piété, is raised in the first instance from the excise and other municipal funds of those towns where they are established, and extensively augmented by legacies, pecuniary loans, and charitable donations. From a work of legal authority, existing rules of the Mont-de-Piété of Paris, on the model of which every provincial establishment of the sort is founded, are here briefly abstracted.

The institution is conducted for the benefit of the poor, under the authority of the minister of the home department and of the prefect of the Seine, and managed by a council of administrators, composed of the prefect of police, and four members of the general committee of hospitals.

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The business of a "Mont-de-Piété" shall consist in the deposit of property by way of pledge, the due valuation of it, the loan of money upon it, the renewal of pledges, the redemption of pledges, the sale of property of which the pledges have been neither renewed nor redeemed, and the appropriation of surplus profits to benevolent purposes.

Loans are made upon articles of personal property, the value of which is ascertained by "appraising commissaries," so termed, attached to the establishment.

No one is allowed to pledge property unless his name and address be known, or that some known individual accompany him. If any doubt arise as to the lawful possession of property proffered in pawn, application is made to the prefect of police, the loan is refused, and the goods are detained until his decision be known. Whenever a pledged article is claimed by a third person as stolen from him, he must prove his right of possession to it, and to recover it, must pay whatever principal and interest may be due upon its deposit.

We apprehend that, in this particular, the English and foreign practice materially differ. We believe that the English pawnbroker takes deposits of property on his own peril, which upon being produced in a court of justice, and identified as stolen, he is compellable to restore unredeemed to the owner.

Loans are made for a twelvemonth, with power to the borrower to redeem at any time within that period, or to renew the pledge at its expiration.

Articles unredeemed, and not repledged, are, at the termination of the year, sold by public auction, and any surplus money which they may fetch, over and above the amount and principal due upon them, is paid to the owner of them, upon production of his duplicate.

Every six months the administrative council regulates the amount of dues which shall be exacted from borrowers, subject to the approbation of the minister. These dues are calculated by the half month, and are payable at any period of each fortnight.

Four-fifths of the value of plate and jewellery, and two-thirds of that of every other description of property, may be advanced thereon.

If the borrower shall lose the duplicate he receives from the Mont-de-Piété, he must forthwith notify such loss to the director of the establishment, who makes a marginal note thereof upon the

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register of the pledged article to which it referred. Such notification must be backed by a certificate of identity and general good conduct, furnished by the police commissary of the quarter in which the borrower resides.

If at the termination of the year the borrower have a mind to have his pledge renewed, he must pay the interest and dues that have accrued, and the article is valued afresh. Should any depreciation be discovered in its worth, a corresponding diminution is to be made in his future payments.

Upon production of his duplicate and payment of capital, interest, and dues, the pledged property is restored to its owner. If it have been lost, the value of it in full is paid to him, together with an extra fourth, by way of indemnity. If the property have been damaged, the borrower is at liberty to cede it to the establishment for the price at which it had been originally valued, or he may take it back, and claim the difference between the actual value of the article, and that at which it had been estimated when originally pledged.

The Mont-de-Piété receives and invests funds entrusted to its management by private individuals, and determines yearly the rate of interest to be allowed on such deposits.

The business of every office of the Mont-de-Piété must be conducted by a commissary duly appointed and authorized in that behalf by the main establishment.

The registers kept by the commissaries are at all times open to the inspection of the director and the officers of police.

The dues payable to the commissaries are two centimes in the franc (about a farthing in tenpence), deducted from the amount of money originally advanced upon deposit, the same upon the renewal of pledges, and half that sum upon their redemption.

The commissaries are forbidden, under any pretext, to exact, under pretence of interest or indemnity, any further sums than those allotted to them by law.

The prefects of the various departments are bound to make application to the minister of the Home Department with respect to the contemplated establishment of any new "Monts-de-Piété" in towns lying within the district over which they preside.

All provincial institutions of the kind are to be under the superintendence of the prefect, and managed by a gratuitous board, consisting of the mayor, its ex-officio president, the resident commissioner of hospitals, a local judge, and some well-known merchant.

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To specify more of the numerous and elaborate regulations by which the now vast and philanthropic system of the "Monts-de-Piété" is carried out in France, were perhaps to inflict too much technical detail upon ordinary readers. Attention cannot, however, be too strongly drawn to the fact, that the general interest of the community is the grand and prevailing feature of the whole institution. A visit to any one of the "Monts-de-Piété" displays to a stranger's eye the wondrous neatness and care with which every article of property confided to its sanctuary is stowed away, and preserved from injury. There are certain officers in every establishment called "gardes magasins," whose exclusive duty is to guard from damage the goods deposited there, and who are made personally liable for the safe custody of every article exceeding a thousand francs (£40) in value.

It is to be remarked that part of the business transacted by the "Monts-de-piété" includes the benefits derivable from our own excellent system of savings-banks.

The profits arising from the "Mont-de-piété" of Paris, and which are all applied to the support of the metropolitan hospitals, annually amount to a sum varying from two to three hundred thousand francs (£8,000 to £12,000).

Upon occasions of national festivity, the sovereign of the country often places a sum of money at the Mont-de-piété sufficiently large to redeem all the pledges which its poorest customers have deposited there.

We have cursorily, but we believe faithfully, shewn the difference between the English and continental systems of advancing money upon deposits of personal property. In the one case, it is a monopoly by which a set of usurious tradesmen alone enrich themselves at the expense of the general wretchedness of the community; in the other, it is a monopoly too, but exercised by a wise government for purposes of universal good.

The legislature of Great Britain will do well to remodel the existing laws relative to pawnbrokers. Any alteration in them must be an improvement, upon the principle that when things are at the very worst, whatever change takes place must be for the better.

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HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA,

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, IN 1058, TILL THE CAPTURE OF RHODES, IN 1315.

THE base passions which induced them so often to regard their individual honour in preference to the cause of Christendom, is always deserving of our most severe censure; but that their general practice was to do so, is an absurd and malignant accusation, the frivolity of which every page of their annals testify. It is worthy of remark, however, that whenever the quarrels of the two orders broke out into open violence—whenever even the punctiliousness of their personal honour was made too prominent—it was then that we hear them blamed for their relaxation in discipline—it is then that the grand-master of the order, on a rescript of the Pope, upbraids them for their departure from their original institutes; but let us remark well, that it is then too that we hear of the preeminent virtue of the individual brethren of the order—of the spirit of penance and prayer, of such men as blessed Hugo, blessed Gerard Mecatir, of blessed Gerlando of Poland—men whose lives and virtues (they were synonimous) well deserved the honour of beatification, from the suffrages of an admiring world, even before the Church had declared them canonized saints.

Such reflections are not out of place, whether the suspicion be true or false, that the Templars were wilfully instrumental to the fall of the Christian power in Palestine. That they were remotely instrumental in doing so by their discordant friendships with the soldan of Damascus, who was at enmity with the soldan of Egypt, the friends of Richard and the Hospitallers, is undoubted, as they scrupled not to violate the treaty made by the Earl of Cornwall; and perhaps this conduct may have induced them to turn the torrent of barbarians, which poured down from Khorasm, threatening his own dominions, into a channel, where they would be sure to find at least some opposition, and the destruction of either of the combatants to him was equally indifferent—for both were hateful. But the after conduct of the Templars must show them innocent of any wilful invitation to the barbarians; or, if they did, they had good cause to rue most bitterly the jealous policy that dictated so fierce a vengeance. But the truth is, that the irruption of the barbarians was as unfore-

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seen, as it was impossible to prevent: as impossible to divert, as it would be to stem the mountain torrent.

The arms of Zenghis-Khan had subdued the empire of Khorasm, and Persia with its dependencies fell to the lot of the third son of the conqueror Tuli. But the character of his new subjects of Khorasm was wild and fierce; they despised restraint, and showed such restless insubordination and barbarity, that a war of extermination or expulsion was undertaken against them. They were subdued and driven forth to scourge other nations. The tide of barbarians, abhorred equally by Christians and Mahommedans, set towards the west, bearing all before them. Under Barbakhan they pressed on and threatened Egypt, haughtily demanding a territory that they might occupy. Perhaps it was the wish to get rid of the Christians—perhaps the breaking of truce by the Templars—or, perhaps, enmity to his rival of Damascus, that induced the Egyptian soldan to recommend to them Palestine, as an easy conquest—where the cities were few, ungarrisoned, and weakly defended by tottering or half-built walls; the inhabitants, moreover, shaken, as he knew, by internal dissension. The wild barbarians of the north were easily persuaded, and the hosts of Khorasm poured into Palestine with irresistible force.

The works which the Hospitallers had commenced were yet unfinished, and the forces that remained in Jerusalem, under the command of the two orders, were so few, that it was not long before the two grand-masters agreed to pronounce it impossible, in the unfinished state of the walls, to retain Jerusalem for any time against the enemy's assault. In such circumstances, they resolved to abandon the holy city; to conduct the inhabitants to Jaffa, a city of sufficient strength to guard them against immediate danger, and thence to assemble all their troops to make head against the enemy. With melancholy steps most of the inhabitants left the city of their love; the few who remained behind, hastily threw up entrenchments, and sought behind these a precarious safety. But the Khorasmians were now upon the devoted city; their weak and hastily-constructed entrenchments fell before their impetuosity: the city was entered by assault, and neither age nor sex were spared in the promiscuous slaughter. To add deceit to their terrible success, the banners of the cross were left flying on the walls of the holy city; and many of those who had fled, judging by these that the barbarians had either been foiled, or caprice had made them turn aside, returned to their home; but it was to share the fate of their

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butchered townsmen. A crowd of religious sisters, with old men and children, as a last resource, had taken refuge at the foot of the altar of the church of Calvary; but holy places were disregarded by these infidel Pagans, and they all received the crown of martyrdom on the very place where the Redeemer of the world had poured forth His precious blood for their salvation.

The pressing expostulations of the Templars were at length successful in inducing the Soldan of Damascus to join the Christian camp against the common enemy, and a body of four thousand men was sent, under the command of Moncha, to repel those that threatened the common destruction of Latin and Saracen. On the 17th of October 1224, the united troops were drawn out in order of battle, on a plain by the side of the Jordan, not far from Tiberias; for the precipitation of the patriarch had urged a general action against the more sober judgment of the chiefs of the Latin camp, presumptuously supposing that they might at once rid themselves of the odious enemy. The knights of St. John, under the command of their grand-master, and supported by Count Walter, of Brienne, the nephew of the abdicated king, occupied the left, the Templars the centre, and their Saracen allies the right of the array of battle. The number of the foe was as ten to one, and the disproportion was increased, when later in the action, either from cowardice, treachery, or fear, the Saracens left the field. The contest was long and bloody, and doubtful: but hopeless valour is strong. When the evening of the first day fell, the barbarians of Khorasm were driven back over a bridge to the other side of the Jordan, and the Christians sought the repose they so much needed. But their seeming defeat had been the effect of barbarian policy. The Latins, trusting to the river, had neglected to set the necessary watches, and the Khorasmians returning in the night, fell unexpectedly on the weary Christians. At the first cry they ran to arms, but the surprise was complete, and they engaged without order. Yet for long the contest was hardily maintained; especially, as we are told, the hospitallers rallied in order, and furiously charged the enemy, exhorting others to join them boldly. But impetuous valour was vain against the successive hosts of barbarians: the slaughter was so immense, that few survived to tell the tale. The grand-master of St. John's, Pierre de Ville-bride, and the grand-master of the Temple, were with the slain; and thirty-three Templars, sixteen Hospitallers, and three

* Some accounts say, 26.

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Teutonic knights, alone escaped the swords of the infidels, "to regret," it is the language of Guillaume de Chateauneuf, the succeeding grand master of St. John's, "the loss of those who died in defence of the holy places, and of the Christian people."

The wretched remains of the Christian army sought refuge in Acre; and the plains of Palestine were abandoned to the wild fury of the Khorasmians, who spread on all sides slaughter and devastation. Though successful in the contest of the two days, it was not an unbloody victory to them, for many thousands are said to have bowed to the dust, in witness of the stout resistance that was given them. In revenge, all the Latins who fell into their hands were either slain or led into captivity; the fortifications of Ascalon were erased; the castle of Tiberias reduced, and Jaffa invested. Walter of Brienne—he was Count of Jaffa, and had been taken prisoner, and removed from the bloody slaughter of the plains of the Jordan,—was exposed on a gallows to his townsmen and subjects, who were told that there he would remain till the unconditional surrender of the place should rescue him. But the virtue of the count was not to be defaced by shame; and from his disgraceful tribune he exhorted his brethren to hold out to the last extremity, and to leave him to his fate, galling as it were, rather than surrender to the mercy of barbarians, who knew no mercy.

As the Khorasmians came like a torrent from the mountains of the north, their course was as short. Though the Saracens and Egyptians alternately aided or deserted them, as their individual enmity to each other suggested, the wildness of the conduct of the Tartar horde soon proclaimed that they were enemies, not of one nation or sect, but of all. Syria, in consequence, forgot her jealousy, to unite with Egypt aginst the grasping Pagans; and after various success, in 1247, their leader, Barba-Khan, was slain, their hosts defeated and dispersed, and the fear which their invasion had spread over Asia and Africa, was forgotten in successful triumph. As to the scattered horde, to use the forcible language of Mattheus Parisiensis—"It came to pass, that their name was quite blotted out from under heaven, so that no trace of them was seen any more."*

The grief which Europe felt on the destruction of the Christian forces, was not long allowed to degenerate into despair. In 1245, a council was convoked at Lyons by Innocent IV., the representative

* Matth. Paris. ad annum 1247.

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of the hierarchy of Syria, read to the assembled fathers a letter from patriarch of Jerusalem and the bishops of Palestine, to their brethren in France and England, touchingly relating the disastrous events which had so lately occurred on the plains of the Jordan, and urging, with pressing energy, assistance, to enable them to recover their former state. The pope and the council warmly entered into the project of a new crusade (the eighth); and the twentieth part of all the revenues of benefices for three years, and the tenth of the revenues of the Apostolic see, and of the cardinals, was awarded by the liberality of his holiness, to defray the expenses of the holy enterprize. Four years' truce among Christian princes was enjoined. Tourneys and feasts and public rejoicings were forbid, and feasting and prayer were inculcated on the faithful, as the surest means of bringing down the blessing of God upon the meditated expedition. Not less warmly were the views of the council seconded by Louis IX of France,—one, whose piety, mortification, and humility on the throne of a mighty kingdom—whose life was spent in continual recollection and interior penance, deservedly entitled him to the veneration of posterity and the honours of canonization. Some time before, when recovering from a dangerous illness, (in which he lay in a trance so deep, that those around him believed his spirit had passed), he vowed that he would assume the cross; and now before the council of Lyons he reiterated that vow, and took measures for carrying it into as speedy and effectual operation as was possible with the scale on which he designed the expedition. It was three years before his preparations were brought to a conclusion, when the Chorasmian torrent had been dispersed, and the Saracens, as hitherto, the mutual enemies of each other. Leaving his mother, Blanche, regent of France, St. Louis in company of his three brothers—the counts of Poitiers, Artois, and Anjou et Provence—with a great number of the most noble peers of the kingdom, unfurled the sacred oriflame, and sailed for Cyprus on the 17th August, 1248, where he spent the winter in negociations with the eastern powers, making peace with Ismael, the soldan of Aleppo; and declaring war upon Melac-Saleh, the soldan of Egypt; whose grasping power threatened to swallow up all Syria, unless he consented to restore the lands which he had unjustly siezed in Palestine.

During the three years in which Louis was engaged making preparations, the military orders in Palestine were not idle. Their numbers had been sadly reduced, but reinforcements from their

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commanderies in Europe, and the enrolling of many neophytes, soon filled up their ranks, while the sums of money transmitted to them by the French king enabled them to strengthen themselves by hired troops. They attempted likewise to negociate with Melech-Saleh for the ransom of their brethren, who languished in the prisons of Egypt, but the haughty soldan preremptorily rejected their offer, adding contempt to insult by upbraiding them with cowardice, as well as treachery, in having already violated the treaty that was made between him and Richard of Cornwall. Perhaps the worst feature in the character of Frederick the emperor, may be found in his intimate friendship with the soldan of Egypt; who, if we may trust the narrative of Matthew Parisiensis,* assured the envoys of the military orders, that what was refused to them might be granted to the emperor; that the ransom of their friends might be more surely gained, if applied for through his intercession.

On Trinity Sunday, 1249, the French king embarked from Cyprus for Damietta, which was once again to become the scene of siege and bloodshed, and where he was joined on his arrival by the recruited forces of St. John and the temple. His fleet consisted of one hundred and twenty great vessels, and one thousand six hundred and fifty smaller ones, carrying twelve thousand eight hundred French, English, and Cypriot knights, and the enormous, and assuredly exaggerated, amount of sixty thousand chosen soldiers.† A storm had dispersed, or thrown into confusion, the fleet, so that the king found himself off Damietta with a part only of his powerful equipment. He nevertheless resolved to attempt to disembark, and was successful in making good his landing. The charge of the Saracens was firmly withstood and put to flight, and he gallantly maintained his ground till his companions came up, when the whole Christian fleet sailed up the river, in spite of the Egyptian vessels that were drawn up to oppose their progress. If valour and conduct were the cause of their successful debarkation, they were no less favoured by a panic which

* Page 610.

† The mariner's compass is thought to have been made use of in this crusade. It is described by Cardinal James of Vitri in 1220 (Hist. Orient. lib. ii. c. 89) under the name of the magnetic needle. From the fleur-de-lis which marks the north, the French have absurdly claimed the invention, though probably they added this symbol, in their use of it, in the present expedition. It was the invention of Flavio Gioja, of Amalfer, in 1013.—See Butler, August 25, in St. Lewis, vol. viii. p. 357, note.

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arose in the ranks of the enemy. For the sickness and reported death of the Egyptian soldan, so terrified the garrison of Damietta, that they set fire to the towns and fled, regarding resistance as hopeless. The French immediately took possession of the town and extinguished the fire, and the saintly Louis entered the city, not as a triumphant conqueror, but barefooted, with the humility of a truly Christian king,—not with the noise of the trumpets of war, but with the strains of solemn litanee. Once more were the Mosques purified and dedicated to the true worship, and the principal temple devoted once again to GOD, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin.

With this successful commencement, and the ease which the quiet possession of so great a city brought, luxury crept in among the soldiers of the cross, which, notwithstanding all the watchful care and pious example of the good king, soon, to his great grief, degenerated into debauchery and acts of licentious violence. The grand-master of the Hospitallers also, Guillaume de Chateauneuf, who succeeded to that dignity on the death of Pierre de Villebride in 1244, exerted himself to check the course of luxury among his knights, and was so strict an observer of discipline, that on a later occasion, as we are informed by Joinville, he condemned the knights to eat in their cloaks, on the ground in their refectory, for having quarrelled with some of the French kings' retinue while they were hunting the antelope.

But what the exertions of the good king failed to effect, whilst they lived in ease and without an enemy, the soldan of Egypt enforced, by the baser motive of fear and self-preservation, when his forces, concentrated again, gradually increased round Damietta, and obliged them to put away their loose and licentious habits, and to embrace discipline again. But they *had* given the reins to their baser appetites; and conduct so opposed to the soldiers of CHRIST, so contrary to their vows, and to the purpose of their forsaking Europe, deserved retribution; and that retributive justice was not long before it overtook them.

The arrival of fresh recruits from France, and a chosen body of two hundred English knights led by William Longespée, gave additional spirit to the crusaders, and it was resolved to carry the campaigne into the heart of the enemy's country; and their numbers and strength gave them hopes of soon being able to threaten Cairo itself. Accordingly the king left Damietta in November, and

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advanced with the intention of marching to the capital. But the passage of a canal called Thanis, communicating with the Nile and not far from Massoura, defended, as it was, on the opposite bank by the enemy, checked for a while the farther march of the army. If they attempted to throw a mound over, the Egyptians cut out the bank on the opposite side as the work proceeded; and the Greek fire destroyed the machines under which they wrought in safety. At length the treachery of a Bedoueen discovered a ford, and the Hospitallers and Templars, the English knights that followed the banner of Longespée, were sent under the command of the Count d'Artois to force a passage, as the advance of the army. Though the ford was deep, and the passage defended by a troop of Egyptians, the valour of the Christians was impetuous: they gained the other side and put the enemy to flight. In vain did the grand-masters of the Temple and St. John's attempt to moderate the valour of the Count d'Artois. In vain did they remind him of the oath he took to the king to do nothing without consulting them. They knew that pursuit was vain, that treachery perhaps had dictated an appearance of defeat. The hotness of the Count imputed their caution to cowardice, and upbraided them for unnecessary prudence. In vain, too, did Longespée beseech attention to the experience of the military orders. He was upbraided in his turn, and classed, with little courtesy, among the ranks of the timid. The Count would listen to nothing but his own rashness; and as he pointed to the deserted city of Massoura, he promised an easy victory. "For to what purpose, noble Count?"—such was the reply of the grand-masters to the insinuations of treachery which his hot-headedness threw out, as recorded in Matthias Parisiensis; and it is indeed a noble reply—"for to what purpose, think you, have we assumed the habit of religion? Is it, that we should overturn the Church of Christ, and lose our souls by our intention of treason? Far be it from us; far be such conduct from every Christian."* But the conduct of the military and English knights was yet more noble than their words; unshaken by the taunts of the Count, they devoted themselves to an enterprise, which experience told them was more than perilous. The order to advance was given on the 5th April, 1250; and, with rival impetuosity, all rushed on to take possession of Massoura. The enemy fled before them, the few who had taken shelter in the city were driven out,

* Matth. Paris. p. 790.

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and the pursuit was carried by some, far on the other side; but impetuosity without conduct, is the prelude of defeat: the panic which had seized the enemy, as was foretold, had been but momentary, they rallied against those who were broken in the pursuit in the plain, and forced them to seek shelter within the walls of the town, and the Mamelukes of Turcomania, under Bendocdar, returned against those who were dispersed in pillage in the houses of Massoura. They attacked them in the streets, the inhabitants poured missiles on their heads from their houses, while a strong body interrupted all communication between them and the king's camp. Wonderful instances of valour are related to have shed a passing lustre on the inexperienced folly of the brave Count, but he was overpowered and slain. Almost all fell. William Longespée and the brave English knights perished, and Guillaume de Chateauneuf, the grand-master of the Hospitallers, was taken prisoner. With difficulty, and the loss of an eye, the grand-master of the Templars escaped; but it was to reserve his life, to be lost in an engagement which took place not long after. Meanwhile, the situation of Louis grew every day more unpleasant. The elated infidels pressed on him every day, more severely, while to add to his distress, the communication between his camp and Damietta was interrupted, his supplies intercepted. The passage of the Nile was closed, famine broke out in the camp, and with it accompanying disease. The plague of scurvy, of unusual and unknown severity, seized the camp; dysentery succeeded, and a violent bleeding at the nose was the symptom of approaching death. The king himself was afflicted with the pestilence, and so many died and so many weakened, that he sought to enter on negotiations for peace with the Egyptians. But as the crafty soldan threw insuperable obstacles in the way of peace, all hopes of coming to an agreement were abandoned, and a retreat was ordered. As might have been expected, they were attacked on their march; but the conflict was maintained boldly for three hours, till their weakness obliged them to capitulate, and the king, overpowered by disease, was taken prisoner in a state of insensibility. But what seemed to them death, was life, and means of curing the disease under which they laboured. The charity of the Egyptians administered to the sick a certain decoction of herbs, which experience had taught them checked the virulence of the disease, and speedily restored them to health. A treaty was about to be concluded with the successful Soldan for their restoration to

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liberty, when one of those revolutions, so frequent and sudden in the annals of Mohammedan history, took place in the Egyptian government,—the Mameluke faction murdered the reigning monarch, and retarded the fulfilment of the engagement. An anecdote is related by Joinville, the companion and historian of St. Louis, too illustrative of the character of chivalry, and of the pious virtue of the saintly king, to be here omitted. Octai, one of conspirators against the Soldan, presented himself suddenly before the king in his tent, and waving his weapon, still wet with the blood of his master, in triumph, proclaimed that he was now master of his person, and demanded to be made a knight, as the Emperor Frederic had formerly made Falsarden, or pay with his life for the refusal. "Make thyself a Christian," said the pious sovereign, calmly, "and I will make thee a knight;" and explained to him the utter incompatibility of an unbeliever to discharge the holy duties of Christian knighthood. The anecdote explains more clearly the spirit of chivalry than a lengthened dissertation could express. The purpose and bent of an aspirant to the offices of knighthood were misguided, when they left the channel of that holy religion, which alone could direct the young in the paths of honour, and guide the aged in an undeviating path. To the honour of the blood-stained Emir, be it spoken, the modest courage of the king commanded his respect, if it smote not his conscience, and he retired with admiration from his presence.

ON THE LIFE AND VIRTUES OF MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

(Continued.)

"OH! MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

THE spot which our dear LORD had chosen for prayer was not far from the place where he had left his disciples, and I believe it was a sort of cave in which he was hidden from their sight. Here, throwing himself on the ground in great sadness and affliction of spirit, he prayed to his Heavenly Father, beseeching him if possible to allow this cup of misery to pass from him; but always adding to

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his prayer, "Thy will, not mine be done." He then rose up and went to visit his disciples, and finding them sleeping, though he had particularly desired them to watch and pray with him, he awakened them, saying, "Can you not watch one hour with me." He then returned to the cave, and while he continued fervent in holy prayer, the anguish of his soul became so violent that his precious blood gushed forth from his sacred body and flowed abundantly on the ground. Yet, even in the midst of this suffering, his concern for his disciples was so great, that he went to them again, and again he found them sleeping. They were no doubt astonished and terrified to see him then pale and covered with blood, for scripture tells us that they knew not how to answer him. But, instead of remaining with them, he went back to the place where he had prayed before, and throwing himself flat on the ground like one who was about to die, his agony became so great that his Heavenly Father took compassion upon him and sent one of his angels to give him comfort. Our most humble JESUS meekly accepted the small consolation which was thus given him by one of his own creatures, and raising himself from the ground, he returned to his disciples and said to them, "Now sleep and take your rest." You see how careful this good shepherd was of his little flock, for those whom he loved, he loved to the end; so that even in this great anguish and bitter agony he was mindful of them and anxious that they should have repose, for he well knew that after he should have been taken by the Jews, they would suffer too much on his account to find either rest or sleep. My dear children, before I proceed farther with the history of the passion of our Saviour, I must tell you that it was our offences which caused him so much agony in the garden, and which made his precious blood flow like water on the ground. For he saw, as in a vision, all the sins that have ever been committed from the beginning of the world, or that will be committed to its very end; and all this multitude of crimes flowed over his heart like a great tide, filling it with bitterness and sorrow. The smallest sin of which we have ever been guilty was before him then, and added to the sufferings of his sacred soul. He knew all the sins and scandals, and heresies that would happen in every age; but the ingratitude of mankind pressed upon him with peculiar heaviness, and half his agony was caused by his knowledge of the numbers who would not obey him, or repent of their wickedness. He mourned over the ingratitude of the Jews, who were about to nail him to the cross; but he mourned still more

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deeply over that of the Christians, who so often crucify him again by their sins, and particularly by the insults they offer him in the blessed sacrament, either by receiving it unworthily, or by a want of devotion in the churches where it is kept. This last is a sin which I fear children are too apt to commit, and as JESUS loved little children very much, it must have been very sad to him to know that they would ever offend him in this manner. I therefore beg of you to behave with great modesty and recollection when you are in a church, for by this means you will avoid the grievous sin of insulting our dear Saviour in the holy sacrament of the altar, where he remains hidden for the love of us; and you will thus be happy enough to escape being of the number of those ungrateful souls who added to his sufferings in the garden of Gethsemani.

While our most dear Lord was thus bowed to the earth, and sweating blood in the anguish caused him by the sins of men, he also saw clearly all that he was about to suffer for their redemption. He saw the treason of Judas, the flight of the disciples, the denial of St. Peter, the derision of Herod, the unjust tribunal of Pilate, the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns, the carrying of the cross, the agony of the crucifixion, the sorrows of Mary, of Magdalen, and John. He saw that for many he would have endured all this in vain, and though as GOD he was anxious to die for us, yet as man his tender body trembled with fear of the terrible suffering he was about to undergo; and it was then that he cried out in the depths of his affliction, "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." But though he prayed in this manner, he knew well it was the desire of his Heavenly Father that he should endure it all, therefore he ended his prayer with a holy submission to the will of GOD, which we should try to copy upon all occasions, saying with JESUS in the garden, "Thy will, oh God, not mine be done."

For though full of fear of the suffering which was before him, he yet remained truly submissive, and with his will firmly united to that of his Heavenly Father; and so should we always endeavour to feel, whether GOD pleases to send us joy or sorrow.

A very holy person tells us that his sufferings were much increased by the knowledge of all his holy mother would have to endure upon his account: that he prayed much for her, and that in the midst of his affliction his thoughts often turned to her, as a fond child to a most tender mother, asking from her the consolation she

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would so willingly have given. The same person tells us that Mary well knew all that was passing in the soul of JESUS, and suffered with him and for him, praying and often stretching out her arms towards the place where she knew him to be, and at last falling into a state of insensibility, owing to the excess of sorrow which she felt for him. She was on her way to seek him when this happened, and some of the disciples having seen the soldiers approach who were to take JESUS prisoner, came and took her back to the house of one of her friends. It is not told us in the holy gospels that Mary suffered in the way I have described, but it seems very likely that she did so, for there existed such an intimate union between this holy mother and her divine son, that no doubt she well understood the sufferings of his soul, and shared in them to a degree which we cannot even imagine to ourselves. And here I must observe to you that most of what I shall tell you concerning the actions of Mary during the passion of her divine son is not to be found in scripture, but is either learned from traditions existing among the people, or from the pious meditations of holy men, and frequently from revelations which GOD himself has made to his saints and holy servants. It is not necessary to believe all these things true, but it may be very useful to ponder well upon them, since they will move us to a great tenderness and pity for this holy mother; and such feelings are very pleasing to her, but still more so to her dear son JESUS, who in the midst of his agony in the garden, thought upon Mary and pitied the distress she was then feeling for him.

When JESUS beheld his enemies coming towards him with swords and torches, he awakened his disciples, saying, "Rise up and let us go, for behold he who is to betray me is at hand." He was surrounded by the soldiers even while he was yet speaking, and among them was the traitor Judas. JESUS said to them, "Whom do ye seek?" and they told him "Jesus of Nazareth:" and when he answered, "I am he," they all fell to the ground as if they had been struck dead. I have read that JESUS then held out his hand to Judas, saying, "My friend, for what hast thou come?" and this faithless servant muttering something in reply, he said, in a few words, "It had been better for thee if thou hadst never been born." Afterwards he bade the soldiers rise, which they immediately did. Now these men did not know JESUS, therefore they could not make him prisoner until Judas had given them the sign which had previously

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been agreed upon. This sign was a kiss, for St. Bonaventure says it had ever been the custom of our dear Lord, when he sent his disciples upon an errand, to greet them at their return by a loving kiss: the wicked traitor knew this well, and he told the soldiers they would know JESUS by his going up and giving him a kiss. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is the man, seize him and hold him fast," he said: and approaching to JESUS he kissed him, saying at the same time, "Hail master." JESUS only said to him in return, "Dost thou betray the son of man with a kiss?" and then he again asked the soldiers whom they sought; they answered, "JESUS of Nazareth." "I have already told you that I am he," said our divine Lord in reply; "If, therefore, ye seek me, let these ones go," for in the midst of his enemies JESUS thought of his friends, and implored that safety for them which he never thought of asking for himself. St. Peter now tried to defend his beloved master, and drawing a sword he cut off the ear of a man named Malchus, who was a servant of the high priest, and had come with the soldiers. JESUS, however, would not be defended in this manner, and instantly healing the wound, he bade Peter put up the sword, telling him that if he had need of assistance, his Father would send legions of angels to defend him; and then he added these affecting words: "The chalice that my Father has given me to drink shall I not drink it?" The soldiers now seized upon JESUS, and all the disciples fled, with the exception of St. Peter, who followed him from afar off, and John, who never deserted him even on Mount Calvary. I must here beg you to remark the great humility of St. John, who in his gospel tells us that St. Peter followed JESUS; but instead of saying the same thing of himself, he only writes that "Another disciple went also with him." Yet he must have kept very close indeed to his divine master, for I believe he is supposed to have been the young man of whom it is told us in the gospel, that the soldiers tried to seize him, but he escaped, leaving his cloak in their hands. It would be impossible for me to describe to you the cruelties which these wicked men practised upon the divine JESUS while bringing him to the house of the high priest and judges. All I am going to tell you on this subject has been related in a book by a very holy person, who saw it, I believe, in a vision. She tells us that they bound him with rough cords, by which they dragged him along without pity; they forced him through the muddy waters of the brook of Cedron, and pulled him through the roughest ways among thorns and fragments of rock

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until his sacred feet were quite torn and bleeding from the stones over which they had made him walk. In addition to all these sufferings our dear Lord fell frequently, owing to the weight of his woollen garments, which were quite saturated with the waters of the river through which they had dragged him. And whenever this happened they insulted him with the most cruel mockery, and struck him heavy blows to make him rise; and all this time our dear Lord never opened his mouth, but like a most meek lamb he followed wherever they brought him, without making the slightest resistance.

They led him through a part of Jerusalem where he had often lived before, and here the Blessed Virgin met him; but when she saw her dear Son thus ill-treated and cruelly tormented, her sorrow was so excessive, that it deprived her of consciousness, and she fell insensible into the arms of her friends. It was late, and the inhabitants were asleep, but they were soon awakened by the shouts and cries of the soldiers as they entered the town. They were poor and humble, but good and grateful people, and when they saw JESUS so cruelly abused, they were overwhelmed with affliction; for he had lived a great deal with them, and had worked many miracles amongst them; therefore they loved him very much indeed. They fell on their knees and stretched out their hands, begging the soldiers to restore to them the Saviour, who had so often healed them and consoled them. It must indeed have been a cruel spectacle, for these poor people to have seen their beloved JESUS so pale, so wearied, and so bruised; his hair in disorder, his garments wet and dirty, dragged by soldiers and beaten with sticks, as if he had been a poor animal led to the slaughter. They truly had much reason for their sorrow; for he had so often healed their diseases, made their dumb to speak, and their blind to see, that many among them must have stretched out to him hands which he had healed of paralysis, implored mercy for him with voices which he himself had given, and wept for him with eyes which but for him had never seen the light of day. Many of the Jews who joined in the outcry against JESUS, must have been indebted to him for similar benefits; and their great ingratitude is unhappily too often imitated by Christians, who receive many blessings from Almighty GOD, and who insult Him by sin, instead of gratefully thanking Him for all his favours.

JESUS had fallen many times, when it is said that a soldier, more compassionate than the rest, persuaded them to loosen the ropes by

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which his sacred hands were bound. These tight cords added much to his sufferings; for they prevented him saving himself from bruises by the use of his hands, as people in the act of falling always try to do; nor could he rise again from the ground without the assistance of others. While they stopped for this purpose, another soldier brought him water to drink. Very happy, indeed, were these two men, in being able to lessen, in a slight degree, the sufferings of our dear JESUS; but we have no occasion to envy them, since we can ourselves do all, and more than all, that they did for him, by kindness and charity to our poorer brethren. I dare say you have not yet forgot that he promised to reward charity to the poor, as if it had been given to himself; therefore, by trying to relieve their wants, we may often have the happiness of lessening the anguish of JESUS on his journey to the house of Caiphas.

The people were still filled with sorrow for JESUS, when their pity was still more awakened by the sight of his dear mother, who vainly tried to follow him. Mary was speechless with grief, and when they brought her to the house of Magdalen, she spoke not a word until the arrival of John, who having followed JESUS to the house of the high-priest, returned and told them all that had happened there. St. Bonaventure here tells us to consider our dear Lady, and her holy companions, with great compassion, because they were in the deepest grief and affliction about their Lord, whom they now knew full well would be taken from them and put to a most cruel death.

In the mean time all the enemies of JESUS, urged on by the Pharisees who hated him, flocked to the tribunal of the judge. St. Peter stood at the outer gate, but John being known to the high priest went into the court where JESUS stood before Anna, pale, silent, and with his sacred head bowed down by fatigue and sorrow. Anna was a wicked old man, and questioned JESUS harshly concerning his doctrine and disciples. JESUS then lifted up his wearied head and said,

"I have spoken openly to the world, I have preached in the temple whither all the Jews resort, and in secret I have done nothing. Why askest thou me? ask these who have heard what I have spoken unto them, behold they know what things I have said."

Anna was full of rage at the answers of JESUS, and one of his

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servants perceiving this gave our dear Lord a blow on the face, saying,

"Answerest thou the high priest so?"

In reply to this our most meek JESUS only said,

"If I have spoken evil give testimony of the evil; If well, why dost thon strike me?"

Anna then sent our divine Lord on to Caiphas, and Peter, who could not bear to leave him, went with him even into the court of the high priest, and sat at the fire warming himself. The high priest and the chiefs of council, who all hated JESUS, tried to find people who would bear such testimony against him as might justify them in condemning him to death; but they did not succeed in this, for the witnesses they produced could not agree among themselves, and contradicted each other in such a manner that it was plain to every one they were telling lies. At last two men came and swore they had heard him say, that he could destroy the temple of GOD and in three days build it up again." But JESUS still remaining silent, Caiphas abjured him in the name of the living GOD, to tell him whether he was the Son of GOD, Out of respect to the name of His heavenly Father thus solemnly invoked, JESUS answered Caiphas in this manner.

"If I shall tell you, you will not believe me, and if I shall ask you, you will not answer or let me go. But hereafter the Son of man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of GOD."

Then said they all,

"Art thou then the Son of GOD?"

There was a silence, and then in a tone of indescribable majesty JESUS answered,

"Thou hast said it, and I am."

On hearing this, Caiphas rent his garment, saying, "What need we farther witnesses? you have heard the blasphemy, what think you?" With one voice all the rest cried out, "He is guilty of death!" and then Caiphas and his assistants left the court. By order of the judges JESUS was now placed in a sort of loft and bound to a stone pillar, and the soldiers and insolent rabble immediately began to insult and torment him. They crowded round Him, they spit upon him, tore his hair and beard, mocked and derided him, blindfolded his eyes, and bade him guess who it was that struck him. It would be impossible even to imagine the ignominies which during the whole of that night they heaped upon his innocent head;

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whilst he remained always perfectly silent, sighing often and praying for those who so cruelly tormented him. But a holy person tells us, that in spite of the indignities which were put upon him, in spite of the filth which they flung upon his garments, and the blows by which they disfigured and covered him with blood, JESUS still preserved that air of inexpressible majesty which had never left him from the moment in which he declared himself to be the Son of GOD. His enemies perceived this, and it excited their malice and rage to the utmost, so that they redoubled their efforts to debase and degrade him, though entirely without success. The Apostles beheld all without being able to assist their beloved master, and their grief made it equally difficult for them to leave the place or to remain where they were. It is said that St. John thought with great compassion upon the poor mother of JESUS, and fearing that she might hear the cruel way in which he had been treated from the mouth of an enemy, he determined to go himself and tell it to her as gently as he could. Then fixing his eyes once more on his beloved master, he went quickly as if sent by JESUS himself to the house where our blessed Lady and the holy women at that time were, and as I have related already, he told her all that had taken place as tenderly as he could. Peter, however, could not make up his mind to leave his divine Lord in this sorrowful condition. He could not contain his tears, but he tried to hide them because he was afraid of being discovered to be a disciple of JESUS. While he was still standing by the fire a woman came and asked him if he were a disciple of the Galilean, for so they often called JESUS because he came from Galilee. Peter was frightened and denied it, and then the cock crew. He was again asked the same question, and he once more vehemently declared that he did not even know such a man. About an hour afterwards another servant declared he had seen him in the garden with JESUS, and others said that his very accent proved him to be from Galilee. Peter now almost lost his senses with terror, and began to swear solemnly that he knew not the man of whom they spoke. At the same moment the cock crew once more, and JESUS turning towards him fixed on him a look full of sorrow and compassion. Then Peter remembered the generous promise he had made, that he would rather die than betray his master, and his heart was torn with sorrow. He had denied his dear Lord at the very moment when he was delivered up to unjust judges, overpowered by ill treatment, and patient and silent in the

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midst of reproach and insults; he felt how great had been his ingratitude and fault, and covering up his head he wept most bitterly. He no longer feared the questions of the enemies of JESUS, he would now most willingly have declared who he was, and how guilty he had been, therefore he no longer sought to conceal his tears, but wept openly and without restraint. We can none of us, my dear children, say that in the midst of so many sorrows and dangers we should have been more courageous than the great chief of the apostles. GOD abandoned him to his own strength and he fell; as we all must do when we forget to pray against temptation, for then Almighty GOD ceases to assist us by His grace; and without this support we are so miserably weak, that we must infallibly fall into sin.

It is said that our Blessed Lady knew in spirit all that was done to JESUS, and suffered continually with him; like JESUS, also, she prayed constantly for the wretches who ill-treated him. She had an irresistible desire to behold him once more, and St. John conducted her and the holy women to the place where JESUS was kept a prisoner. Their sobs drew the attention of the people, and they had probably to hear many injurious words against their Lord. The mother of JESUS heard all that was said, bnt, as she had already done, she suffered them in silence. It has been told us, that on her way to his prison a new sorrow was prepared for her, and that she had to pass the court where workmen were preparing the cross upon which JESUS was to die. Those who made it cursed him aloud, because they were forced on his account to work during the night. If this be true, the sword of sorrow foretold by Simeon, must indeed have pierced the heart of this divine mother, at that dreadful sight; yet we cannot doubt that she only prayed the more fervently for the miserable men, who were making, with curses, the cross upon which their GOD was to die for their salvation.

Mary was with JESUS in spirit, and he was with her in the same manner; but she was not allowed to enter the prison where he was detained, though she went near enough to it to hear his sighs; and, alas! she also could hear the insults of those by whom he was tormented. The holy women could not remain long unnoticed here. The grief of Magdalen was too violent and open, and though the holy Virgin, in the midst of her sufferings, preserved wonderful calm and dignity, yet she at last fainted from the greatness of her anguish. The people said nothing as John and the holy women

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supported her; they looked on in silent astonishment, as if a heavenly spirit had passed among them.

I am not certain that all this which I have told you concerning the visit of our Blessed Lady to her own son is true, because it is not mentioned in the holy gospels, but a holy person declares that it so happened, and it is at least very likely. We know this most tender mother followed her divine son even to the foot of the cross, therefore it seems very improbable that she would have allowed him to remain in prison a whole night without trying to see, or at least to be near to him, if she were not allowed to join him in his danger.

At the dawn of the next day, the chiefs of the council assembled to conduct JESUS before the Roman governor. They walked together, followed by numbers of the Jews, and after them came our most dear JESUS, pale, wounded, and disfigured by the blows and injuries which he had received during the night. Not far from the house of Caiphas, St. Bonaventure tells us, that his mother, attended by Magdalene and John, awaited his coming. Her soul was always with him, and love left her no repose whenever she could find any means of approaching to him. After her visit to him in his prison, she had remained for some time in speechless sorrow, but hearing that they were about to bring him before the governor, she rose up to try and follow him. Mary knew well all the sufferings of JESUS, but she had not yet seen them in all their terrible reality: now for the first time she beheld the son of GOD, and her own most divine son, dragged rudely along, spit upon, covered with filth, with injuries and insults. As he passed, it is said that she cried out, "JESUS! oh my JESUS;" and this sweet JESUS, whom she thus mournfully called upon, cast a glance of most touching tenderness upon her. The sad sight was more than Mary's loving heart could endure, and she became, for a moment, insensible; but as soon as she recovered she followed her son to the palace of Pilate. JESUS had yet a new sorrow to undergo before he reached the house of the Roman governor, for the people of a certain part of Jerusalem, who had received great benefits from him, and whom he loved very much, seeing him in this abased and deplorable condition, became ashamed of him, and added their insults to those of the croud, thus returning his kindness by ingratitude of the blackest dye. Alas! my dear children, let us beware of the ingratitude which made these people so guilty. Let us never be ashamed of doing what we know

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to be right, even if foolish or wicked people deride us for it. This, indeed, would be to be ashamed of our suffering Saviour, and instead of weeping over him with Mary and the holy women, we should share by such conduct in the ingratitude of the Jews; for whatever benefits he may have conferred upon them, be assured they were neither so great nor so many as he has heaped upon us.

M.C.A.

Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

THE selection of the month of Mary for holding these festivals is not grounded on any religious feeling of preference for May before any other month of the year; but simply because it being the *season* when all the world repairs to London to see and to be seen, the chances of filling Exeter Hall, and getting some persons of supposed influence to countenance the schemes, by appearing on the platform, are much greater than at any other period. And it must be admitted, notwithstanding the sameness of the exhibitions year after year, that the concoctors of them are eminently successful, not only in the numbers who annually assemble, but in what is of more importance to *them* at least, viz: the vast sums of money which have been collected during the year, amounting we believe altogether to little short of three-fourths of a million of pounds sterling. The following is a list of such of the societies as have come under our notice, with the sum collected by each during the past year, as stated in the reports read at the meetings.

	£	s.	d.
1. British and Foreign Bible Society . .	98,359	2	4
2. Tractarian Bible Society . . .	2,423	14	11
3. Naval and Military Bible Society . .	2,998	10	7
4. Church Missionary Society . . .	104,323	15	10
5. London Missionary Society . . .	81,812	0	0
6. Wesleyan Missionary Society . .	110,620	0	3
7. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge	94,563	0	0
8. Colonial Church Society . . .	3,077	5	5
9. London City Mission . . .	8,781	16	1½
10. London Hibernian Society . .	33,402	0	0

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11. London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews	25,325	8	0
12. Home and Colonial Infant School Society	500	0	0
13. Pastoral Aid Society	21,828	5	6
14. Irish Society	4,107	0	0
15. Sunday School Union	15,319	5	10
16. British and Foreign School Society	10,081	1	0
17. Operative Jewish Converts Institution	912	1	5
18. British and Foreign Sailors Society	1,971½	4	0
19. Religious Tract Society	51,989	6	8
20. Prayer Book and Homily Society	1,750	6	6
21. Protestant Association	2,188	0	0
22. Reformation Society	1,084	0	0
23. Foreign Aid Society	2,005	0	0
24. Home Missionary Society	7,337	11	5
	£686,759	15	9½

Here, then, we have twenty-four societies in the metropolis alone, all in active operation, averaging the enormous annual income of £28,615 each, and the objects of which Societies, however varied in name, character, or action, are more or less directed against the integrity and the very existence of the Catholic faith. The circulation of bibles, tracts, and other publications by those societies, is on a scale commensurate with their means. The British and Foreign Bible Society boast of having circulated nearly sixteen millions of copies of the English Protestant version of the Scriptures, and of having aided in the circulation besides, in various languages and in different parts of the world, ten millions of copies, making together no less than twenty-six millions; an enormous number certainly. But when it is considered that this circulation embraces a period of forty-four years, and that with all its vast pecuniary means, the Bible Society has not yet been able to produce a copy for each inhabitant of the three kingdoms, its supporters may begin to doubt how far the Society is likely to answer the object of its institution. The sheer absurdity of the position that the bible is the only rule of faith is here strikingly exemplified.

The Religious Tract Society has circulated since it was established the enormous quantity of FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS of tracts, in ninety-four languages, and has issued from its repository during the past year no less than 15,637,676. And the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge has published during the year 3,775,376 copies

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of various works. Other societies have been equally active in the publishing department; and we think that we do not overrate the number when we say that there are issued from the London press annually not less than thirty millions of copies of anti-Catholic publications, exclusive of newspapers; and it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the latter are almost all bitter opponents of the Catholic faith. As far as the stability of that faith is concerned, we can laugh to scorn the efforts of ten thousand such societies, backed by all the wealth of England, to shake it; but though the Church is built upon a rock, and we have the promise of her divine Founder that HE will abide with her for ever, it by no means follows, when the truth of GOD is assailed or misrepresented, that we of the household of faith, and particularly those to whom the guardianship of the faith has been committed, are to do nothing in its vindication. On the contrary, we conceive that it is the duty of every Catholic, not only to be ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that is in him, but to do everything in his power to disabuse the prejudices of our separated brethren against our holy faith, and to enlighten them in its principles and practices. And how is this to be done? Situated as we are, with a clergy scarcely sufficient for our own wants, we must of necessity have recourse to the press, and by means of that powerful engine, bring to the doors of our erring, but well meaning countrymen, a knowledge of those saving truths, which it has ever been the object of heresy and schism to obscure and pervert. This has already, in some measure, been done by the Catholic Institute; and the success which has attended the dissemination of its publications has, we are well and truly assured, been considerable. Indeed, we are informed by good authority, that the foundation of several new and nascent missions is to be ascribed almost solely to the diffusion of those publications; and when so much has been accomplished with the limited means placed at the disposal of the Institute, what splendid results to religion would ensue, were its annual income raised only to a fifth part of the average yearly receipts of the societies we have enumerated.

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PRAYER FOR THE NOVICE.

Sweet Ladye, she hath given
Herself this day to thee;
Oh! lead her safe to heaven,
We pray of thee, Marie.

May the roses on her brow,
Be far less white to see,
Than the soul she gives thee now,
We pray of thee, Marie.

May the veil she weareth blest
Have less of modestie,
Than the feelings in her breast,
We pray of thee, Marie.

May her garment, coarse and rude,
Show less humilitie,
Than her spirit hath, endued,
We pray of thee, Marie.

May her girdle, which doth tell
Sweet Jesu's charitie,
With His love her bosom swell,
We pray of thee, Marie.

May it make her love to bear
With Him to Calvarie,
The rood of His passion dear,
We pray of thee, Marie.

For this is her humble prayer
With thee, most deare ladye,
In His love and woes to share;
Grant it we pray, Marie.

M.C.A.

1*st May.*

END OF VOL III.

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